Ignoring the numbness, stunning her brain.
Forgetting the bloodshed, spilling like rain.
Madness a cancer.
Sadness a plague.
Nightmares and voices come to drive them insane.
Sans and Frisk lived a thousand anguished lifetimes before they’d even hit puberty and finally found the peace and happiness they had long fought for...

But history forgotten, is history doomed to repeat.

How far would you go, to protect the ones you love?
The last slivers of sunlight gripped the hills and cast dusty, fading fingers that haunted the landscape with skeletal silhouettes. There was something new in the world tonight. The dense and ancient forest around Mount Ebott stilled with bated breath, bewitched by a ghostly silence, broken only by the shuffle of urgent footsteps. Toriel tugged Frisk along frantically, as dusk yielded to the blinding blanket of night. Everyone had separated the moment they left the underground, excited to explore the new world. Toriel hadn't considered the consequences of their new found freedom at first. They had taken their time, walking slowly hand in hand, enjoying the view and discussing the events that lead to their freedom. The conversation turned as they realized they had no idea where they were going and Frisk confessed her concerns about humanities potential reactions. After a few moments of sharing humorous hypothetical scenarios and giddy laughter, the reality had dawned on them and they hastily agreed to catch up with Sans and Papyrus. It had taken the better part of an hour to come this far, they had yet to find either Skeleton. Frisk could tell that Toriel wanted to walk faster, but she was only twelve and struggled to keep pace with with the goat woman's long swift stride.

Toriel stopped when they came to a fork in the trail. "Oh my" she muttered softly. Frisk let go of her hand to lean against the trunk of a nearby tree, with her elbows on her knees, panting her breath back. She hadn't slept a full night since she left Toriel's cottage in the ruins. Exhaustion was finally catching up with her.

A chilling wind swept through the clearing, rustling Toriel's purple dress. She looked back and forth between the two roads, worry plaguing her soft furry features. "My child..." she began "I know you are tired.... but I fear we maybe lo--"

Before she could finish, she was interrupted by the crunching of fast approaching footsteps. Her ears perked, panicked by the sudden approach and she swept Frisk into her arms, ready to run. They held each other as the racing steps echoed towards them from just beyond the thick shadow of the forest. Toriel raised a fluffy white paw. Her palm ignited with the magic already tingling in trepidation beneath her raised fur. Silvery light snapped and waved revealing the two sprinting skeletons now skidding into view. She sighed audibly in relief, extinguishing her flame and allowing Frisk to slide gently to her feet. "Oh Sans! Papyrus! We were just looking for you boys!"

"Don't look too relieved," Sans replied, slowing to a walk as he reached the fork where they stood "Pap scared some people out of their skins. I tried to smooth things over, but I think they called
their ... I dunno...guard?... or something... hey kid" he grabbed Frisks hand and pulled her into a jog, the other two quickly followed alongside him "a big truck of armored dudes showed up... huff... don't think they're interested in chatting... huff... Ya know?" They split off the trail and dodged through the trees into the woods.

"Papyrus? What did you do?" Toriel asked a slight scold in her tone.

"THE GREAT PAPYRUS... eeh " Papyrus raised a finger in front of him as he ran, dropping it slowly to his side as he finished the thought aloud "...might have been a bit overzealous..."

"Might?" Sans asked incredulously.

"I SIMPLY PICKED UP A HUMAN IN A HUG OF GREETING SANS! ... Eeeh and... a wheeled human ran into a lamp post... and I tripped over a thing ... fell through a window... eeeh..." He trailed off, continuing the list of grievances under his breath.

Toriel looked stricken, "My word, you've been busy..." She shook her head and stopped running as they reached a clearing in the thick brush. "So... what do we do now?" she questioned closing her eyes and pinching the bridge of her muzzle.

"I dunno... it's kind of hard to come back from Papyrus tackling strangers and knocking a guy off his segway..." Sans turned his head and winked. "Running seemed like a good enough plan for now." The stout skelton urged "any ideas kid?" He looked over at Frisk and raised a brow bone "Above ground is really more your area..."

Frisk was about to answer, when they were blinded suddenly by a bright white light. The forest was illuminitated around them. Blinking the spots from her eyes Frisk registered that they stood only a few feet inside the treeline. In their panic, they had stumbled through the dark forest right into a paved road, and judging by the spotlight, alerted the attention of whoever Papyrus and Sans had been running from.

A voice boomed over a megaphone "Óglaigh na hÉireann! Stop áit a bhfuil tú !" Frisk didn't know how, but she understood and grew frantic as they continued "Ná bogadh! Táímí armtha!"

She tugged on Sans hand and he turned to face her as she signed with her hands "defense forces, they--" but she never finished. It all happened so fast. Papyrus stepped out and threw his hands into the air "HUMANS! FEAR NOT!"

A number of humans advanced quickly, knees bent, guns in hand "Síos ar an talamh! Táímí armtha!" they shouted, "Leag síos ar an talamh! Láma nuair is féidir liom iad a fheiceáil!"

Fear gripped Frisk, she stepped forward to try to take control of the situation. She wasn't completely sure she remembered how to speak at all, never mind in Gaelic, "FAN! Ní thuigim! Ní móir dúinn aon rud mícheart déanta!"

The monsters around her stared. "Frisk talks?" Sans blurted.

There was a moment of hesitation, everyone stood still. "Tá leanbh?" She heard one soldier say "tá an beasts leanbh?" A human broke from the ranks and reached forward to grab her, but Sans was faster. In a flash of blue he wrapped his arms around Frisk with his back to the now frenzied troops.

BANG!
She felt him lurch in her arms, his forehead knocked sharply on hers.

*No. No no no.*

Her heart raced painfully as she pushed back from Sans tightened grip. His brow was furrowed in pain ... but a smile played across his face. He was hurt... *but alive.*

She returned his smile, but faltered when her chest thumped painfully. She was hit with a wave of nausea. Her breath halted in her throat.

*What is happening?*

The wind blew an unexpected chill across her stomach, *her shirt was wet...*  

Sans gaze shifted to one of great unease, and he stared at her in confusion "kid?"  

*When did it get so cold?*

Everything felt... cloudy and distant, dark circles washed over her vision and the world tilted on it's axis...

*She was so dizzy...*  

Frisk raised her hand to touch where her wet shirt stuck to her skin and her chest heaved involuntarily, sending excruciating spasms shooting through her. *There was a hole... in her sweater...* Frisk held her hand out between her head and Sans... *why was her shirt wet?*  

Bright crimson liquid dribbled from her fingertips, creeping down her palm... blood? Monsters don't bleed... do they? Sans does... her mind fumbled trying to think. Was HE bleeding? She tried focused on the skeleton's face, he didn't look like he was bleeding.  

"No." Sans eyes were wild.  

*No what?* Frisk smiled sleepily. She felt herself sway, San's hands stretched towards her.... something was pulling her backwards. She felt his bony fingers grab her arms but they felt so... *far away...*  

Her legs gave out... the world went black... and she was alone.  

*spinning.*  

*Spinning.*  

*Spinning in endless black...*  

Her heart burned... numbly... as if it wasn't really there..  

The darkness crushed and stretched her as she floated disembodied in the nothing.  

Some part of her registered her body... She felt hands grabbing at her, she could feel pressure and pain but it felt like a dream. She drifted in and out of consciousness. Muffled voices echoed nonsense from no particular direction.  

Finally, silence fell and she came to rest where she always did, in the menu. As her mind cleared, the reality of her death hit her in the nonexistent gut. She had come so far, freed everyone... Would
she have to start all over? Would she be able to load her save file from the surface? Deep despair filled her soul, but without eyes, *she couldn't cry.*

"**Well, well**" sneered a sickly sweet voice from all around her *"how's the happy ending coming?"*

Frisk shivered and pushed the presence away, *'Fine, thank you.'* She thought with all her might.

"**Sure it is...**" the darkness snickered viciously. Frisk braced herself, ready for an attack but, thankfully, it never came. The vengeful spirit kept it's distance, drifting somewhere in the outskirts of their existence.

Frisk had no idea how long she stayed in the abyss. Time didn't work the same in the start menu...

The glowing reset and continue buttons hovered above her... but she refused to act. *'Not this time' she thought to herself. She couldn't even remember the last time she saved... how far back would it take her? What consequences would a different path yield? Worse yet, the demon spirit that haunted her mind still crept eagerly along the edges of her thoughts. *It urged her to give in... it wanted her to load...*

"**I think you know you're hosed.**" It cackled "**Those humans will just kill you again. That's what they do. You always end up back here with me.**" It purred softly to her. *"Let me have a try."* The voice twisted with demented malice. *"I won't let us die."* Frisk ignored the demonic voice's whispers. She knew she had come too far to risk a load... *if that thing took over now...* She shuddered at the thought. Her only choice was to stay floating in the void, taunted by the creatures depraved whispers in the hope that maybe, if she just did nothing, the world would go on without her.

After what felt like an eternity of dismal quite in the inky nihility, suddenly and without warning, a deep voice inside her whispered.

"**Hey kid...**"

Her soul sparked. She felt like someone had dropped her into a warm bath.

"**Sorry I haven't been in to see you much...**"

She felt heat... pressure, coming from somewhere... not having a body made it hard to distinguish direction, but she tried to follow... to lean her soul towards the feeling.

"**Toriel said talking to you might help. Everyone else has been in here all the time... so it's not easy to get a private audience... but I... uh... I stayed in the waiting room... ya' know... I didn't leave... it's... ah... it's just a little hard to see you like this... hooked up to all these machines... I mean... you're looking pretty TUBE-ular lately...**" The voice chuckled weakly with a distinctly male bass that rumbled pleasantly through her soul.

"**The doc says you m-might not w-wake up... but you - you'll show her...**" He mumbled, stammering anxiously "**r-right kid?**"
He breathed out a deep exasperated sigh. "Eeh... shit... I'm not good at this stuff, ya' know? I dunno if you can even hear me... and I dunno why I keep calling you kid either." The voice sounded momentarily angry with itself. "You're what? Three years younger than me? I know your name now... Frisk... I should use it... but... meh... I kinda think kid fits you better..."

It was Sans! She could hear Sans! Frisk would have laughed or jumped for joy, if she could. It felt so good to hear a voice that didn't belong to the demon. She concentrated everything she had on the sound of his voice

"You're there now, aren't you?" he questioned. "Where ever you go when it happens... when you reset?" He paused a moment. "You should do it... if you have to..."

"I was scared that you would, at first." Sans continued "but... I don't care anymore... We need you..."

She tried to scream out, to answer him somehow. He had to understand... She had to tell him about the thing in the menu with her.

"I... I need you..." His voice cracked and Frisk heard a soft sniffle. His breathing became heavy "Just... just come back... okay?" She wanted so desperately to comfort him. "Whatever it takes, you have to come back..."

Whatever it takes, you have to come back.

The darkness twitched, crackled and popped in a blur of static. Frisk was filled with DETERMINATION. She felt the familiar ping as the world saved.

Her soul throbbed... and then, she could see it... She could... touch it? She had hands?! All she had was hands, nothing else, just hands floating in black. They would have to be enough, she thought reaching for the little red heart. It was bobbing gently just out of reach, washed in familiar blue light.

"Look... I know this is all my fault." Sans choked fiercely "I should have stopped Pap from scaring the humans... I shouldn't have run us right into trouble... I shouldn't have tried to grab you... I should have... I should have protected you." The blue light pulsed with his words and faded with his silence. After a moment, Sans sighed "It should have been me, but I'm a useless bag of bones" Frisk heard the hollow knock of bone on bone as if he was demonstrating his own construct "other than a little chip on my sternum... the bullet passed right through me..."

He tried to take a bullet for her?

With renewed vigor she grasped the tiny red heart tightly in her hands, the blue light twisted gracefully up her arms illuminating her body as it manifested inch by inch. It was uncomfortable to feel her body again, but she welcomed the pain, willing the magic to continue.

San's voice pleaded from within her soul "If you promise to wake up... I promise not to leave this room until you do..." Frisk clutched the source of Sans voice to herself heaving desperately with silent sobs. The blue light exploded all around her popping and fizzing with little red sparks. She closed her eyes, letting the warmth soak through her and whispered 'I promise...'

Then the soul, magic and all, sank into her her chest... the menu went dark ... and she was alone.

spinning.
Spinning.

Spinning in endless black...

Frisk's eyes opened with a snap. She felt sheets around her, she tried to sit up but the pain in her chest returned with a vengeance. She sputtered and groaned. The agony was unbearable, like someone was repeatedly taking a hammer to her rib-cage. She could feel her blood pumping thick and slow.

The room was mostly dark, spare the moon light creeping in the window and a light blue glow coming from her bed. Sans was draped across her legs. He was fast sleep, his head nestled in the crook of his arm. Little trails of blue magic pooled around his closed eyes shining down his cheeks. It looked like he'd been there a while. A brown blanket was draped over his shoulders and his hand was clasped lightly around Frisk's.

Without moving her upper body, she pulled her hand from his and carefully wiped the tears away. San's eyes opened slowly, small white pupils surfacing from their depths. As they found Frisk's face, a soothed smile cracked his own.

"Hey kid" he whispered "welcome back."
This Too Shall Pass

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This too shall Pass

A rare sunny day found Frisk, laying on the side of a hill, basking in the warm glow of the early morning sun. She stretched lazily, working the growing pains out of her lanky teenage limbs. Five years had passed since Frisk and her strange little family of monsters had taken their first steps past the barrier to venture out into the sunlit world beyond their cave. Though the first encounter between man and monster had erupted in conflict, Frisk was long since healed and tensions had eased considerably over the following years.

A soft breeze danced a few stray strands of her hair across her face, rousing her slightly, before rolling away to rustle through the tall purple moorgrass around her. She knew she should be getting up, but the beautiful weather had her bargaining with herself to stay for a few more minutes.

Five years ago, while Frisk lay sleeping in the hospital, Toriel had ventured out in search of food and met a local farmer named Tobias Person. He was a kind old man and what started as a scolding for stealing apples from his orchard, soon became an invitation for dinner at his home. After hearing her story, Tobias felt compelled to help, he began making daily visits to the hospital, delivering home cooked meals and other supplies. Eventually, after Frisk awoke, he extended an offer of sanctuary in exchange for labor, to any peaceful monster seeking refuge. Many of the Underground's previous inhabitants had left the shadow of Mt. Ebott to explore the new world. Those who didn't leave took up work and residence with Tobias on the Person family farm, Frisk's family included.

What time was it anyway? She wondered, her neglected responsibilities crawling on her back.

Without getting up, she slid her hand lazily into her backpack and shuffled its contents until she found her cellphone. It was 9:35 am, she was late for work five minutes ago. Groaning out-loud, she thrust her arms and legs into the air in frustration, before flopping onto her side with a thud and rolling up to sit on her heels. Growing up was stupid, she thought to herself, longing for the days when 'taking the day off' because it was 'nice out' was still acceptable behavior. Frisk really wasn't a kid anymore...

Begrudgingly, she stuffed her phone back into her bag, zipped it closed and swung it over her shoulder. The grass began to rustle towards her again and she paused, eyes closed, to enjoy one last touch from the wind. Her eyes shot open as the grass stilled suddenly less than a foot from where she knelt. That wasn't a breeze.

"LAZYBUNS!"

She shrieked, startled by the tall skeleton who, without any further warning, had launched himself from the sheets of grass beside her and scooped her into a tremendous, rib snapping hug. "Pap-yrus"
Frisk coughed, wiggling her had at the wrist in a desperate attempt to bring his attention to her lack of oxygen. Papyrus, having completely misread her laments as shared enthusiasm, began to sway back and forth merrily and intensified the vice grip he had on her torso.

Giving up and going limp, Frisk resigned herself to her fate, grunting as her back produced an audible pop.

"Oh hey" chuckled a familiar deep voice "morning kid, what's crackin?" Sans smiled up at Frisk casually, hands in his pockets leaning into her limited range of vision.

Her eyes watered a little and she wheezed a breathy "Me,"

Sans chuckled warmly leaning back to look at his over-enthused brother "Hey Pap, I think your killing the human again."

"WHAT? oh... HUMAN! I APOLOGIZE!" Papyrus opened his arms wide, holding them out stretched as if making a grand announcement, letting Frisk flop to the ground gracelessly in the process. "THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAS COME TO YOUR AID! ... Eeh Sans is here too... I SENSED YOU ARE IN GREAT DISTRESS USING MY AMAZING FRIENDSHIP... eh... SENSES! BUT FEAR NOT! I THE GREAT PAPYRUS WILL HELP YOU FINISH YOUR DAILY DUTIES!"

He finished his speech with a bow so low he came nose to nose with the now sitting Frisk and furrowed his brow bone "Why are you on the ground again?" he muttered quickly, plucking her up by the handle of her backpack and plopping her unceremoniously on her feet. "COME HUMAN! THE DAY AWAITS! NO MORE... sitting on the ground? What were you doing anyway?"

Frisk raised a eyebrow "I was-

"NEVER-MIND! HUMANS ARE WEIRD!" with that he leapt forward, curling into a ball and rolling down the hill with a hearty "NYEH HE HE!"

Frisk walked over to stand next to Sans "does he realize he's going the wrong way?"

Sans shrugged "Just roll with it kiddo." He turned, stuffing his hands into his pockets and walked the opposite direction down the hill.

"Don't you two have your own work to do?" Frisk called after him, but he kept walking like he hadn't heard her. She smirked and flipped her backpack around to hug it to her chest. \textit{Roll with it hu?}

Sans hadn't made it halfway to the bottom, when a giggling ball of Frisk came tumbling past him at a considerable speed. She hit the deep rain ditch that follows the dirt road at the bottom of the hill and came to rest in a massive patch of Gorse tall enough to poke its stalks of yellow flowers out onto the dirt road on the other side. She laid still long enough for the world to stop swimming, before wriggling a little in an attempt to free herself. No luck, thorns dragged across her skin as she tried to pull away the sticky seed covered branches. She giggled wildly at her own expense.

"Careful that bush appears to be stalking you." Sans drawled from behind her, she could hear the smile in his voice "Need some help Kid?"

Frisk, hung her head and smiled "Think you can get me out of here?"

"Gorse I can. Just hold still a sec..." He set to work carefully pulling the sticky, thorn covered bush from Frisk's clothes and hair, and burning it away with little jets of blue magic. "How are you
always finding yourself in these *sticky* situations?"

She snorted, easing out of the bush "I dunno, just a side-effect of my flowery personalit- Oof"

Frisk's back hit the dirt hard, knocking the wind out of her. Sans had forcefully thrown her to the ground behind the gorse. Outraged, she pushed herself up onto her elbows and prepared to question him. In an instant, Sans was on top of her, one hand clasped over her mouth, the other holding a finger in front of his own to shush her. The fear in his eyes, muted her questions and they watched through a crack in the gorse as a caravan of trucks, piled with human soldiers came into view, speeding towards the edge of the farm. Humans almost never visited the Person farm. Until recently, the small settlement had flown almost completely under the radar. Man's attention had been held by the chaos of monsters who chose to leave the mountain entirely and enter human society.

Of course, they could not go unnoticed forever. In the mid-summer of the third year, the spider Muffet opened her first above ground Spider Bakery, which met with great success. Other monster's began to practice trades and open shops but none were ever as popular. Especially with Tobias's son Alex Person, who adored Muffet's baked sweets so intensely that he visited her shop everyday after school to watch her cook. Muffet grew attached to the boy and every week she sent him home with a complimentary basket of assorted treats. Alex's mother Aideen, though far less comfortable with monsters, eventually began packing one spider made treat into Alex's sack lunches each day. By the end of the summer, almost every child at his school was sneaking him milk money in exchange for muffet's now coveted pastries.

Alex was a smart boy and wasted no time capitalizing on the opportunity. He set up a racket, charging the other children slightly more than the treats actually cost and together with Monster kid, recruited a handful of other monster children to split up the pastry purchases in exchange for a small share of his profits. No one was the wiser until a child fell ill.

Monster food is not bad for humans. To the contrary, it's magical contents held strong healing properties. That said, monster sweets much like human sweets, should be consumed in moderation. Some children have to learn that lesson the hard way. The gluttonous child of the school's superintendent, was one of those children. Unfortunately, when he stumbled sickly through the front door of his home with a backpack stuffed full of treats and threw up spider donuts all over his living room floor, his overprotective mother Angela, jumped at the opportunity to lay blame accompanied by vicious accusations at Muffet and the Person Farm. Angela's face was plastered across every news station in the United Kingdom and the Person farm was famous almost overnight.

Unlike Sans, who seemed to be at home in almost any kind of company, Frisk wasn't particularly comfortable around other humans. They could, however, agree that the Defense Forces were best avoided. The two stayed down, holding their breath until the last military truck turned the corner and disappeared.

One of Sans legs was wedged between Frisks. He leaned on one hand, shifting slightly to better peer through the thick brush. His hip pushed against her inner thigh bringing her attention to their unusual proximity. Her stomach lurched and tightened. He was wearing the cologne she gave him for Christmas.

Her face burned as he sighed heavily and lowered himself back to her eye level "I think we're good... uuuh" His eyes settled on her flustered expression. It only took a few awkward seconds for him to catch on. A tint of blue blush rose on across his cheeks and he jettisoned himself to his feet with a hasty apology.

Frisk rolled over and came to a stand. A change of subject was in order. "Saved my butt twice today and it's not even lunch. What would I do without you following me around?" she nudged him
playfully with her elbow.

"Ya, that was pretty close" Sans sighed, rubbing the back of his skull still blushing furiously.

"I wonder what they were doing here?" Frisk pondered shaking the grass out of her hair. It had been a long time since Frisk had seen a Human soldier, let alone a whole convoy. There really wasn't much need. Violence towards humans was rarely (if ever) an issue since Asgore had enacted a series of harsh laws to discourage his people from using any physical force.

Sans shrugged, "who knows... but we should probably catch up with Pap..."

The rest of walk to the animal houses, where Frisk worked, was far more peaceful. The mornings adventures all but forgotten, the pair strolled along the dirt road chatting merrily until they reached the chicken coups, where they found Papyrus struggling with the concept of throwing chicken feed on the ground.

"They like eating off the ground Papyrus" Huffed Bonnie, the large purple bunny that once worked as the Snowdin shop keeper. After leaving the Underground she had taken a new position overseeing the care of all Tobia's livestock. She was basically Frisk's boss.

'Great' Frisk thought to herself, she's probably only here to make sure I'm not late again. Bonnie and Papyrus continued their heated chicken related exchange, while Frisk crept quietly out of sight and began her work pulling the dirty trays of bedding from the bottom of the roosting boxes at the back of the enclosure. Maybe Bonnie wouldn't notice that she hadn't been here the whole time.

Frisk opened the first roosting box to check for eggs and came face to face with Bonnie, leering at her through the tiny chicken entrance in the opposing side of the box. She looked livid "you realize you're almost forty minutes late right?"

"Sorry about that Bon Bon" Sans chimed cheerily over Frisk's shoulder. "there was some kind of military party train running right down the south road. I thought it would be best for Frisk to lay low until they were gone."

Bonnie jumped and caught her head on the top of the chicken door with a thud "Human soldiers?! On Person farm? What the hell for?"

"Dunno, we didn't exactly ask" Sans answered, as he started helping Frisk work.

Bonnie exited the enclosure and walked around to where Frisk and Sans were cleaning. "Any guesses? How many were there? You said the South road? Were they coming in, or heading out?" she pressed, Frisk's lack of punctuality apparently forgotten.

"No guesses, about ten truckloads, Ya South road, pretty sure they were leaving." Sans replied after dumping a load of dirty bedding into a wheeled compost cart.

Bonnie twitched an ear and jutted her mouth to the side in thought. "I'm sure Tobias will know what they wanted." She looked unsettled for good reason. Despite Asgore's attempts at diplomacy, man kind still argued among themselves and had yet to reciprocate with any legal protection. In the eyes of men, Monsters were not considered people and therefore, had no rights under human laws. They could not work, they were not given trials, and they could not own property.

Her attention turned back to Frisk. "I'll overlook you showing up late this time Frisk, but you really need to get a handle on it. If you don't do your job on time, other people have to wait to do theirs. You're holding everything up." she huffed angrily. "Speaking of which, I fed the horses, so
they wouldn't get taken out hungry. They've been out to pasture so no need to muck or groom today. I checked up on all the other critters on my way down here." She gestured to the chicken houses with her thumb "really the chickens are the only ones needing upkeep today." she raised an eyebrow and smirked. "So, I'm taking the rest of the day off and I suppose, after you finish up here, you can too."

"Really?" Frisk blinked, she didn't remember the last time she had a day off.

"Yeah really, you're late all the time... but you work hard when you get here. You deserve a little R and R." She shoved a finger into Frisk's face, so close it almost touched her nose. "Just get your shit together and stop being such a flake" with that she turned merrily on her heel and marched away.

A few minutes later Papyrus had finished feeding the chickens and was occupying himself trying to catch one. The last of the cleanup was finished and Sans was leaning against the fence with Frisk watching his brother "Welp, how do you think you want to spend your day off?"

"Hmmmm" Frisk pondered a moment before replying "I have no idea, what do people normally do with a day off?"

Sans tossed Frisk's backpack over his shoulder "Beats me, how about, you, me and Pap head back to our place for lunch, and we wing it from there?"

Frisk liked the idea of not really having a day plan "Sure, I'm starved."

"EXCELLENT! " Papyrus dropped the momentarily captured chicken, and burst from the pen "I, MASTER CHIEF PAPYRUS, WILL PREPARE A NOODLEY FEAST TO MARK THE OCCASION!"

"I dunno Pap... you've cooked every meal we've eaten in the last year...today's our day off... As much as we love your culinary skills," Sans winked "all that cooking must be spa-getting a little old."

Papyrus groaned loudly at his brother's pun, but quickly recovered his enthusiasm "OH WAIT! DIDN'T YOU SAY WE WERE GOING TO-"

Sans hastily cut him off "Go back to the house and wing it? Yeah Pap, that's what I said." He was giving Papyrus an uncharacteristically pointed look.

"Eeh... AH YES! I MUST HAVE... FORGOTTEN" Papyrus's eyes shifted suspiciously "LET US COMMENCE THE WINGING!" The pieces started falling in to place in Frisk's head as the brothers started walking home. The skeletons showing up out of nowhere to help her with work, Bonnie giving her the day off, all this shifty eyed nonsense... they were up to something.

What are those boneheads plotting this time? 

Chapter End Notes
I named this chapter "This Too Shall Pass" because the phrase has always been a reminder to me that it is not only the bad times that will eventually end, but also the good (oooh foreshadowing?). This chapter is mostly scene setting for my desired timeline. If anyone one has any suggestions for a better title, or anything else really, feel free to hit me up in the comments :)

I've started chapter three already. I've got to work tonight (night shift weee) and build a vegetable garden this Saturday... buuut I have a four day weekend, so hopefully I'll be able to update again really soon :P

Thank you so much to everyone who's given me feedback!
It was probably an hour shy of noon when the three strolled into town. The village, dubbed "Persona" after the Ranch owner, was always a busy place right before lunch. Monsters bustled hurriedly in and out of shops and restaurants. Street vendors flipped, stirred and dipped their various confections, sending delicious smells wafting through every corner of town.

Despite being relatively isolated, Persona had become quite the economic success. Tobias had a wealth of unused land, which he gave happily to his new tenants. The Monsters took his offer with gusto, they worked hard to repay his kindness and more than doubled his yield within the year. As the farmer's profits increased, he denoted funds to improve their conditions and eventually worked out a system to pay his non-human workers under the table.

The deep self reliance Monsters had developed in the caverns of the Underground, aided them greatly in their efforts to create a new home for themselves. Everyone worked together, using their wide range of assorted talents and powers to build houses and shops, create plumbing and even, thanks mostly to Alphus, provide the town and farm with its own electricity.

Little shops gave way to quaint stone houses as they reached the end of the cobblestone road that made up the town's center strip. There was not yet a system for buying and selling property, so if someone needed a house, the town got together and built one. Frisk smiled to herself thinking fondly of the kindness she had witnessed from monsters over the years, especially from her closest friends. She looked up at Papyrus as he argued with Sans over the similarity, or lack thereof in his opinion, between spaghetti and lasagna.

"IT IS NOT THE SAME. THE NOODLES ARE FLAT AND IT IS BAKED! ... BAKED PASTA! THAT IS DISGUSTING! THE FLAT NOODLES MUST BE AWFUL AND HARD! YOU ARE LUCKY I AM AROUND SANS, I SWEAR IF I DIDN'T PREPARE YOUR MEALS YOU WOULD EAT ANY OLD GARBAGE!" Papyrus finished looking proud.

Sans was smiling so hard his huge grin spread almost clear across his face. "Guess you're right bro, I am pretty lucky to have you." He stopped walking for a moment and pulled out his cellphone. After what looked like a hasty reply, he jogged lightly to catch up, looking thoughtful and slightly anxious.

By then Papyrus's attention was on Frisk "Uuugh HUMAN, WHAT IS THAT SMELL? IS IT YOU?" He leaned over still walking, to give Frisk a hearty sniff. "IT IS YOU!! YOU SMELL LIKE CHICKEN POOP AND UNWASHED SOCKS!"

Frisk blushed and sniffed herself. It was true, she smelled terrible.
Sans appeared at her side and lifted her arm to take a whiff "He's right kid, you smell pretty... Foul." she snatched her arm back flushing a deeper shade of red and she shot him a vicious glare. He all but laughed at her shame "I suppose we better stop by your house so you can freshen up, hu?"

"I thought we were in a hurry to get to your house?" Frisk questioned pointedly.

Sans didn't miss a beat " Why would we be in a hurry? What? Do you want to stink all day?"

Frisk shook her head and the trio altered there path slightly, to veer off the gravel path that lead to Sans and Papyrus's house.

The dirt road to Frisk's house had yet to be paved. They had only finished building the house itself a few months ago, before which she had lived with Toriel. Toriel and Asgor had renewed their vows in the second year above ground, and about six months ago, Toriel had announced herself to be with child. The plan at first, was to build an extra room for the new baby, but Toriel's little home was already feeling cramped with the three of them barely able to fit in the living room at the same time. So Frisk had asked to have a little house of her own.

Frisk grinned giddily as it came into view. Her little house was only about fifty feet behind Toriel and Asgor's, nestled among the thousands of daffodils growing on the property. The Dreemurrs had chosen this spot for their home because of it's abundance of flowers and over the years they had cared for and spread the little blooms, until there was scarcely a bare patch of earth in the yard. Frisk had been hard pressed to find the land she needed without killing any flowers, but after a few hundred transplants, everything had worked out. The little blue, wooden, cottage now sat completed and filled with all Frisk's belongings. She had been allowed to design it anyway she wanted, and though a few over enthusiastic Monsters had taken some creative license with her design, Frisk loved her little house with all her heart.

They reached the little wooden door and Sans handed Frisk her backpack so she could retrieve her keys. Inside, they were met, almost immediately, by the yowling laments of Heinz, Frisk's little orange tabby cat. Frisk had adopted him a few years back after discovering a litter in one of the feed barns. He was a shabby little tom, with a broken tail and a love for ketchup that rivaled Sans.

The skeleton brothers were enthralled by Heinz. Frisk had barely kicked off her shoes before Sans had the cat rolled onto its belly, pawing playfully a the stings from his hoodie, while Papyrus was gleefully dumping large quantities of catnip onto the carpet around them. She climbed the spiral staircase to her room, leaving her cat and friends to further destroy her living room. The upstairs bedroom was warmly colored and filled with oak furniture. A floor to ceiling window stretched the length of the room, with a sliding door that opened to a wooden balcony coated in a rich array of vines and flowers. She padded straight through her bedroom stripping off her clothes along the way and dumped them in a wicker laundry basket outside the door to her bathroom. Frisk scrubbed herself down quickly and shut the shower off before the water had even warmed completely.

It didn't take her long to towel off and braid her now light kissed, waist length, brown hair. Frisk wasn't the type to fuss over her appearance and after very little primping, she pulled on an only slightly ratty pair of capris, a tank top and a baggy loose fitting short sleeved shirt. Taking a quick look over her lanky figure in the mirror, she tugged a daffodil out of a vase on her vanity and tucked it behind her ear, before grabbing a sweater and bounding back down the stairs.

Papyrus and Sans were still playing with Heinz when she hopped the last step and came down on the landing with a thump. Papyrus, startled by her arrival, dropped the bag of nip on the cat's head, earning him an indignant hiss from Heinz, who quickly absconded to growl at them from under the couch. After trying and failing to coax the angry tom out of hiding to apologize, Frisk retrieved her
Sans and Papyrus's house had appeared across the street from Toriel's seemingly over night. It looked exactly the same as the one in the Underground, including the thick snow piled on the roof and covering the yard from the street to the forest in the back. The only changes were the addition of a happy looking snowman, a proudly posing snow Papyrus, a squat lumpy attempt at a snow Frisk and a small mound of snow labelled 'Sans'. Frisk smiled to herself, thinking briefly of all the memories the house held. It had been a wonderful five years.

Usually they would have stopped a while to chat with the snowman, but today Sans rushed to the door, seeming anxious to get inside. Papyrus followed waving apologetically to snowman before yelling out "SANS THAT WAS VERY RUDE!... OH!... yes this... I FORGOT AGAIN!" The door creaked closed as Frisk shook the snow off her shoes.

There was an odd hush when she walked through the door, the whole house was pitch black after the door shut behind her. Papyrus and Sans were no where in sight. She flicked the light switch up and down a few times, but to no avail. Stumbling through the dark she set her bag on the floor next to what she assumed was the couch and started feeling her way towards the kitchen. Nothing felt right, a shiver ran up her spine as she felt her way along the back of the couch, which was warmer and fuzzier than she remembered. She felt movement around her and grew increasingly anxious, was the couch... breathing?

A deep voice called out of the dark "Here, lemme get that for you."

Lights flashed on all around the house and a menagerie of monsters exploded from various hiding places. Frisk was caught off guard and toppled backwards landing on her butt.

"SURPRISE!" they yelled in excited unison, and a white dog hopped down from the back of the couch to lick her face.

Everyone was there, Toriel, Asgore, Alphus, Undyne, Monster kid, Napstablook, Muffet, the old Turtle Gerson, the Nice Cream Guy, Bratty and Catty, Doggo, Burgerpants, River Person, Dogamy and Dogaressa, along with Bonnie and the other bunnies, a collection of Tems and every other monster she knew. Even Mettaton, who had been away in America searching for fame.

"Wow! Everybody! Hi! Wha-" Frisk stuttered meekly, she wasn't quiet sure when her birthday was, but she was pretty sure it was at least a few months ago "What is this all about?" She caught Sans eye from the wall where he leaned eyes glinting, hand still on the light switch.

"Why, a party of coarse my darling!" Mettaton Announced theatrically.

Toriel waddled to her gushing "Frisk my dear!" She pulled a bewildered Frisk into a hug over her swollen belly "it's the five year anniversary of the day you found us!"

Undyne chimed in from her side "The first time we fought, you were just a kid! Look at you now! You're almost a full grown human!"

"W-we a-aren't sure exactly when you were born, b-but from my analysis of human growth patterns you recently turned s-seventeen." Alphus stuttered from behind her.

Toriel pulled back to fawn over her, petting her hair and touching her cheek affectionately "When Alphus told us how old you are, everyone wanted to celebrate. Seventeen is a big number!... And you just moved into your own house! but seeing as your actual birth-date is a bit of a mystery, we
decided to celebrate everything on the day we met you my dear."

"HAPPY BIRTH-MOVING- VERSARY... eh... day... HUMAN FRIEND!" Papyrus bellowed.

The crowd of monsters cheered, joyfully repeating "HAPPY BIRTH-MOVING-VERSARY-DAY!"

The room was alive with chatter after that. Frisk was tugged from one friendly conversation to another, barely able to respond to anything before being whisked away to entertain another. There was a buffet table covered from end to end in various Monster foods and a pile of gifts towered beside it.

Slipping out of a strange conversation with Burgerpants, Frisk was finally able to duck into the kitchen for a drink of water. She sat at the kitchen table with a glass in her hand, catching her breath between swigs.

Sans manifested in the chair across the table from her holding a plate of food. "Got time for grub?"

"Oh. god. yes." Frisk groaned snatching the dish.

Sans flushed momentarily, but quickly recovered. "ha ha Nice hat, how ya' liken the party?"

With a mouth full of lunch she reached up to investigate the top of her head. Someone had, at some point, dawned her with a cone shaped party hat. She swallowed her food and beamed "this is the best birth-moving-versary day ever."

As the afternoon worn on, many friends began to filter out and by dusk only a handful remained: Toriel bustled about, cleaning up and organizing gifts and leftovers; Asgore was reading a book over tea at the kitchen table; Papyrus, Sans, Undyne, Bonnie, and Alphus had set up a little round table behind the couch where they were playing a cheerful card game; and Frisk was draped over the couch, exhausted but happy.

The TV had been on most of the afternoon, Frisk was only half watching as the nightly news flicked on . A thin statuesque, female reporter announced various breaking stories with gusto, none of which really caught Frisk's attention until a familiar face flashed onto the screen. "Here with us tonight for an in depth interview is local parent and anti-monster activist, Angela O'Brian." The crazied PTA mother, whose son had recently overindulged in goods from the Spider bakery, had be mentioned on the news almost every night, but Frisk had never seen her appear in person.

The reporter sat with 'Super Mom' as Sans called her, in a pair of neat leather arm chairs "Mrs. O'Brian, you claim your son was 'poisoned' by the inhabitants of the Person farm and you are seeking a strong legal, perhaps even a military response to the monster presence in Ireland?" Frisk sat up and grabbed the remote to turn the volume up.

Angela jumped on the reporters question, "Yes, my son Dolton was attacked. The poison he was
sold put him in the hospital! We had to have his stomach pumped! I have been assembling other parents in the area to protest the unlawful take over of the Person family farm. We want to see action for the crimes against our children and homes!"

Sans plopped onto the couch beside her. "Ugh, not this bimbo again. Frisk, why are you watching this crap? That old hag will just piss you off."

The reporter questioned Angela's story "it was medically proven that your son was poisoned?"

"He threw up all over our house! Their discusting food is dangerous!" Angela insisted.

"Several other parents have reported their children eating Monster made food goods, with no notable side effects. Was the occurrence with your son a targeted attack?"

Angela was outraged "We have no idea what they put in it! How do we know what the long term effects are of eating it? What if it causes brain damage? Or stunts growth?"

Sans laughed loud enough to get the attention of the group playing cards behind them. "What's so funny bonebag?" Undyne asked.

"Super Mom is saying Monster food will give you brain damage and stunt your kids growth." He twisted around in his seat to talk to the group.

"IT DOES?" Papyrus Squealed in horror.

"N-no way!" Alphyus cried indignantly, "Frisk has been eating nothing but monster food for years and she doesn't appear deformed!" They all looked at Frisk for a moment, she was petting a white dog that was resting it's head on her knee.

" I dunno, maybe they have a point..." Sans thought aloud "The only thing shorter than Frisk, is her attention span..."

"What?" Frisk blurted.

"My point exactly."

While everyone else continued chatting enthusiastically, Frisk turned back to watch the thin, Gaunt looking woman on the screen as she continued her rant. "Our city does nothing. NOTHING! While my poor sweet boy suffered at the hands of those terrible... THINGS!" Something looked off about her expression... she was building to something.

Frisk felt a strange sense of foreboding as the angry mother stretched herself towards the camera. "And what's worse? These CREATURES these ANIMALS have stolen human child!" Frisk froze, her thoughts raced, this crazy woman couldn't... she didn't mean... Frisk? Could she?

The room began to spin. Her hand shot to Sans shoulder grabbed a fist fill of his coat. He jumped slightly, scaring the dog away and turned from the group to face her "Frisk?"

Frisk kept her eyes to the screen as the reporter gasped "No! Who are the child's parents?"

"Kiddo?" Sans questioned, dropping off the couch without breaking Frisk's grasp on his jacket, and kneeling at her feet. He placed a bony hand on each of her knees and persisted "what's wrong?"

Frisk remained silently transfixed as Angela Pope whipped herself sideways in her chair to face the reporter, "we aren't sure yet." Sans eyes followed Frisk's and as he turned his head to the
television, red letters began to run along the bottom of the screen "MT. EBBOT MONSTERS KIDNAP CHILD IN GALWAY COUNTY, HELD CAPTIVE ON PERSON RANCH."

Sans grip on Frisk's knees tightened as Angela continued "She's a Jane Doe, has been secretly held by them for years, but she goes by Frisk." The room went silent. Sans slowly turned his head back around to meet Frisks gaze with eyes as big as tea saucers.

"Frisk?" The reporter asked eagerly "Just... Frisk? No last name?" Angela paused in thought for a moment, as if trying to decide how much to reveal, before responding "well... her age and general appearance match that of missing child reported a little over five years ago, but... that's classified." she stated firmly, bobbing her head and smiling smugly.

"Well, that's not good..." Undyne muttered.

"Ya, yuh think?" Bonnie gawfed "How can they even call you a kid? You're fucking seventeen!" She looked to Sans, perplexed "Do you think that's why the soldiers were here earlier?"

"It's possible..." Sans replied standing up from where he'd knelt and rubbing the back of his skull.

Frisk felt boxed in... smothered, like the air was being sucked from the room. "Those soldiers... might have been here.... for me?"

Sans looked back down at her "I don't know." She stared at him fearfully, and he touched her shoulder with a bony hand "Hey, buddy, it's going to be alright, okay kid? They aren't getting anywhere near you... or anyone else here." His expression was laced with a caring fierceness she hadn't seen in five years.

Frisk was comforted somewhat, but she still felt the desperate need to escape. "Do you guys mind if I step out for a minute?"

"Everything alright?" Bonnie asked.

"Ya, I just... I think I need a little air." Frisk stood and walked from the room in a daze. She heard Undyne from behind her whisper "So... who wants to explain all of this to Toriel?"

Frisk climbed the stairs and walked through San's room to the window. Pulling open the blinds, pushing up the sliding panel and moving his broken lamp out of the way, she clambered over the dresser and out onto the snowy rooftop, where a plastic tarp and a blanket were pinned to the shingles. She sat there a while, battling with her thoughts. Laying back against the chilled blanket, she looked out into space and tried with deep steady breaths to calm her panic.

She heard a clatter from the window, but didn't need to look to know who was joining her. Sans and Frisk had grown increasingly close over the years since leaving the underground. He had become exceedingly protective of her, after the night she was shot and never seemed to be far away. It didn't suprise her in the least that he was coming out to check on her. It was likely he was the only one who knew where to find her. This was one of their many secret hiding places.

"Hey" Sans greeted her softly. He layed down without another word. The silence between them was comfortable and natural. Though they had shared many deep conversations, they often sat together without speaking, Frisk loved this about Sans, and she enjoyed it for the few minutes it lasted.

Sans cleared his throat and smiled. "Knock Knock"

Frisk sighed. "Who's there?"
"Snow" He said, scooping up a crunchy handful off the roof.

"Snow who?"

"Snow use tryin' to hide from me." He chuckled at his own wit.

"Sorry I ran off"

"S'okay kid" Sans assured her "pretty sure everyone gets it."

"What do you think is going to happen now?"

"I dunno... hopefully nothing... you're basically an adult."

"What if they decide to try and take me away" Frisk choked a little "What if they send the military?"

Sans rolled over slightly and used his fingertips to gently turn her head to face his "That's not going to happen." A shadow of blue washed over his left eye "and if it does, I'll stop them." Frisk flushed deeply, Sans conviction waned and embarrassment took it's place. He rolled quickly back to facing the sky.

A strange tension had been blossoming in the center of their friendship for the past couple of years, Frisk loved being around Sans, but when she was she often felt a desperate urge to run away from him. Her stomach would twist violently when they touched, and she often found herself avoiding making any eye contact with him. Though he frequently shared her reaction, Sans seemed to find Frisk's fidgeting hilarious and often provoked her intentionally.

As the blue light from Sans glowing cheeks faded and disappeared, Frisk tried to forget the heat and fervor in his eyes. She pushed away the memory of his fingertips on her cheek and the butterflies that had followed. All of it, was just too weird.

"I'm still not used to this, ya' know...not knowing what's going to happen next." Sans sat up without looking away from the star dappled sky. "It sure would be handy to know how all of this is going to play out... but this is the way life is supposed to be, right?" He sighed turning away from the sky to look at Frisk. "A big part of me is still expecting it all to just start over again." His voice grew strained " I set my alarm to wake me up by announcing the date, so I wouldn't be unsure all morning."

"Maybe you shouldn't have built your house to look exactly like the one in the underground..." Frisk smirked back.

"True, the house could be part of it, perhaps I should... Address that?" Sans chuckled "I just didn't want Papyrus to get homesick."

Frisk nodded in understanding before the pun could sink in. "Ugh, that was pUNbearable." They both snickered and went back to sitting quietly, until Sans started shifting uncomfortably. "Something on your mind?" Frisk asked.

"Ya, I guess" he readjusted himself to sit facing her with his legs crossed. "The lost child super mom talked about tonight? The one she said matched your description? Is that... you?"

"I was wondering that myself." Frisk replied flatly.

"You mean... you don't know who you are?" Sans couldn't hide his surprise.
"No, I know exactly who I am." Frisk smiled at him playfully. "I'm Frisk, fallen child, anomaly of time, savior of monster kind and aspiring farm hand."

Sans laughed genuinely "glad to hear you have a strong sense of self, but you know what I mean." His look turned serious "do you know who you were, before you fell into the underground?"

Frisk scrunched up her face in thought, trying to remember the first time she fell. After all the resets it felt like eons ago. "No, I guess I don't. Maybe I hit my head when I fell?"

Sans looked concerned "you've never wondered where you came from? I mean, what if someone's been looking for you? What if you have a family up here somewhere?"

"Then... the little girl they lost is long gone." Frisk stated sternly "I'm almost an adult, I have a monster family that I love now and I don't remember anything else." Frisk turned to mirror Sans, crossing her legs and looking straight into his eye sockets. "Why do you suddenly care so much?"

Raising a brow bone Sans gaze met hers as if to say 'Really?'. She blushed, flustered by the eye contact and averted her eyes to look out over the forest. Sans smiled with satisfaction at her discomfort and replied "meh, I dunno, just seems weird not to know. We've known each other forever after all."

"Ya we have." Frisk snapped sharply, face to face with him again "and when I think about it, I don't know anything about where you came from either. You and Papyrus are the only skeletons I know of. Bonnie's sister said you two just showed up one day. What's your story?"

Sans blinked rapidly in surprise before collecting himself and leaning closer to Frisk "you don't want to hear about all that" he smoldered, narrowing his eyes, "it's a boring story, not much to tell really."

Frisk was unwavered by this sudden intensity "you're not going to tell me are you?"

"Nope" he replied flatly.

She leaned back, folding her arms playfully "well, I guess I'll just have to ask Papyrus. I bet he'll spill the beans." She moved to crawl to the window.

Sans fumbled mildly panicked to pulled her back "whoa! hey! hey! Fine you win!"

Frisk plopped back down triumphantly "Alright then, spill it."

Sans let out a heavy sigh "okay, if it's beans you want, I'll share... under one condition." he smiled at her mischievously and winked "you show me yours, I'll show you mine."
A week after Frisk's so-called 'kidnapping' hit the news, very little seemed to have changed. She'd seen a few more military convoys blazing in and out of the farm and she'd been very careful to avoid them. Which wasn't hard with Sans following her everywhere. She suspected his presence to be less than a coincidence, considering that his usual work day was supposed to be spent helping Alphyus extend the power-grid. He would usually be clear across the other side of the Ranch. Toriel and Asgore must have temporarily reassigned him to babysitting duty, knowing he was the only person, strong enough to protect her, who's company wouldn't eventually irritate her.

Everyone was a bit tense around Frisk lately. Any attempt she made to ask about the increased military activity around the farm, was met with awkward shrugs and quick topic changes. Not that she had really made much effort to push for answers. Frisk liked her simple life. Other humans seemed to bring her nothing but grief. If her monster family thought it best to leave her out of their dealings with humanity, Frisk was more than happy to trust their judgement. Especially, if it meant Sans would keep palling around with her.

The days Frisk spent in Sans's company always felt so full. Every morning he was there, waiting to walk with her when she stepped out her front door. Between the long talks they shared and all pranks he was prone to playing, there was almost never a dull moment. He seemed to enjoy the work, never slacking off or flaking out. She started picking up extra chores, in an effort to stretch her time with him. She'd often followed him home, for movies and Spaghetti with Papyrus, before turning in for the night. The day just didn't feel long enough.

Today was no exception. It was already half past four. Frisk had been dragging her feet for over an hour. Sans signed heavily, hanging up the last piece of horse tack Frisk had volunteered to condition. He rubbed the back of his head, looking over all the work they'd completed. That was it, she had nothing else for them to do. She couldn't help feeling a little disappointed. She wasn't sure how much longer their partnership would persist.

Sans was crouched waving at her "Sans, to Frisk, come in kiddo."

It was then, that she realized she'd been staring at him again. He'd obviously noticed this time.
Frisk flushed nervously and averted her eyes, "Ha ha roger, this is Frisk, just got a bit lost."

"Who's Roger?"

"It's a human thing."

"Oh, that's stupid."

"Whatever, You're stupid."

"Maybe..... Regardless" He flopped down on the floor next to her "You shouldn't let your mind wonder kid" He ruffled her hair, "it's too small to be out on it's own."

"Hey!" she laughed, shoving him playfully. She loved his jokes... she loved his goofy laugh... She loved him.... and if she was really honest with herself...

Only Toriel really knew about her feelings for Sans. She'd guessed years ago. Hiding anything from her adoptive mother, had always proven futile. All the one on one time had pulled those secret yearnings to the forefront of Frisk's thoughts. She knew her infatuation was insane. They weren't even the same species, and unlike her, he had grown up surrounded by his own kind. There was no way he would ever see her... like that.

"Uuuh well, I think we've finished everything." Sans asserted. "dunno why were stallin" he rapped his knuckles against the door of the horse stall behind them.

'Shit'

She'd gone quiet again.

She shook herself from her thoughts. Frisk had been drifting off, into these spiraling internal arguments and daydreams a lot lately.

"Yeah, I suppose so..." She was about t get up, when Sans placed a hand on her arm, halting her
"What's been on your mind?" he banked his skull trying to catch her eye "you've been... distant... I know things are stressful right now. You're not stupid. You know something's been going on... you can ask, I'll tell you anything you want to know... you can talk to me... you know that right?"

Her heart thumped, 'no... he was wrong... she couldn't talk to him about this.' She forced a smile, unable to look at him "Yeah, I know. You're my best friend."

He didn't look convinced "So...?"

"So..." Frisk hadn't prepared for an interrogation. She really didn't want to talk about the humans and there was no way she was going to tell him the truth. "I'm not..." She floundered fretfully "I just..." She hid her face in her hands "I guess... I really... I don't really have anything... that I... need to talk about." She bit her lip and tried to look him in the eye.

He didn't appear even faintly satisfied "Real smooth kid."

Frisk rolled her eyes and sighed to keep from laughing at herself, before hazarding another squirrelly defense "Look.. Sans... I... just... It's not anything to do with... I... well... I'm... going through some... other... stuff... I'm sure I'll..."

"Frisk" Sans exhaled, "You don't have to talk to me." his worried words fell on her, spiked with hurt. "I just wanted you to know you can."

"Thanks" she replied despondently "I will..."

"Okay kid" his index finger skimmed her cheek, before sweeping a lock her hair behind her ear, "just... don't shut me out, alright?" He balanced her chin on the curl of his hand, to coax her into finally, really looking at him.

Frisk bristled at his touch, frozen and flustered. She didn't understand why he had this affect on her. They had known each other for years. Nothing about the way he touched her was new. He had grown taller over the years, but beyond that, very little about Sans had changed.
He thumbed her jawline fondly, covering her in goose bumps. Which must have caught his notice, because he quickly withdrew his hand and shrugged. "Uuuh... Yeah ... on that note..." His gaze was soft and flushed.

*She'd been staring at him again. Gods above he must be so creeped out.*

Collecting himself, he cleared his throat awkwardly "Actually, I have something else I wanted to talk to you about." He leaned back against the stall door and pulled a scruffy bundle of folded papers from his jacket pocket. Brushing the pocket lint off, he smoothed them flat and dumped the lot into Frisk's lap. "Take a look."

Still dazed and jittery, she scanned the contents. Information printed from various websites filled all three pages, Sans scratchy handwriting braiding the different articles together. The notes told the story of a twelve year old girl, who had vanished from a local orphanage. Reported missing just over five years ago, after a camping retreat for hopeful parents. The name *Cristiona Fey Bower* had been scrawled hastily at the bottom of the missing child report.

The rest of the first page went on to describe the closing of the orphanage, after several health and safety investigations. Where-in it detailed that eight children had gone missing from the facility over a ten year period, never to be found. The facility director was relieved of his position and charged with several low level offenses. After appointing a new director the facility announced it's plan to reopen. The page ended in brief news report summarizing it's permanent closure, after a fire broke out damaging the building beyond repair. Sans had circled the words "suspected arson" in blue pen following the report with his own thoughts. *Frisk one of the missing children? Cristiona Fey? Orphanage fire foul play?"

She placed the first page on her knee, moving to the next. Most of the second page was used to described the location of the orphanage from the news article. Accompanied by a cheerful looking photograph of St. Mary's Home for Children, also know as the Bon Secours Children's Home, in Tuam. Frisk skipped over the directions and site information, to where Sans messy blue hand writing re-appeared. The words *Ten year old daughter, sole survivor. Two years before Cristiona Fey missing at twelve.* began the next topic of his research. The Bower family had lived in Tuam seven years ago, before a random and brutal murder, orphaned their only child. A ten year old girl, who became ward of state, with no extended family to take her in.

Frisk only peaked at the third and final page, after securing that it it consisted solely of the murder details, she handed the stack back to Sans. "that's...wow" She stammered, thoroughly unsettled "you... uh... really ran with this whole thing... hu?"

"Yup" He cheezed triumphantly.
"You're pretty serious about this, aren't you?"

"You betcha. That's why we're going."

"Going?" Frisk snapped her head in his direction "Wait, where are we going?"

"To the..." He paused to check his notes "Bon Secours Children's Home, in Tuam"

"Oh no" She held her hands up, shaking her head in protest "No. No way Sans."

"I thought you might say that."

"I haven't left the Ranch in five years. There is no way I'm just going to go wondering around some creepy old abandoned Children's home."

"I guess that means I'm off the hook then." He smiled wickedly.

Frisk hesitated, "Of the hook?"

"Yeah, if we don't go find out where you came from, I don't have to tell you what my story is" He cocked his brow "Because you promised to leave Pap out of it."

She growled under her breath, pitched forward and launched herself to her feet. "Isn't there some other way to-"

"Not that I can find" He shrugged "Records are sealed too tightly where minors are concerned. I have a bundle of hunches, but we are going to have to put in some foot work, to know anything for sure." He stood up next to her with a stretch.

Frisk began to pace the hall of the barn. She didn't like the idea of leaving the farm. "When exactly are you wanting to go on this crazy field trip?"
He shrugged "I'm free now."

She paused in-front of him stricken "now?!

"Ya, Why not?"

She grimaced. What would her Monster mother say about all this? " You know Toriel will never-

Sans waved her away "She won't know unless you tell her. Just text her that you're eating with me tonight"

"Fine. I guess I'm in." Frisk yanked her phone from her bra, shooting Toriel a hasty message.

Slipping her cell back into her top, she folded her arms impatiently "Kay' now, how exactly do you propose we get there? Neither of us have a car and we're not riding horses all the way out there."

"You know I have my ways" Sans boasted looking sly.

"Yeah..." Frisk was well aware of Sans favorite mode of travel " but this is somewhere you've never been before and you have me with you. Don't you at least need to know where you're going?"

"You are underestimating my determination kid." with that Sans pulled her close "You're gonna want to hold on, this might not feel too great."

Frisk barely had time to throw her arms around him, before the world fractured into a million sparkling pieces. She taken plenty of shortcuts with Sans, but this was a completely different experience. She howled in Terror, as her mind and body crashed through time and space with no guiding light or preset destination.

"Don't fight it." She heard Sans whispered firmly, looping a hand into her hair and pulling her head to his shoulder "It's like dancing" He swayed smoothly, tugging her with him "you have to
move with me."

Frisk tightened her grip around his waist and forced herself to surrender to the motion. She could see him staring at her, out of the corner of her eye. As if willing her to be calm, to let herself be pulled through the rips and waves. Raising her head from his shoulder, she tried to look around, but his hand caught her chin.

"Don't look" He urged, resting his forehead on hers with a clunk "It'll make you sick" He caressed her cheek with his thumb, the same way he had in the barn "just stay with me babe" Frisk let her eyes meet the piercing blue glow of his vehement gaze and instantly, she felt the last of her fear melt away. She was woven with him, in and out of the warp and weft of all that was and wasn't. Her body melted to him like putty, everything was fine... good even... As long as Sans was holding her like this, she felt she could stay, bobbing listlessly forever, somewhere outside of time.

"Were almost there." A half smile claimed his lips, "Think you can stick the landing? It's always a little weird." He drew her in protectively, "Ah-actually don't try to answer that... just stay calm... I'll be right here to catch you."

She felt like she was waking up from a dream as they drifted back to actuality. Then, all at once, Frisk was slammed into and through the barrier of reality. It hit her like a truck, and set her nervous system aflame. Every inch of her stung with pins and needles. She could only barely feel the ground under her feet. Black circles and spots of blinding light obstructed her sight. Her stomach rolled and bucked, everything felt shaky and wrong. She tugged at Sans jacket helplessly. Her legs were wobbling, ready to give out.

Sans lowered them both to the ground and cupped her cheeks in his palms. "Still with me?"

Frisk swallowed hard. "Y-ya... I think?" She was still thoroughly shaken. "A little fucking warning next time?"

"It's better if you just do it. Kinda like rippin' off a plaster" Sans replied "you were safe, I promise."

After taking a some time to collect herself, Frisk let Sans help her to her feet. They’d really done it. She was standing outside a rust covered, rod iron fence, looking into a deserted, trash strewn courtyard.
"Ugh... Yay... we made it..." She groaned, wishing she had stayed sitting.

Time had not been kind to the Bon Secours Children's Home. The dilapidated stone structure was far less inviting than the picture in San's notes, but it was definitely the same place. Police tape still hung from the fence and door, flapping angrily against the building's deeply neglected exterior. A large red and white "condemned" sign rattled against the moss-covered wall beside the front entrance. "This... looks so... inviting?"

Sans shrugged, "You read the story. What were you expecting? A cozy B & B, serving hot tea and hugs? Common, let's get a closer look."

Frisk hesitated "Ya' know what... I... would really rather not." Just looking at it from outside the fence gave her shivers. "This place gives me the willies."

"The willies?" Sans mocked, already over the fence and extending her a helpful hand "We're already here. Don't be a baby bones! We're just having a little look... Or would you rather give up and teleport home?"

Frisk was not ready for more shortcuts just yet, "Aargh... Fine."

"Freaking creepy, abandoned building in the middle of BF nowhere " She continued complaining, while accepting his hand to clamber clumsily over the fence."It's probably haunted..." She flapped her hands to dust the rust from her dress with hammy animation. "or full of crazy vagrants... or something."

Ignoring her mutterings, Sans jogged ahead to explore the front porch, he rattled the door handle with no success. Unfazed, he hopped off the stoop and started walking around the back.

"I thought we were just looking?" Frisk complained, picking up the pace, to stay with him. Being here was scary enough, without getting separated.

"Common we didn't come all this way for nothing." Sans reached the back of the building and stopped staring in amazement. The entire back half of the orphanage was gone, burned to the ground, leaving the back-end of the facility completely open.

"Why did they bother locking the front door?" Sans groused, holding his hands out to the
opening, before shoving them into his pockets and kicking over a half burnt piece of gypsum angrily.

Frisk drifted past him, spellbound, walking slowly towards the gaping husk. She didn't know why, but she needed to see the inside. Something called to her. *Something, so familiar.*

Bewitched by her own curiosity, she strode past the threshold. The air was powerfully scented with burnt wood and rot. Frisk's nose scrunched against the assault. Still following the pull in her gut, she hiked over the stones that littered the floor, from where the exterior wall had caved and crumbled. It was stiflingly and dank. The walls and ceiling were chard black and dripping grey, soot tainted water. The forest had been toiling to reclaim the land. Ferns unfurled feathery fingers, among the damp decaying wreckage. Spidery vines draped the shambling walls, stretching their grasping tendrils hopelessly into the dark.

Frisk's yearning grew and she trekked on through the buildings damp, decomposing corpse. Sans was right behind her. Though, he looked far less sure of himself. The open ended room had a small doorway at its far side. It was the only open path but no natural light could find its pitch and endless seeming entails. It was going to be impossible to see in there.

Sensing her hesitation, Sans stepped up next to her, blowing into his clasped hands. When he spread them open, a swarm of little blue lights burst free. They fluttered ahead, spreading out to chase the dark from the narrow fire eaten corridor. Frisk moved through the mushroom infested hallway with purpose. She was close, *she could feel it.*

The walls creaked ominously. Sans faltered "Maybe this was a dumb idea after all." He demurred glancing around, as if he expected find the source of the structures laments.

"We're here now." Frisk shrugged "Common don't be a baby bones." she teased, tossing his words back at him playfully.

Careful to step over the many missing floor boards, she marched, passing several burnt and mostly barren rooms. She stopped when confronted with a door, still hanging from the weak sagging wall. Intrigued, she pushed her hand against it and felt it give under her light touch. She pushed past easily, to find a room on the other side, that was very much like all the others.

*Yet... something about it... felt different.*

Frisk slumped jutting her hip, perturbed by the rooms quotidian features. *There had to be*
something. She surveyed every inch diligently. It appeared just as unremarkable as ever other filthy, forgotten chamber she'd passed. It was then that she spotted the tiniest scrap of yellow fabric, jutting out from the putrefaction. She bent to unearth it, easily pulling away the soft, chalky feeling remnants of floor, to reveal an unidentifiable, tangled mass of shredded garbage.

Turning it over, and over in her hands, Frisk couldn't shake a strange prickle of déja vu. She didn't know how, but she knew it was, or at least it had at some point been, a small yellow sun dress.

"What's that?" Sans asked from behind her.

"A dress" She turned to him, displaying the tattered garment. "I don't know why, but I think... this" she raised it pointedly "was mine."

"Wow...looks like weird trash... " he all but barked, sounding agitated "You can keep it, if we can get out of here now please." He turned on his heel and leaned against the door frame facing away from her in protest.

"Yeah...Yeah, you're right...Sorry." She agreed, taken aback and finally registering how far she'd carelessly meandered. Her heart fluttered in apprehension. This was a terrible place... Why had she felt so determined to come here?

The hair on her arms bristled and stood.

A malefic shadow slithered through her. She shivered, her head lurching involuntarily in disgust. It wasn't here... She was imagining it.

Her desperate denial shattered, as a snide murmur tongued her ear, from inside her mind. "Did you think I would just vanish?"

Frisk's breath quickened, quaking with dread.

"You gave me you're soul." It rasped in wisps of oily smoke "I won't ever leave you."
She could feel teeth, when it smiled "You belong to me."

"How?" Frisk asked aloud.

"How what?" Sans asked, twisting his head around to raise an eyebrow at her.

"You awoke me" The voice scratched at the inside of her skull "Like the bed of golden flowers, this place houses memories we share. We've both been here before."

Frisk's ears rang. She was distantly aware of Sans speaking to her.

"Do you want to remember?" The demon inquired eagerly "That's why you're here right?"
The smoke of it's words pooled in her mind, forming the silhouette of a young girl. Frisk tried to push the voice away, but it fogged her mind, reforming in the center of her thoughts. With what seemed like minimal effort, the spirit pushed back, nearly knocking her off her feet.

Frisk dropped the dress, stepping away hurriedly. The demon had never spoken to her outside of the abyss, and now it was manifesting in her thoughts.

The creatures empty disdain soaked through her "Let me show you."

"Frisk?" Sans urged from somewhere in the world outside her mind. "Talk to me kid."

Frisk was muted in horror. The hellish manifestation pushed itself uncomfortably into her soul. Drowning her in its cruel indifference. It dug and scraped savagely through her deepest thoughts. Probing her mind relentlessly, until suddenly...

something inside her snapped.

Shocked and afraid, Frisk swayed where she stood.

And then the pain came.
Wild explosive pain racked her body, twisting her with agony. She felt like someone was dragging jagged, white hot nails across her bare bones. Her every conscious thought was smothered under an avalanche of nonsense. She struggled to hold on to herself, as the cascade overwhelmed her, pulling her down into the swell.

Frisk's mind raced through a sudden tangle of abstract memories. Ribbons of long forgotten moments were still bursting free from the wells of her being. With so much pouring out of her at once, it was hard to make sense of anything.

She grasped at snippets in the storm, piecing together what she could....

*Crisp sheets of paper.*

*Matte paint, white walls.*

*Questions and tests, pills and madness.*

*They were excited, making progress*...

*The love of her family.*

*Her mother's embrace, her smell. Lavender and Thyme.*

*Her father's voice, reading to her*

*teaching her to play the harmonica.*

*Her little tortoiseshell cat Cleo, safety and innocence.*

*Her favorite yellow sun dress.*

*The doctor wanted to study her like the twins,*

**but she doesn't have a twin?**

*Nightmares, anxiety, tears.*

*She doesn't like the medicine.*

*Her mother asked the doctor to leave.*

*He looked angry.*

*Waking up in the night afraid.*
Blood.

Blood and bile... human remains...

She was a child alone, everyone was gone.

Death and despair. Terror.

She needed help, help for her family.

Wondering in the cold snow, holding her cat.

Searching for help.

Can't feel her toes.

Tired, not cold anymore.

Warm. Warm and tired.

Huddled in the snow, clutching cleo inside her jacket.

Growing sleepy, fading away.

The doctor came, he took her away...

It was her fault, he told her she did it because she was crazy...

but he would protect her

keep her safe, make her well...


The haze of drugs, the darkness of the basement.

Hysterical hopeless laughter...

A tape recorder...

The doctor wants to know what the voices say.

Light, help, someone found her.

They thought she was dead, frozen wondering in the storm.

Her parents graves,

where was Cleo?
Found frozen to death in the cold forest.

A place for children... children no one wants.

Broken toys, and a hand me down sweater.

They want to hide her past.

They call her Cris Fey... or sometimes just Fey.

Out grown her sundress, hidden it under the floorboard.

The other kids say she’s crazy.

No one talks to her anymore.

Monster.

Freak.

She’s a weird creepy monster.

A squinty eyed mute.

She’s always in trouble.

They tease her. Crist the Risk.

Her name is Risk. Risk Fey the freak child.

No one looks at her anymore.

The deep ache of an empty stomach.

The dull throb of fresh bruises.

Loneliness.

No one knows her name anymore.

Fran? Fawn? Something about risk?
They call her Frisk.

Calloused strong hands.

Clenching her jaw.

A hungry mouth reeking of booze and cigarette smoke.

A foreign tongue across her closed teeth.

Struggling, running. hiding.

Determination.

A belt. Cracking loudly.

Smooth leather.

Earth shattering pain.

A man standing over her, hurting her,

Because she always fights him.

A camping trip.

The old mountain of the fairy folk.

She went to sit alone in the woods.

Remembering the stories her father told her

About the people of the mounds.

Older than fairies and man... driven underground

He found her in a cave, tossing rocks into a deep trench.

Rough old hands.

Angry demands.

One last chance.

Be a good girl.

She said no.

Turns to run.

He shoves.

She stumbles over a raised root knee.
He watches her fall.

Away, into the darkness.

Away like the others.

A mad smile.

Another victim...

Waking up, head pounding.

Laying in a bed of golden flowers...
Chapter Summary

This took me way longer than it should have... mostly because I had to retype over half of it. I stayed up all night writing and neglected my save function...

But here are a few Undertale things that I totally love.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QjPBQdq9zfU
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EOlsP81zV4c
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Afm8AxBWdHI
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CXpzRG1cwEk
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QVtueVhHV9I

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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**Sans**

Sans watched, as Frisk stepped cheerfully through the wreckage that cluttered the hallway. Her gait was swaying, almost merrily. The off white plume of the broom ended dress she wore trailed, billowing behind her knees. Frisk almost always looked happy. Everything about her contrasted sharply with the desolate scenery that currently surrounded them. She was a breath-taking beacon of color in the stark, broken reality in which they existed, an anomaly in time and in general. Unflappable and kind, despite the rough hands she was always dealt. After seeing her die a hundred times, he had made it his person mission to protect her. Sans had always liked Frisk, but these days she was the light of his life, the warm center around which his existence revolved.

The lack of knowledge about her origin didn't just bother him, it ate at him. She was the girl outside of time. San's scientific mind needed answers. If this orphanage could tell them anything, they had look. Still, as the walls groaned eerily around them, he was questioning his own judgement.

Perhaps he had been hasty, forcing her to wonder through this forsaken place. "Maybe this was a dumb idea after all." He thought aloud, examining the terrible lean in the walls around them. They
looked ready to give any minute.

"We're here now." Frisk raised and dropped her delicate shoulders "Common don't be a baby bones." she jabbed smiling and continuing to trip down the hall. He glowered at at her back and reluctantly followed. She came to rest at the only door still standing in the corridor. The blue orbs he was maintaining, lit the the curiosity in her sparkling green eyes. With the tips of her slender fingers she gave the door a soft nudge and it caved instantly. This building was a death trap, Sans thought.

Seemingly unshaken, Frisk stepped through the newly opened door without hesitation. This room meant something to her, he could see it in the puzzled expression playing across her gentle features.

Leaning on one hip, she looked around biting her lip. Then, with a start, she moved to the back of the room, bent to the floor and flipped over a chard piece of rotting wood. Having recovered the subject of her search she straighten up and stood silently.

"What's that?" Sans probed.

She turned to him holding out a wad of tattered yellow cloth "It's a dress, I don't know why, but I think... this was mine."

'Really?' Sans was done with this place. It was gross and dangerous. There was really nothing to see. "Wow...looks like weird trash..." He didn't know why he felt so irritated. "You can keep it, if we can leave now please."

'That was a bit harsh' He thought inwardly, but he couldn't help it. He wanted to tug her outside and take them home. This whole venture had been a massively unnecessary risk. Still nettled, He went to lean against the door and wait for her to follow.

"Yeah... Yeah, you're right... Sorry." Good, she was coming to her senses. Sans had no problem with pushing the envelope, for the right reasons, but coming this far inside, for a clump of mangled baby clothes? He could see Frisk moving in his peripheral vision, but he didn't turn around. Why was he being so touchy? It's not like it was her idea to come here. Sans felt a cold chill.

"How?" Frisk blurted randomly.

He looked back at her, bemused "How what?"

Something was wrong. She was so still.

"H-hey, I didn't mean to piss you off... I'm just kinda...  Frisk?"

Frisk didn't respond, her eye looked straight through him. She shook violently, dropping the tiny slip of fabric to the floor and stepping away, clutching her head. Her soft features began to warp in agony and he left the doorway to approach her, kicking the dress away. Her eyes scrunched shut and she curled in on herself.

"Frisk?" Sans didn't know what to do. Her demeanor had changed so quickly "Talk to me kid."

'What the hell is happening?'

Her eyes burst open, no longer green and filled with light, but hollow and red, burning out of pits in her face like glowing embers. He hadn't seen those eyes in a very long time. 'Chara' he thought,
not daring to call the name aloud. It had *never* taken control mid run, only ever appearing at the start. How could that thing be here? Now?

It tilted Frisk's head, face flickering and glitching as it fought to quell the storm of resistance within. Sans stepped back in fear. The creature calmed Frisk's movements, winning control. It's eyes fixed on him and spoke through Frisk's lips, in the terrible voice that still haunted San's dreams.

"*You made her come here to find the truth*" it greeted him with a jagged grimace, *"you should be careful what you wish for. It's not a very nice story."*

Sans was petrified with dread, "What are you going to do? Why are you here?" This had to be a nightmare. He was going to wake up at home any second.

The pit like eyes went hollow and the smile widened, dripping black ooze *"Shall I make her remember?"

"Don't you *dare* hurt her." Sans half threatened, half begged. He would never forgive himself if anything happened to Frisk.

*Curious...* it hissed mockingly *"isn't this what you came here for?"

Sans glared back, furious "No, not like this. What ever you're doing to her, stop... or you not going to like what happens next." He demanded defiantly.

*"Do you want to bet LV on that?"* Chara's disgusting voice sneered from Frisk's mouth.

He kept his expression stony, "You know I've never needed LV to whoop your ass."

*"To the contrary, I recall cutting you almost clear in half, the last time we saw each other."

Sans shrugged "Yeah, no one can win all the time. So you got one in," Sans Smiled "good for you I suppose."

*"If you were going to do something, you would have by now. After all you have finally found... with all your happiness in this life... What are you going to do?"* It guffawed, "*Kill me?*"

Sans faltered, 'No... no way...' he hadn't been forced to put Frisk down in over half a decade... he couldn't... what if she had never saved?... what if the resets didn't work the same above ground? Even if they did... things were different... he couldn't even bare to think about shooting her full of bones... watching her bleed out... and die in the dark remains of this god forsaken orphanage. 'Dammit!' Why had he brought her here?

"Of coarse you can't." It snickered with vile glee, *"Your lack of action gives you away Revenant..."* It dangled Frisk forward like a marionette, swinging her limp limbs to taught him. *"You're smitten..."* The demons lip curled *"infatuation... How pointless... and you actually think you can save her... you fool."

A deadly hush fell between them.
"Since when were you ever the one in control?"

A single, flat, deafening note filled the air, wailing like a distorted siren. Frisk's head jerked skyward, her mouth agape in a voiceless scream that was too wide, too pitch to be real. She stretched, spread eagle in the center of the room with her back arched unnaturally. Sans ran to her, but stopped short of touching her, unsure of what to do. Her body rolled with convulsions. Dark veins spidered across her now pale skin, giving it the appearance of cracked plaster.

"Stop! You sick-gross-Dammit! Stop! STOP! Fuck! Frisk!" For all he knew she could be dying and he was just standing there cussing like an idiot. She was gasping and heaving like a beached fish. Blood welled in her eyes like tears, overflowing to run in little rivers down her paper white cheeks. It was all he could do not to drop to his knees and beg.

Sans couldn't watch anymore. He let his mind shut down... "What the fu..." Panic would get him no where. He found the calm emptiness inside himself "You're a real sicko, waiting this long to show up." He swallow his frantic screams, leaving all emotion behind him. "I'll take you on... but only if you leave the girl out of it." He felt his eye glow in spite of him "after all... this is between you and me" He smirked at his own sickness "dirty brother killer."

Chara laughed, hard "I always enjoyed your tough guy act.... but I'm not here for you today." It glared at him through Frisk's bloodied eyes. "I will come for you, when the time is ripe. When you have everything you think you want. I will come... so that I can take it all from you.. For now, I have what I came for." Frisk's eyes flashed, her head lolled on her shoulders and her tiny figure rattled violently. It looked like agony. Her body bent inwards, her chest was glowing with a fire like flicker. She screamed, releasing a swirling cloud of jet black smoke, filling the room with the stench of burning, putrid flesh.

Terrified and out of options, Sans reached for her. As soon as his bones made contact with her skin, she went horrifyingly ridged. A galling wind whipped through the room clearing the air of smoke. The strings that held her snapped and she collapsed in a heap into his embrace.

Just like that, Frisk's face was her own again. All traces of her demonic counterpart had vanished, short of the blood tracks down her cheeks. There was something husk like about the way her body sagged against him, like a neglected house plant. He felt no breath, no pulse, no tingle where her skin met his bones. None of that mattered. He had her now, he told himself cradling her tightly, he needed to get them away.

Focusing all of his magic on the invisible, wispy curtain of time, Sans pulled them back through the tare he'd created in the void. Holding up Frisk's dead weight and trying to keep his emotions in check, made it hard to keep control. They tumbled dangerously close to the cracks in the schism several times, before breaking back through the veil. The landing was just as unforgiving. Coming in fast, they rolled across the floor of the barn and into the door of a horse stall, startling the sleeping horse behind it.

Sans stayed laying on the floor, holding her tightly as his shock faded and reality washed over him in waves. He couldn't think, his mind was still too frantic, too racked with guilt. How had he been so useless? Why had he pushed Frisk to go out there in the first place?

What if she never woke up?
What if she didn't come back?
What had that... thing... done to her?
What if it was still inside her?
What if she woke up a cold soulless demon, hell bent on killing everyone?
What if he had to....
What if he'd lost her forever?

He was horrifyingly aware that he still didn't feel her breathing. Luminous blue tears cascaded unceasingly from his fear stricken eyes. He rocked back and forth rhythmically, squeezing her lifeless form, just as he had five years ago on the way to the hospital. Hysterical sobs rattled him to the core, as he tried in vain to collect himself. What the fuck just happened?

'WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK JUST HAPPENED?'

San's sat up. He had to get himself straight. He had never learned to heal, but he had to DO SOMETHING. He touched her, patting frantically but there was no change. Frisk remained immobile, draped across his lap, perfect and pale, like a porcelain doll.

"Please don't be..." He pleaded dolefully, unable to finish the thought aloud.

Humans had to breath, maybe he could breath for them both? Without another thought he pushed his mouth to hers. Her tiny chest rose with the magic filled air he forced past her lips. He pulled, closing his eyes from the effort it took to inhale through her. Blowing the sweet tasting used air out through his nose, he prayed silently and breathed into her again.

'Please... Frisk please...'

As he went to inhale, he felt the air sucked from his chest. Her ribs rose without him. Transfixed he halted, the tips of his mouth still fused with hers and sighed with relief... 'She's alive'...

Frisk's eyelashes fluttered against San's cheek. He leaned back just enough to watch her eyes open. 'Green, thank the gods, they where beautiful and Green and they were hers.'

Frisk coughed feebly "Hey" she muttered, looking dazed.

"Hey fruitloop" Sans let his forehead meet hers gently "You disappeared on me for a minute there."

"I'm sorry-"

"No." he stopped her "This was my fault." Sans thought he might keel over and die from the guilt "are you alright?" He ran his hand through her soft hair and wondered briefly if he should take her to a hospital... or to Alphys. Neither knew about Chara... or the resets. Sans doubted they would be of any use. "Can I take you home?"

Frisk leaned into his touch "I... think I'm okay... yeah... Yeah I'd like to go home... I'm pretty tired."

Sans bundled her close, and focused. "Okay kid, hold on, I'll get you home." She gripped the front of his shirt. Teleporting was much easier with places he went a lot, but he was so spent, even the quick jump to Frisk's house left him exhausted. He was panting when they came to rest on her bed.

Frisk gave a startled gasp "Are you okay?"
He chuckled between gulping breaths and stood from the bed, cracking his neck. "Yeah, I'll just have to walk home, I guess."

"Sans" Her tiny voice twisted his heart "My beds pretty big... " She looked up at him shyly with her brilliant green eyes. "Will... will you... uh stay?"

He blinked at her and flushed. Stay? in bed? With her?

"No, I am... I'm just..." Her soft brow creased and he understood. She was afraid.

"You know I will." Sans sat back down and pulled the sheet up around her, "Walking home is too much work anyway."

"If you need to leave I'll understand... I mean... what about Papyrus?"

"Pap will be okay. I'll text him in a sec." Sans patted her shoulder. She still looked somewhat contrite.

"Hey, I told you already..." His voice softened, and he found it hard to look at her. "I'm not going anywhere kid."

Heinz jumped onto the bed, breaking the tension and pawed at Sans arm insistently. "Hey there ketchup buddy!" He beamed, scratching behind the tabby's furry ears "Bet you're hungry huh?" Heinz responded with a hearty yowel. "I take it back, Frisk. I AM gonna go feed this hungry fur-bag first. Want anything?" Frisk smiled and shook her head, her eyes already looking dozy. With a reassuring wink, he clambered from the bed, swept Heinz onto his shoulder and sauntered down the stairs. They hadn't faced a horror like that since they were kids. The emotional antibodies in his mind had him numb, and awkwardly struggling to think. He knew this feeling all to well, he was in shock. Still, it was strange how quickly everything felt normal again.

Passing through the living-room he deposited the cat onto the couch and went straight into the kitchen. Though he'd never really hung out at Frisk's, he knew his way around from helping her move in. Heinz appeared beside him, as soon as he opened the cabinet where Frisk kept the cat food, chipping and rubbing against his shin bones. "Yeah, Yeah... I hear ya'." He filled a bowl and set it on the floor "Here's your grub catman."

After watching Heinz crunch away at kibbles for a minute or two, He pulled his phone out of his pocket and typed a message to Papyrus. 'Hey Bro, working late tonight. You gonna be alright?' He leaned against the kitchen counter to wait. It never took Papyrus long to reply.

His phone lit up and vibrated a few seconds later, blaring Papyrus's personalized notification tone. "WOWIE!"

'SANS! YOU ARE NOT WORKING. I AM WITH ALPHYS AT UNDYNE'S RIGHT NOW! WHAT ARE YOU REALLY DOING?'

Sans cursed under his breath... cooking lessons, he's totally forgot Papyrus had them tonight. He typed a hasty reply.

'I'm testing something.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"
'SANS YOU ARE BEING VERY STRANGE. WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU TESTING?'

'Your patience.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'THAT IS NOT FUNNY, BECAUSE IT IS TRUE.'

'It's extra funny because it's true.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'SANS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?'

'Uh, texting you?'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'I KNOW THAT! WHAT ELSE ARE YOU DOING?'

'Feeding a cat'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'I AM VERY CONFUSED'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'YOU HAVE A CAT?'

'It's Frisk's, she's kinda under the weather, so I'm helping out.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'EVERYONE IS KIND OF UNDER THE WEATHER SANS, WEATHER IS IN THE SKY.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'WHY WOULD SHE NEED HELP FEEDING HER CAT BECAUSE OF THAT? YOU ARE NOT MAKING ANY SENSE.'

'That was a typo... I meant to say that she isn't feeling well.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY THAT IT THE FIST PLACE? WE REALLY NEED TO WORK ON YOUR COMMUNICATION SKILLS!'

'True, I'll get right on that.'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'IS THE HUMAN FRISK OKAY?'

'Ya, she'll be fine, but I might sleep on her couch, so I don't give you her human germs.'
Buzz "WOWIE!"

'HUMAN... GERMS?... GROSS AND WEIRD!' 

Buzz "WOWIE!"

'DO YOU NEED MY ASSISTANCE? I HAVE EXCELLENT MEDICAL SKILLS. I JUST LEARNED FROM THE INTERNET!'

'You're the greatest Pap, but I think she just needs to sleep it off'

Buzz "WOWIE!"

"GREAT!... I mean... OKAY!... I AM HERE IF YOU NEED MY EXPERTISE DEAR BROTHER! GOODNIGHT!'

'Thanks Pap, see you tomorrow.'

With that, he stuffed his phone into his pocket and sighed 'Welp, can't stall forever.' he thought nervously.

Reaching the top of the stairs, he was met with the sound of Frisk's quiet snores. She was already fast asleep. Sans wasn't sure if that made him more or less uncomfortable. He debated sleeping on the couch... but he'd already told her that he would stay by her side. Sans sat down awkwardly next to her and shuffled over gracelessly, to lean his back against the headboard, resting his elbows on his knees. He didn't look at her at first... trying not to be creepy. Everyone knew Sans cared for Frisk, that he adored her like family, but secretly, and he couldn't pin point exactly when it happened, he had fallen completely and irrevocably in love with her.

The back of his head knocked against the headboard and he groaned, exasperated with himself. *If he loved her so much, he sure had a stupid way of showing it.* She could have died today. *They both could have.* He shuttered, watching her deep slow breathing from the corner of his eye and remembering how still she had been, only moments ago. The entire afternoon was impossible and surreal. Frisk was always moving. Heart beating, lungs breathing, eyes blinking. She was never still. Even now, fast asleep next to him, her eyes twitched beneath their lids and he could hear her steady pumping heart.

San's noted how long and wavy Frisk's hair was growing, every part of her seemed to have stretched and curved over the years. She looked more and more like a full grown human everyday. It was fascinating to watch. Sans was taller sure, and he'd started occasionally trading in his slippers for sneakers, but other than that, he was just as he'd always been. He didn't really change much. Frisk on the other hand, never stopped. She was a dynamic force of nature. Nothing had ever kept his attention, *like she could.*

_Sans had never, would never, tell anyone._

The very idea of exposing his longing to anyone mortified him. He was certain that he would rather die, than reveal his awkward affection, or face the inevitable rejection that would surely follow.

Sometimes he would momentarily fool himself into believing that she could return his feelings. His imagination was prone to running with the little things she did when he caught her off guard. The way her breath hitched when they touched, the crimson flush that warmed her face when she
caught him staring at her, the sparkle in her eyes when she said his name. Though Sans reveled in those minuscule exchanges, he knew it was a fantasy... He wasn't stupid.

_He knew she would never..._

... it was crazy...

_He was crazy._

_She was so..._

_and he..._

_He was fucking skeleton!_

A barely audible whimper jarred him from his thoughts. Frisk rolled over and snuggled against him whispering "No... no...."

For a moment, reliving the first seconds when Chara had take control, Sans feared the worst. He stretched forward flattening his legs against the mattress and doubling over to inspect her. "Frisk?" She was shivering slightly, brow furrowed fitfully, but her face was her own. Pulling a thick, fuzzy throw blanket off the end of the bed, he returned his back to the headboard and swaddled her into his lap.

She gave a heavy sigh and her shiver subsided. Sans felt a rush of affection, as she curled her fist around the bottom of his shirt. He pet her lovingly, blue faced, cheesing at the ceiling and thank the heavens that they had made it home alive. His mind wondered back to the events of the evening. The yellow dress, Chara's chilling words, the pain evident in Frisk's twisted writhing, The fear he'd felt when they arrived in the barn.

_The feeling of her lips... the taste of her breath._

Sans heart skipped a beat and his free hand shot to his mouth, fingers touching his 'lips'. _Would she remember that?'_ He glanced down at her. He really hoped she didn't. _Did it count as a kiss? _He didn't mean it that way at the time... _did he?'_ Would she recognize the purity in his intentions? _Because it wasn't really a kiss... right?_

Tightening his grip around her shoulders, he couldn't help but wonder what it would actually be like to kiss her. Her lips had been so... soft... he felt a strong need to be closer to her. Giving in to his ailing need, he dropped his face into her hair and let his head rest on hers. It smelled of citrus shampoo, fresh hay and a warmth he could only describe as 'Frisk smell'. His chest ached and he stayed breathing her in, like it was his last chance.

Hours later, he was still there, letting his mind wonder through a made up timeline of his own design. One where she felt the same... and he wasn't weird for wanting her. Color was gradually returning to her skin. Sans sighed, running his finger bones through her long brown hair and watching it pour off the tips like liquid silk. Crimson light from the sunset streaked it with strands of gold and it sparkled in his hand. Heinz was purring in his sleep, curled in a furry ball against San's leg. Despite the chaos of the days events, it was hard not to feel at peace.

Sans eyes grew heavy. He wanted to stay wake. He wanted to stay in this moment... but he was
so warm and comfortable... so warm out and happy...

Sans was standing in a golden, ornately decorated hallway of towering pillars and stained glass windows.

It would be back soon. He'd already killed it once... but it always came back.

Papyrus's cloak draped around his shoulders, still covered in ashy gray dust.

Papyrus had believed it could be saved. He had trusted that it could change, even as it crushed the life from his severed skull.

The voice behind the door had begged him to protect it.

Sans wanted them to be right, but this was not his first play through.

Now everyone was gone, just like he knew they would be.

He had watched them all die... because he had too. He could not intervene until the end.

He was it's judgment.

He was their vengeance.

Like it or not, Sans had to play his part. He couldn't face her until he had nothing left to lose. This was the only way he stood a chance against Chara.

Steps echoed in the hall... And the dark figure took it's place before him, wild eyed and fuming.

"Heya ... You look frustrated about something..." Sans grinned sadistically. "Guess I'm pretty good and my job huh?" He started his usual dialog, but ended it prematurely in an attempt to get a jump on the creature.

They were a blur of bones and knives. It lunged at him again and again. Sans summoned his blasters, Chara shot to the side, but he never fired. Meeting the demon instead with a barrage of bones from the floor.

It hung, skewered, dripping blood and howling in rage.

"That's your fault isn't it?" Sans snapped through bitterly clenched teeth. "You should really stop coming back."

"Perhaps I should." Chara's head twisted on Frisk's dusty, blood covered neck. "I'm getting pretty bored of this game." It leered at him manically "I guess I'll just hand the control back." It's eyes closed.

The air stilled...

A soft gasp.

"Sans... ah ah .... Sans I'm s- s... I'm sorry..." Tears... sobs... It was Frisk. Mangled and broken, dying... because of him.
"That fucking monster" Sans ran to her side. It was doing this on purpose. He lowered her shattered body to the floor, careful to leave the bones that pinched her arteries closed. He had missed all her internal organs intentionally... He had wanted to cause the maximum amount pain... and he had succeeded.

Chara had known his intentions... and now Frisk was paying the price.

Sans knelt at his fallen friend's side "Ssh Ssh buddy, hey, it's going to be okay..." Neither of them had any food left. He couldn't save her.

Chara had know that as well... It was always one step ahead.

Frisk coughed. Blood blended with the tears on her face... he knew he had to end it, but she looked so sad, so hopeless and afraid.

A shaking hand, warm with blood, touched his face. "It's not your fault" Frisk whispered, "you can do it" Even though she never opened her eyes, somehow she met his gaze, filled with strength... with determination "It's okay, please, it's okay. Just do it fast."

Sans was outside himself, watching his internal struggle from afar. *He was dreaming.* This had already happened. He remembered that day so clearly. He'd barely known Frisk the first time he killed her. They'd only met a handful of times in between Chara's hostile take overs, but in that short time they had already become fast friends.

They were both so small. He thought sadly, *just children...*

The younger San's balled his hands into fists and with a swift thud, a bone shot through Frisk's heart. Her usually closed eyes, burst open out of shock. It had been the first time he could remember seeing what color they were. His head hung, and he stayed with her as the light in them faded.

Sans awoke with a start. It was still dark. *'Ugh, What a crap dream... What am I? the ghost of bullshit past?*' He thought grumpily, rolling over to check on Frisk.

She was eerily still. *Completely motionless...*

Her mouth hung slacked, leaking black ooze and her eyes were wide and lifeless.

He screamed throwing himself backwards and falling off the bed in a tangle of blankets.

He fell... and fell.

*Down*

*Down*

*Down*

Through the spiraling void. Slipping through cracks, in the fabric of time.

Into a deep hole at the back of a cave,
Past towering marble columns.

He kept falling.

Right through the stone floor like a ghost.

Bursting through the stone ceiling, and out into a massive underground cavern filled with fire and magma.

He twisted in the air like a cat, to see what was below him.

The core.

He was going to fall into the core!

Sans flailed, flapping his arms in an attempt to redirect himself.

The great chugging of the core's engines grew louder and louder.

The massive machine was flying up to meet him.

It would shatter him across all of space-time.

A fate worse than death.

Sans called out for the only person who could help.

But nobody came.

He closed his eyes.

Braced for impact.

Thud.

Sans woke up on the floor of Frisk's bedroom.

It was morning. He rolled over and sat up.

Frisk was outside, standing on her back balcony in a white bathrobe, drinking a cup of tea. There was a second teacup steaming on the bed side table. Sans stood up and righted his clothes, shaking off the dream before grabbing the tea and stepping out behind her. "Since when are you an early bird?"

"Oh," She turned to face him, almost spilling her cup. "you're up!" Her smile didn't quiet reach her eyes "Early bird? Me? Not a chance. It's half past ten. I called in sick... and I see you found the tea I made you."

He leaned against the banister next to her "yeah, I did, thanks. It's TEA-licious."

She chuckled and rolled her eyes. "Oh, Asgore texted you to make sure you're still watching me,
I took the liberty of replying for you. Hope you don't mind."

"Huh" It wasn't like Frisk to flake out completely. Late sure, but she wasn't a 'no show'. "Wanna tell me what this is all about?"

"I'm not even really sure what happened." She shifted uncomfortably "I was hoping you would do some telling, actually."

"Well what DO you remember?"

She looked thoughtful "The orphanage, I found a dress... I ... I'm not really sure what happened next..." Her cheeks flushed.

Sans sighed rubbing the back of his head while he thought. "I... think you're extremely evil twin might have paid us a little visit."

Frisk's eyes grew wide and her face paled. "So I didn't... dream that?"

"Nope." He leaned against the banister and blew on his tea. "It kinda... did something to you... I don't really know what though."

She nodded looking pensive. "Yeah... she fiddled around in my brain parts."

"She?" His voice was tinted with humor. He looked up at her without raising his head from his tea, "Brain parts?"

She huffed and turned her nose up.

He laughed. "Okay, Okay. Go on... what did she do in there?"

"Mmh I think..." She turned back slowly, "I think... Well..." Her eyes shifted and her lips rounded, as if she was about to whistle.

Sans knew that look. Frisk was about to lie. "It's... a bit... kinda... you know... all a little... hard to... think... and... put together... So I... can't... Ya'know?... I don't know."

'God she was cute when she did that' He raised an eyebrow at her and smirked "Eloquently fibbed, lady liar pants-on-fire."

Frisk's eyes rolled in her head and she pouted "I think... She... it... Made me remember everything that happened, before I fell." Her brow pulled together "But it could just be a bunch of bull, that it made up."

"That bad?" Sans asked, picking up on her desire to believe the later.

"Yeah..."

A few somber minutes passed without them speaking, before Frisk broke the silence. "I'm not shutting you out... promise... I just don't know what to say." Her frown darkened. "Saying it all out loud... feels like it will make it all... true... Somehow."

Sans nodded sadly, understanding the feeling.
"There was a doctor... I think... He was kind of a huge dickhead... You were right about... well...just about everything... My parents were murdered... I lived in that place... and the dean... or whatever he was... started being a gross creep." Her eyes blurred with tears, and she looked up at the sky in an attempt to hold them back. "He... erm... tried to... um... but... I... uh..."

Sans stood up straight, shocked.

"So he hurt me... a lot... and they had all forgotten me... and he wanted to..." Her voice shook. "No one cared, they all said I killed my parents."

Sans pulled the tea cup from her hands and set it aside, "Fuck Frisk... I'm so sorry." He soothed, wrapping his arms around her. He'd always figured there had to be a reason she'd found her way onto Mount Ebott. A reason no one had ever come looking for her... but he had never expected her past to be that... that... words failed him, even in his head.

"I didn't..." She muttered into his jacket, "I didn't kill my parents... I know that."

Sans held a little tighter, letting her speak.

"The dean... hated me or something... He... pushed me... pushed all of the fallen humans... into the underground." She finished, resting her chin on his shoulder.

Sans took a deep breath, suppressing the flare of furry that boiled in his chest. Frisk didn't need him to be angry right now.

"Sans?" She asked quietly "Did I die last night?"

He pushed her back, confused. "Die?" The memory of their return to the barn filled his minds eye. "Oh... uh... not exactly... kind of?"

Frisk tilted her head.

He wiped away the lone tear on her cheek. The feel of her lips filled his mind again, twisting his stomach. "You did scare the crap out of me though." His hand slid down her arm to clasp around her tiny fingers. "I meant to ask how you are feeling?"

She blushed and looked down, suddenly fascinated by the edges of her bathrobe. "I... I... Uh... I'm okay..."

"All that... and you're fine?" Sans chuckled, "I just can't wrap my skull around you kid... even with all the resets... after a life times worth of following you around... I still can't figure you out..." He meant to sound teasing, but his impassioned thoughts betrayed him, turning his voice dangerously amorous "You Frisk, drive me absolutely crazy."

Sans released his hold on her, too suddenly... he felt his face burn. He closed his eyes in humiliation, inner monologue in chaos, 'what are you doing?!' his conscience wailed 'abort, abort!'"

The swift velvety warmth of lips on his cheek, startled him out of his panic. 'Did she just?' His hand flew to his bright blue face.

'It was just a peck... totally platonic right?' he told himself.
Sans looked at Frisk... and his heart melted. She was biting her lip. Even through a curtain of her hair, he could see her reddening. He'd never seen her look so... vulnerable. He desperately wanted a better view of her face.

Before he'd really thought it through, Sans had brushed her hair behind her ear and pushed her face up, level with his own. She bristled at his touch. Her breathing grew quick and erratic. He studied her, soaking in every detail, painting a mental picture in his mind. Something about the way she swooned was like an aphrodisiac. His arm snaked around her waist and pressed against the small of her back. Frisk gasped breathlessly, sending a shiver of magic down his spine. Completely absorbed, he forgot himself, slowly drawing her in. Right now, he didn't care if it was crazy.

Wait...

This WAS crazy...

What was he DOING?!

He released her, pivoting to look off the balcony. Sans cleared his throat awkwardly and flung his arms behind his head. He chanced a glance at her, out of the corner of his eye.

Frisk was still right where he'd left her, looking stunned and mortified. Then her face began to transform from shock to outrage, as if she'd just been slapped. "You... You arrogant, unsympathetic heap of osseous garbage!"

She had a tendency to become more articulate, the angrier she got. He was really in for it.

Sans winced "That's me..." he didn't disagree with her words, but it still hurt to hear it.

"You think this is funny? Is everything really just a big joke to you?!" She raged, flapping her hands at him. "I mean, what kind of friend are you? How could you make fun of me like that? Do you know how embarrassing that is?"

Sans turned to face her cocking his head to the side "How was I making fun of you?"

She waved him off angrily "Oh come off it. I know you've notice how stupid and flustered I get when you... and you think it's funny to... Guh!... You are such an asshole!" Her fury was already waning and her voice was spiked with shame and hurt.

Sans shook his head "Wait a minute, you think I'm... teasing you... for what exactly?"

Her wide eyes met his and she turned scarlet, "What you want me to say it? Seriously?" She threw her arms out "I...I think... I kinda... I find you... uUGH ... You are... when I... GRrr... I hate you and this is stupid."

Sans froze "You... you're joking right?" Maybe he was still dreaming...

"You're the fucking smart ass comedian around here, remember?" She finished her stuttering rant with a huff and turned on her heel to march back into the house.

'Moment of truth dude'

"Hold up, can I ask you something?"

She paused without turning around "What-"

Sans caught her by the hand, spinning her around once to disarm her, before yanking her back to
his chest and pressing his lips to hers. The air around them exploded, snapping and fizzing with blue sparks. He wrapped his arms around her again and pulled her tightly against his chest. She shuddered, gasping against his lips. The feeling sent a fresh wave of magic flickering across his bones.

Head still spinning, he pushed away, unsure of how she was going to react. Frisk opened her eyes slowly. She looked like she might faint. Sans smile was warm and happy. He brushed a clutch of stray hair out of her face. He was in shock for the second time in five years.

"Hey there babe." His forehead knocked against hers. "Still think I'm a bony trash pile?"

Frisk hummed a faint acknowledgment. "Yeah."

Sans laughed, grinning from from ear to ear. He released his hold on her and picked up his teacup. It was finally cool enough to drink. Frisk leaned against the rail, still looking dazed. He watched her for a while... studying her features while her mind trying to reboot. A rumble in the distance caught his attention. A line of humvees was just disappearing over a hill on their way into town and a swarm of storm clouds darkened the sky in the distance. Sans mind stilled and his smile faded. He sipped his tea, deciding not to mention the military trucks heading for Persona. "Looks like we're in for some crazy weather huh?"

Frisk flipped around to face the brewing storm, her eyes alight and her face still rosy. "Yeah... Aren't we always?"

Chapter End Notes

Well, there you go...
lol Here is some of the music I've listened to while I was writing;

Song starts at 00:40 https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zw1Du7OmoU8
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fnlAxcqW2U8
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1eCAJuiPvVI
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MH0TN7M5GwI
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Y0jjTnrDCXY
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_b0W1oxkRKw
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zg-COFmLlQo
"In time the pain’s mean bloom will finish,
its shabby graveyard task,
and something will be left behind,
some sort of fossil.
The remnant of corruption.
Something like the soul’s gray laundry
swaying stiffly in a winter morning breeze.
But nothing with a name,
nothing with a grave.
No marker.
Then I may walk past it as if nonchalant,
feigning what eludes me, but what passes affably
for that unfeelingness they call "closure."
For who is going to see one rotten patch of loss
frozen in the sweeping timescape
of a lifetime?"

-@brokenwolf

Frisk plummeted through the dark. White pillars rose up all around and her body hit the ground, breaking her neck on impact.
"Is this how you are going to let it end?" The voice whispered inside her. "We can go back, you know. Don't you want to live?"

'Yes' Frisk pleaded 'I'm scared... I don't want to die.'

"Then you'll just have to keep trying until you survive."

A yellow light flashed.

Frisk plummeted through the dark. White pillars rose up all around and her body hit the ground, smacking her head against the floor.

Hanging in the abyss of death, the voice whispered "again."

She fell and died a dozen times.

The voice sounded irritated "Are you enjoying this?" It snapped "Do something different."

A yellow light flashed.

Frisk plummeted through the dark. She tried to twist herself around in midair. White columns rose up all around and her body hit the ground with a sickening crunch. She laid among the blood splattered flowers for almost a day before she died.

"Better." The voice laughed.

Before Frisk could protest, a yellow light flashed.

Frisk plummeted through the dark. Terrified she reached out for anything that could slow her fall. Her arm hit a white column and broke. She hit the ground face first.

"You have to be determined to live." The voice insisted.
'Why are you doing this?' Frisk begged.

"We are the same. You are me." the voice replied "Now, do it again."

A yellow light flashed.

The cycle repeated and Frisk died a hundred times, falling over and over.

A yellow light flashed.

Frisk had a plan. Having counted the seconds, she knew when she would need to act. This time she would live. This would be her last fall.

'Three... two.... one.'

She kicked out against the side of a white column, spinning in mid-air she kicked off another propelling herself into the cave wall and slid down into a soft bed of golden flowers.

She was alive... Frisk felt a yellow light glow hot inside her. A feeling deep in her soul told her she would never die here again.

Laughing and crying on the cold cave floor.

*Frisk was filled with determination.*

---

Sans was laying on the floor of Frisk's living room. His shirt hung loosely from his torso, exposing his spine. Heinz purred from inside the cavern of his rib cage.

"That has to feel weird." Frisk asserted, from her lazy perch on the couch.

"A little bit. It's kinda nice though... and warm." Sans patted his chest thoughtfully. Excited by the motion, Heinz rolled onto his back and probed a playful paw between the skeleton's ribs. Sans wriggled and laughed "Gahaha that... now that felt weird." Heinz tried to make a break for it and in a quick movement Sans pulled his shirt down, enclosing the cat inside his chest "Hehe welcome to the shirt furbeast."

Frisk yawned, "I can't decide if I'm hungry enough to stop being lazy."

"I'm hungry too, we should make someth-gah!." Sans tilted his head up to look at Frisk and a fuzzy orange head popped out the collar of his shirt.

"I really don't have any food in the house yet. I always eat with you or Mom."

Sans freed the cat and rolled to his feet. "I'll go see if I can find something edible" He flapped the cat hair out of his shirt and slouched into the kitchen.
"Good luck, there really isn't anything in there." Frisk sighed turning around to watch him explore her pantry. Somehow everything still felt so normal between them. Frisk thought inwardly. She still didn't know what to make of him kissing her earlier that morning. There had be no further mention of their exchange and Frisk was starting to wonder if he regretted it. She stretched out her stiff arms, giving another heavy yawn. The two of them had spent the better part of a day laying around like this.

"There really isn't any food in your house." Sans voice echoed from inside the fridge.

"Yeah, I just told you that, bone head."

"No, I know, but you don't even have condiments!"

"What... were you planning on drinking my ketchup?"

"..."

"You were, huh?" Frisk huffed.

"Wanna go into town to grab lunch at Grillby's?" Sans asked, retreating from the empty fridge.

"I'm supposed to be home sick. Don't you think someone will notice?"

"We'll disguise you. They'll never suspect a thing." Sans flopped onto the couch.

Frisk giggled "Disguise me?... as what?"

He shrugged "I dunno, let's see what you've got to work with. We'll figure something out."

Frisk jumped up excited "Ooh that sounds stupid, let's do it."

Sans laughed "Agreed."

"Okay then, come with me to look." Frisk was already bounding up the first few steps.

Sans groaned rolling his eyes and hiding a smile. He peeled himself off the couch and trudged up the stairs behind her.

Frisk set to work, rummaging around in her bedroom closet. "I've got tons of weird stuff in here. " She called. Holding up an extra large, gray, horrifically fuzzy sweater, she posed at herself in the mirror of her vanity. Movement in the bottom corner of the mirror caught her eye. She watched the reflection of Sans drag himself up the last steps in her spiral staircase and lean against the wall that separated them. Despite all they'd been through, they were still them. Still Sans and Frisk. In fact, so little had changed, it's was almost as if the last twenty-four hours, hadn't happened at all.

Change is funny like that, Frisk marvelled, it never comes when you expect it to and it never seems to happen when it should. Sans eyes caught hers in their reflection and he smiled sheepishly. Or maybe change is just so swift, it takes our minds a while to catch up.

His reflection in the mirror pointed at her. "That would be good, if you want to dress up as a sheep."

She laughed and tucked the sweater back onto the shelf. "I really need to find a way to hide my face."

Sans nodded and joined her inside the cramped walk in closet. He pulled a blue knit cap off the
shelf a stretched it over his skull. "How do I look?"

Frisk snorted, "like an inverted smurf."

"Smurf?"

"It's a human thing."

"Oh, heh... so good or bad?"

"Bad" Frisk pulled the hat down over his eyes "there, that's better."

He grinned dumbly "Ya' know, I think this is a good look for me. I can still kind of see and it's nice and warm in here." He held his hands out and felt his way through the closet like a blind person. "This is you right?" He chuckled squeezing a stack of folded towels.

"Yep, sure is." Frisk deadpanned.

"Oh then this must be a coat rack." He shoved his hands into the folds of her bathrobe "I bet there is something useful in here."

Frisk squirmed and giggled, swatting at his hands. "I don't even ha a c- Whoa hey Sans! Haha nooo! no no no! Hahaha st-op! Haha hey! Hahaha that tickles!" Her leg caught his and they flopped into a pile of unused bed linings.

"Now you're boned." Sans pinned her down with his shoulders and snickered. His agile fingers began a vicious assault on her sensitive ribs. Laughing hysterically and gasping, she fought back, trying in vain to slip free. Her shirt caught on the zipper of his jacket and bunched up in the middle of her chest. The smooth bone of his fingers grazed the bare skin of her torso. Frisk felt the muscles in her abdomen contract and her pleas became heated and desperate,

Realizing his unintended escalation, Sans pushed himself away and laid on his side, glowing through the stretched knitting like a blue lamp. He pulled the hat down further and muttered a muffled apology.

Frisk took a deep breath to calm herself and rolled on her side to face him. She pitched the top of the hat and pulled it off his head. "Don't be."

Sans waggled an eyebrow at her mischievously "in that case..." He rolled on top of her, pinning her down once again. A sharp gasp escaped her lips and he smirked, sending a wave of breath rolling over her face. A fierce heat twisted inside her, raising goose bumps on her skin. San's nimble fingers caressed her stomach, slid around her waist and pressed into her back. His eyes blazed, burning into her hungrily. She bit her lip, trying desperately to keep her composer. A deep lustful groan rumbled in his chest and he pulled her in.

Buzz "WOWIE!"

Sans eyes darted down to his pocket briefly. His brow flexed.

Quickly shaking off the interruption, his eyes narrowed at her heatedly. Dizzy and practically panting, Frisk pulled at his jacket, fidgeting restlessly in his grasp. He pushed his hips into hers and slowly dipped his head. Frisk closed her eyes and shuttered.

Buzz "WOWIE"
Sans jerked back, blinking awkwardly, before returning to Frisk.

**Buzz** "WOWIE"

**Buzz** "WOWIE"

The flustered Skelton signed in exasperation and sat back. "I'd... better see what that's about." He pulled his phone from his pocket and glared at the bright screen.

Frisk straightened her clothes and pushed herself up to sit in the pile of bed-sheets. "Anything important?"

Sans looked stern, "Uh... well... I kinda need to head into town early... now actually." He shrugged apologetically "Any chance you can sort out a disguise and meet me at Gillby's?"

"Without your help?" Frisk asked feeling unsure.

"Well... I wasn't really helping much anyway... " He smiled at her suggestively.

"Yes you were!" Frisk protested "You were... moral... support?"

Sans lifted his brow bone and grinned.

"Alright..." She sighed, rolling her eyes "Go on and do secret skeleton things with your brother. I'll come up with something."

"Thanks kid" He planted a quick kiss on her cheek, and in the blink of an eye, he vanished.

---

Dr. Deern handed her a round red pill. "Time for your medicine."

Cristiona Fey slanted her gaze wearily "I don't like taking my medicine."

The doctor grabbed her hand and smacked the pill into her palm. "Don't be difficult Cristiona." He scolded "How will you get better if you don't take your medicine?"

"When can I go home?" She asked sadly.

He glared over the rim of his glasses and handed her a glass of water. "When you are well. Take the pill and show me your mouth."

Crist popped the pill into her mouth, sipped the water and swallowed. The doctor leaned in and she opened he mouth, lifting her tongue to prove her compliance. "There, that wasn't so hard, was it?" Satisfied, he scribbled a quick note on his clip board and placed a tape recorder on the bedside table. "Remember, I need you to try and tell the recording everything you feel. Can you do that for me?"

Crist Fey nodded.

"Good girl." Dr. Deern clicked down the red button on the recorder, patted Crist Fey on the head and left the room, flicking off the light before locking the heavy metal door behind him.
Chris pulled the blankets around herself and scooted into the little square of light cast across her cot from the window in the door. She hugged her knees as the terrible drug took hold. "It makes me dizzy." Fey spoke out to the recording. Shadows bent and swayed at the edges of her site and her vision blurred under the influence of the red pill. She continued her narration "I think there's something in the room with me."

Dirty fingernails scraped at her soul. "The other girl, Chara... is here"

---

A few hours later, Frisk was standing under a tree in the front courtyard of Grillsby's, looking around the street anxiously. She had already checked inside, but Sans was nowhere to be found. Not wanting to draw attention to herself, she walked around the side of the restaurant and slipped into the ally to text him.

'I'm here. I'm a cat in a green hood. Where are you?'

He should be here by now. She'd taken her time getting ready. Fiddling around trying on different options, she'd finally settled on a green, deep hooded cloak and a paper mache cat mask. It wasn't a great disguise. Hopefully no one would ask if she keep the hood low and stayed out of the way. The whole plan was stupid really. She should have just asked Sans to pick up carry out.

The rumbling sound of car engines and angry whispers, drew Frisk's attention down an adjoining alley. 'What on earth is that about?' Pulling her cloak tight she crept around the new Tem's Armoury and Flakes shop and peered into the street to investigate.

A crowed of monsters was gathering in the center square. Frisk crept around the back ally and slipped carefully into the crowd.

"What do they want this time?" She heard a frog ask.

"Same thing they've wanted every time" a Loox responded. "And it looks like there are more of them now."

Frisk pushed through the crowd to the front row of the assembly and peered into the clearing from behind the black polished armor of a growling greater dog.

On one side, Undyne stood with a glowing spear at the ready. Beside her, a line of angry looking monsters posed aggressively. Toriel and Asgor stood together just behind, accompanied by guard one and two.

On the other, a small army of soldiers advanced, guns at the ready.

"Name your purpose here human's!" Undyne bellowed "or I cannot guaranty your safety!"

"Now Undyne, let's not be so quick to threaten violence." The forced friendliness in Asgor's voice didn't stop him from stepping swiftly in front of his very pregnant wife. "I'm sure our returning guests mean us no harm?"

A young man in a green jacket and black pants strode past the stationary formation of soldiers. "Right you are Xana Mega." He spoke with a Strong Northern Dublin drawl "As before, we are only here for the child you've taken. I told you we'd be back. Call off your merrow and let's have a
"Nothing has changed Mr. Ó Baoill." Asgor pushed Toriel further behind him protectively. "There is no child. Frisk is of legal age. She is with us of her own choosing."

Frisk's phone buzzed in her pocket. Hiding behind the greater dog she pulled oh her phone to glace at the message. It was Sans.

'I looked. You're not here. Where'd you go? Change of plans, let's go to my house.'

Frisk started typing a reply, but stopped when another message appeared.

'I see you. Get out of there. Go home. It's not safe.'

Frisk peered out from behind the wall of dog, but she couldn't see Sans anywhere.

The man in green stopped, folding his arms only a foot away from the edge of Undyne's pointed spear. "Well if that's true.. There's no reason we shouldn't have a word-"

"Except last time Frisk spoke to one of you maniacs she got freaking shot!" Undyne interrupted.

"Az don't!" despite her protests, guard one and two stepped forward to conceal Toriel at the wave of Asgor's hand and he strode confidently forward. "I can see everyone feels very strongly right now-"

Frisk's phone vibrated. She ignored it.

"I can't very well leave a child by the word of a scruffy group of Sidhe!" The man in green was starting to sound exasperated "A girl was taken out of a hospital five years ago, that same girl went missing from an Orphanage a year prior. The public is in a fit, they are demanding answers! What exactly do you expect me to do? Go back and tell them a damn Puca says it's all fine?" He threw his hands in the air "That'll go over like a fart in church, there would be riots!"

Asgor seemed to really consider this. "Last time we spoke, you did not seem content to merely speak with Frisk." He came to stand along side Undyne "You made it very clear, your intent was to remove her. By force if necessary." His stance squared "We have labored under the demands of your people. We have met every injustice with kind understanding." The man shrank back slightly and Asgor took another bold step. "I will not allow harm to come to those I protect." A tall red trident manifested from under his cloak "Frisk is my ward, she is my own daughter now. Your civil unrest is your own, Human."

Frisk's phone buzzed. She turned the vibe function off and removed her mask.

The man raised his hand to the firing squad behind him. "I came to keep the peace Man Goat."

Firing squad at the ready... Asgor swelled with anger...

"WAIT!" Frisk burst out from behind the greater dog. "Wait! I'm Frisk! I'm Cristiona Fey Bower!" She came to a skidding halt between her monster family and the wall of armed humans. "Please, leave them alone! I'm the girl I-" She panted "I want to be here."
"Well now" The green clothed man smiled folding his arms "aren't you a lovely young dove? Nice to finally meet you - eh- Frisk? was it? Who gave you that name?"

"She did." a voice menaced from beside her. Sans appeared, eye aflame with blue and yellow. "Frisk chose that name."

She was in so much trouble. She tried to offer him a apologetic smile, but his eyes were fixed forward, fierce with malcontent.

"Hey Punk!" Undyne beamed proudly down at her, still holding her spear on it's mark. "I heard you were sick?"

"Yeah..." Frisk sighed "Guess I'm feeling better?"

"Well, little dove" The army man looked down at her warmly. "Might I trouble you to join me just outside the farm? I think your say might just fix this whole messy conflict."

The monsters around her flared, even Toriel appeared to be trying to break free of her guard.

Sans stepped slightly ahead of her "Frisk, you don't have to go anywhere with these men."

Frisk rested a hand on his shoulder, "Yes, I really do..." He looked back at her startled and worried. She walked towards the men, trying to hide her fear. "I will come with you... as long as you swear my family will be safe."

The man in green held out his hand to her. "We're not here to start a war love. We're here to stop one."

"Frisk?"

She glanced back at the worried faces she was leaving behind. "It'll be okay, I promise... I'll be right back." With that she climbed into the truck and the door closed behind her.

She could hear San's threats through the metal plated door. "Just gonna warn ya buddy... I won't be far... If I were you, I'd make sure she gets to keep that promise friend..."

The men all laughed, "Not that I mean her any harm, but what are you gonna do, bone boy?" The man in green jeered.

"Probably nothing huh?" Sans shrugged "Or..." he paused, somehow sending a hush through the crowd "I might have to get a little 'not so friendly' with you and your band of merry marshals."

Frisk smiled in spite of herself.

"I'll uh... keep that in mind... Alright boys! Load up then! Let's get this over with." The man in green climbed in beside Frisk and the engine roared to life. "Your little skeleton friend... he's a bit creepy isn't he?"

Frisk smirked up at him smugly "You have no idea."
Dust, Flowers, Blood and Bombshells (Sans POV)

Chapter Summary

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR ALL THE FEEDBACK!!!
I can't even express in words how much I love reading all the comments and messages I get!
I wouldn't have kept writing without them!
Thank you Thank you! Thank you!!!

*Sans POV*

The edge of the farm was chaos. It had been for weeks. More angry humans arrived everyday since Frisk's 'kidnapping' hit the news. Soon the entire field outside the gate was filled with tents and cars. A sea of chanting protesters marched back and forth along the outside of the fence waving hand written signs from sun up till sun down.

Sans was already there, crouched low amongst the underbrush, when the trucks rumbled down the last stretch of road and the giant iron gates swung open parting the picket line. None of this was going to go smoothly, he could feel it in his bones.

The convoy squealed to a halt and the crowd pushed in to circle it. Sans crept closer using the trees and shrubs as cover. He needed to be close enough to get to Frisk if, or more likely when, things went South. The voice of that gun toting idiot, Lance Ó Baoill, boomed over a mega phone, demanding the crowd move back. They, of course, did not comply.

Sans couldn't see if Frisk was still in the truck. Soldiers were pushing back on the protest as it broiled, quickly becoming an angry mob. Too anxious to stay put he pulled his hood up and carefully eased into the masses. Brushing past the chanting humans, he casually weaved his way towards the center. No one paid him any mind, Sans knew how not to be noticed. The available paths slimmed, becoming less accessible as he came to the tightly packed cluster where the military formed a human wall to hold back the furious protesters. Unable to go any further, he stooped low to peer through the forest of legs and watch Frisk's small brown boots meet the dusty pavement. He could hear her trying to speak, but her words were lost in the rabble of the raging crowd.

BOOM!

Sans blinked and he was on the ground, dazed and numb. The ringing in his ears squealed over
the sounds of people screaming. He watched the dark clouds swirl around in the sky above him and he wondered when it was going to rain. A chilling tingle rippled across his bones. *Maybe it was already raining?* He let his head fall to the side to see if there were any drops on the ground around him.

*It wasn't raining.* With a jolt he remembered where he was. The truck and picket line were gone. Bodies, pieces of bodies, blood and scorched earth were all that remained. His arm was a shattered stump of splintered bone.

Sans didn't know what happened. He didn't know where Frisk was. He couldn't feel his legs. *He couldn't feel anything.* All he could be sure of, was that he was going to die. He let his eyes wander over the madness around him, until they settled on a bloody green cloak.

_She was gone._

Sans let the darkness take him.

Lips were pressed against his. Blue sparks crackled around him. Frisk was in his arms. Sans jumped back patting himself frantically. All his bones seemed to be in their rightful place. He looked at Frisk. "We just died."

"Yeah we did." She shuttered.

"You... You saved?"

Frisk looked around, startled by the question. "I... You know I don't know how to make a save." Frisk only seemed to save when met with a strong emotion. It was never something she planned.

"I kissed you... and you saved..." Sans couldn't help but chuckle.

Frisk flushed "I... shut up!" She shoved his shoulder.

They had discussed the saves in great detail. It was still very much a mystery how exactly they worked, but Sans understood enough to know he was the cause. There was no way in hell he was dropping this. "Did I fill you with... determination?"

"Sans... Shut up."

"What? Where you feeling a little... Frisky?" He wagged his eyebrow.

Frisk signed and walked into the house "You're terrible."

"Oh? Is that why you saved?" He followed her practically skipping.

"Is this really the time?" She huffed flopping onto the bed. "We just died."

"What's new? We've died lots." He shrugged, throwing himself down beside her.

"Ya, but now we know... actually... What happened?" Frisk looked at him growing serious. "I don't really remember... I was trying to calm those protesters down... and then..." Her face scrunched "That was really awful... all those people..."

She was right, now wasn't the time. What happened was a tragedy. "I think... it might have been a bomb." Sans replied solemnly. "I've heard about them on the news."

"A bomb?" Frisk's eyes widened. "Why would someone do that?"
"To make a statement, or so I've heard." Sans really didn't understand either.

Frisk frowned, her eyes growing dark. "It was meant for me, wasn't it?"

There was no question "Yeah... Sorry babe, someone really had it out for you. They waited until you got out of the truck. I think they wanted to make sure you were there." Sans rested a hand on her shoulder. "It's not your fault. No one could have known. Plus, it never happened, your save brought us all back."

She nodded sadly. "What do we do now?"

"Keep you away." Sans replied firmly.

Frisk took a deep breath and nodded.

The timeline was pretty simple. He should get a text from Asgore about the humans looking for Frisk any minute. They would make their first appearance, argue with Asgore and leave. There would be a few hours of calm before protesters would start climbing the fence and demanding entry. Shortly after, Papyrus, who was assigned watch at the front gates today, would text him for help. About an hour after that, the soldiers would return in force. They had about four hours until the moment the bomb went off.

San's phone buzzed on the bedside table. Right on time. He snatch up his phone and quickly texted Asgore back, assuring him that Frisk was still home and safe. He turned the volume off on his phone and stuffed it in his pocket. "Let's go watch TV or something. We've got some time to kill."

Frisk cringed "Bad choice of words... Isn't there anything else we can do?"

Sans shook his head "Did you see who set off the bomb?"

"No."

"Well then, we have to wait." Sans got up and walked to the stairs. "If we warn them too early it won't go over well."

Frisk looked worried "Yeah, I guess you're right."

They sat together on the couch for a while, flicking through the channels in silence. Sans could feel her fear in the heavy tension between them. He wanted to say something to comfort Frisk, but nothing he thought of seemed helpful. He was just as afraid as she was. Everything had been so peaceful for the last five years. Now it seemed they couldn't go a week without facing death.

Sans phone buzzed in his pocket. He pulled it out. It was Papyrus at the front gates. It hadn't even been an hour since Asgore's message. He was... early?

'SANS THE HUMANS ARE CLIMBING THE GATES. THEY SEEM ANGRY ABOUT SOMETHING. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO. ' 

Sans stood up and scratched his head. "I uh... I gotta go."

"Is that Papyrus?" Frisk sat forward in alarm "He shouldn't be texting you for another hour or two!"

"Yeah, I know." They hadn't done anything different. There was no reason for anything to change. "I'm going to go check it out. Stay here okay?" His phone buzzed again.
Frisk bit her lip staring at the ground.

"Hey" He he snapped his fingers to gain her attention "Stay. Here." his jabbed a finger towards the floor to illustrate.

"What's happening?" She asked searching his face for answers.

"I don't know, but I need you to promise me you'll stay put while I figure it out."

"Sans-"

"Frisk."

"But I-"

"No, the bomber could already be there.." He leaned over to look at her "I mean... If you want me to kiss you again... we don't have to die and go back to the save." He smirked watching her squirm "You can just ask."

"I hate you."

Sans smiled and knocked his forehead against hers "We should really talk about all that later... "

"Yeah... I guess we should." Frisk looked nervous.

"We'll have to table it for the moment. Right now I need to go, but I can't leave until you promise."

"I... promise..."

"You promise what?" He knew her game too well to leave loop holes.

Frisk huffed, rolled her eyes and pouted "I promise to stay here." She pointed at the floor, mocking his gesture.

Sans gathered his magic and pushed open the shortcut he'd created to get the the front gate. "I'll be back before you know it babe." He took the opportunity to catch her off guard and kissed her before stepping through and closing the veil behind him.

The front gates were open when he manifested just outside the guard station. The protesters were nowhere in sight. In the last timeline, there had been hundreds of raving chanting humans, rattling or scaling the fence when he got there. His magic hummed over his bones. This wasn't right. There's no one here.

"Papyrus?" Sans called jogging though the gates "Papyrus? Are you out here bro?" He raised a hand to shield his eyes and look out over the field. The hum of his magic grew louder. He pulled out his phone.

'Pap, I'm at the gate. Where are you?'

Buzz "MY BROTHER SANS"

That was Papyrus's personalized text tone for him. He remembered watching his brother record one for each contact in his phone. Papyrus was here somewhere. He walked in the direction of the sound "Pap?" he punched a single letter into his phone and sent it.
It was coming from inside the gate. He sent another message.

The guard station?

No, behind the guard station. Dread bit at him, fueling his magic. The hum was so loud he couldn't hear his own footsteps as he came around the back of the outpost. There was no one there. He sent another text.

A glow in the tall uncut grass caught his attention. "P-Papyrus?" He walked forward slowly. Papyrus's battle body was laying on the ground with his red scarf. His lit phone sat just inside, resting on a pile of gray dust. "Oh Pap..." He bent down to examine his brother remains for clues about his cause of death. It wasn't the first time Sans had lost his brother, but it never got easier. Sans went rigid, slowly rising to full height. Someone was behind him.

"Howdy, haven't seen you in a while trashbag."

Sans turned himself around to face the flower lazily. "Hey there weed. can't say I've missed ya. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"That's right! You've never seen me above ground have you? I bet you didn't even think I was still around! Golly, you must be so confused! I guess little old me will just have to spell it out for you." The flower cracked a toothy grin. "I've been up here the whole time silly and I've been so busy! But I decided it was finally time to come say hello! You see..." It twisted it's face to look like Frisk "I noticed that our little friend has been loading again."

Sans shrugged "What about it?"

Flowey bent sideways, it's face returning to normal "Wow you don't know anything do you?"

"I know you're about to have a real bad time." Sans tried to hold back his fury. He couldn't kill the flower yet, he needed answers first.

"Every reset, every load, every time she dies" It's smile widened until it's head had to grow and transform to accommodate its new face "is another opportunity for Chara to take hold."

"Why would you want that?" Sans questioned.

"That's not really your business" The flower laughed "Ready to die?"

"Nah, not at the moment. Are you?" With that Sans called forth a blaster and blazed the earth clean. The flower had told him all it was gong to. Sans didn't have time for games. He needed to get to town. He summoned a shortcut and rushed through into the ally next to Grillby's.

Sans was not ready for the absolute havoc that had once been the city's center. The whole town was on fire. Monsters and humans battled in the dust and blood covered streets. Sans walked out into the fray, noting the dead as he went. Time seem to slow as the fighting raged around him. He was far too late. So many we're already dead. Toriel, Monster kid, at least a dozen humans, Undyne,
Bonnie... the list went on. He sat under a tree to text Frisk.

'Bad news kid. Things didn't go well.'

He leaned his head back against the tree. *What were they going to do?* The timeline could just be reset in the underground, but they didn't have that option now.

His phone buzzed in his hand.

Frisk responded 'I know. Azriel came right after you left. He told me everything.'

As he read her words, another message appeared.

'Sans, I know what I have to do to fix this.. but you're not going to like it. Please forgive me.'

Sans sat up suddenly, 'What do you mean? What are you going to do?'

She replied almost instantly 'I'll tell you later, just trust me.'

A few seconds later she added 'Just hang tight. Stay where you are. Don't come find me.'

*Oh no.* His mind connected the dots almost instantly.

'There has to be another way.' He pleaded.

Her reply echoed his thoughts 'You know there isn't.'

San's head fell into his hands. Is this really what it's come too? Suicide? That's what she was planning, right? That's what he was consenting too? He stood up and opened the shortcut to Frisk's. If she had to die, he sure as fuck wasn't going to let her do it alone.

Sans stepped through the veil into Frisk's bedroom. "Frisk?"

"I told you not to come." Her voice groaned from behind the closed bathroom door.

"I know, I'm sorry." He strode over and rapped his knuckles twice against the door.

**Knock Knock**

"Who's there?" She whispered softly from the other side.

"Juno"

"Juno who?"

Sans pushed the door open "Juno I love you right?"

Frisk sat in the bathtub, her arms resting over her raised knees. "Sans... you don't want to see all this." Tear tracks wet her face and blood dripped off the ends of her fingers running in a little red river down the drain.

Sans walked stubbornly into the bathroom, "I'm not going to let you to do this alone."

She smiled weakly "Yeah, I kinda guessed that."

He sat on the floor and rested his head on the side of the bath "Does it hurt?"
Frisk shook her head before laying it down on the side of the tub facing him. "I took some pills first... they probably would have been enough to do the job... but I kinda wanted to make sure..."

He nodded. "I'm sorry."

She smiled sadly, "Don't be."

"What can I do?" He asked, trying not to sound upset.

"Talk to me... Tell me a joke?"

"Heh Sure... hell, I'll tell you as many as you want kiddo." Sans smiled thoughtfully "What do you call a mysterious moose?"

"I dunno, what DO you call a mysterious moose?"

Sans waved his hand dramatically "Ananamoose"

Frisk snickered "Nice."

"Hey Frisk?"

"Yeah Sans?"

"What do you call an elephant that doesn't matter?"

"What?"

He shrugged "irrelephant."

Frisked snorted "You're so punny. Got any one liners?" Her eyes blinked slowly, drifting lazily.

Sans combed his hand through her hair "Usually I do, but you're so beautiful you made me forget my pick up lines."

"Witty witty" She mumbled leaning into his touch.

"Hey Frisk?"

"Yeah?" Her eyes drifted closed

"If I'm freaked out by people with missing toes, does that make me lack-toes-intolerant?"

"Yup."

"Hey Frisk?"

"Mmh?"

"Did I tell you I did a theatrical performance about puns recently?"

"Mmhmm"

"Yeah but it was really just a play on words."

"Hmm"
"Hey Frisk?"

She didn't reply. Sans sat for a few minutes listening to the blood drip into the bath. Frisk's chest rose and fell, slower with each breath. His throat burned. Somehow this was worse than everything they'd ever been through. There was something so defeating in that moment and in the act itself. Every minute felt like an eternity, sitting at her side, stroking her hair while she died. He couldn't hear her breathing anymore. He closed his eyes, wishing he could die with her. Was this all that life was going to be for them?

Lips were pressed against his. Blue sparks crackled around him. Frisk was in his arms. He pulled her close deepening the kiss, filled with sorrow and need. Her fingers dug into his jacket desperately tugging at him. Suddenly she pulled away, and choked. With her knuckles pressed to her mouth, she broke down in tears. Sans yanked her back against his chest and held her firmly, tightening his face to hold back tears of his own.

"S-sans" She sputtered "W-what are we gonna d-do?" She hick-uped into his jacket "I c-can't do that a-again."

He ran a soothing hand up and down her back. "I know, I can't either."

"N-no not the killing myself part. I don't care about t-that!" She exclaimed burying her face in his shoulder "I'd do it again! R-right now if it would stop h-her!"

Sans hesitated "Do you mean-"

"Don't say it's name!" Frisk reeled, her eyes wide. She clapped a hand over his mouth.

Sans peeled her hand away "I wasn't planning on it. You're acting a little nutty there, squirrel shit. Tell me what... it... is doing."

Frisk pulled her arms in around herself "She... it... shows me things, memories, stuff I don't want to see. All the time. It comes after me when I die... She wants to take over. I don't know if I can fight her off again. She can't get out Sans! We can't let her get out!"

Sans thought hard. They were running dangerously short on options. He didn't want to admit it, but he wasn't really sure what to do. "I think... We need to tell the others... We can't keep doing this alone Frisk... we're not kids anymore. There's too much at stake now."

Frisk pulled him away "We tried that in the underground, remember? No one would listen." She insisted. "and even if they did, we'd have to go through it all again and again... They never remember..."

Sans sat heavily in one of the chairs on the patio to watch the trucks disappear over the hill in the distance. The clock was already ticking. They needed to act fast. "What else can we do?"

Frisk swayed and abruptly walked inside, Sans hopped up in her wake and watched her pull an orange, knee length sundress from her closet. She changed hastily under her bathrobe and combed her hair up into a ponytail with her fingers. After slipping her feet into a pair of white flats she raced down the spiral staircase. Sans followed timidly, stopping a few steps before the landing to lean over the rail "Going somewhere lady?"

Frisk pulled oped a drawer in the kitchen and hesitated. "I don't have any LV."

Sans chuckled fondly "Yeah, I know kiddo. What are you getting at?"
She turned, a knife glinted in her clenched fist. "Maybe it's about time I got some." Her eyes flickered red and she grimaced. "That stupid flower, has to go."

Sans swore loudly jumping down the last few steps and sprinted across the room. He plucked the knife from her hand gingerly to set in on the counter and pull her into a hug. "This isn't you." he whispered.

She remained stiff "Isn't it? I can't tell anymore..."

Sans cringed, "What do you mean?"

"She isn't just sharing my memories. She is sharing her own. I can't tell where I end and she begins." her head twitched and she balled her fists. "I'm just so... angry... I hate them Sans... I really hate them."

Sans stepped back and hooked his finger under her chin. "No you don't. You're Frisk. My Frisk. You love them, even when you shouldn't, even when they kill you a hundred times... You love them all." He sighed, recalling the boundless courage she'd shown throughout the resets. "You don't hate anyone. It's just not in your nature."

Her lip quivered and her big green eyes filled with tears "What's happening to me?"

What could he do when the real battle raged inside her mind? He kissed the top of her head. "I don't know, but I'm rootin' for ya' kid."

This song... https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9_EvN5n5xwE
Chapter Summary

Sorry this took me so long. I'm in the middle of switching jobs :)

kintsugi... if you don't know what it is... watch this. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IT55_u8URU0

Sorry, I love youtube... I always have it on when I'm writing at home.

I had writers block... this helped: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eT9GvbkQAoA

and this https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aHwiTHekZmo

Kintsugi

This time of year the park was always filled with people. Family's held picnics and birthday parties; Joggers, skaters and cyclists filled the walk ways; there were dogs chasing Frisbees, children playing catch and sunbathers laying on towels and blankets.

Birds were chirping, flowers were blooming... and Chara was sitting in a tree. Waiting for an opportunity.

It wasn't that Chara liked stealing, she had to. If she went and asked for food, they would call the police or social services. She was a starving child alone in a public park. They wouldn't understand why she ran away. They would take her back. They always took her back.

A particularly large party of laughing children fled their picnic table, abandoning their half eaten cake and pizza to gather around a clown and ask for balloon animals. In the middle of the table, surrounded by empty boxes and paper plates, was an open and completely untouched, ham and pineapple pizza. Chara thanked her lucky stars for picky children. This was just the opportunity she'd been waiting for.

Eyes on the prize, she dropped from her hiding place and sprinted across the field. She hopped onto one of the benches without slowing down, snatched up the pizza box and slapped it closed.

"Hey! That kid's nicking our food!" One of the kid's yelled, pointing an angry finger.

"Sorry!" Chara called, waving to the alarmed children, parents and clown. Then she turned and
bounded from the table. Careful not to smoosh her prize, she made for the safety of the fenced yards clustered together at the back edge of the park.

"Oi kid, wait!" the father yelled, he repeated his demand in Gaelic but Chara was already up the side of the wooden fence with no intention of heeding his calls. Balancing the pizza box on her head, she tip toed the flat support on the back of the fence like an alley cat. She had used the fences to get around like this for as long as she could remember. The practice made her so swift that she could almost run along them. When the fence ended, she clambered down the door between two houses. After checking for cars, she darted across the street to climb up the fence on the other side. Chara repeated these steps, zig-zagging through the neighborhood, until there was no chance they could have followed her. She paused to pull out a slice of pizza and stepping in tune to her own happy munching, she strolled leisurely along the center fence.

'Who needs adults?' she thought to herself proudly. Chara praised herself for being so quick and sly 'I don't need anyone. People just hurt and lie. I would be fine, if they all just left me alone.'

By the time the sun had started to drop behind the mountain in the distance, Chara had reached the end of the development and finished the whole pizza. She plopped into the yard of a house that had no cars in the drive, and a for rent sign out front, to drink from the hose spout. There was a big, gnarled oak tree taking up most of the yard. It looked old, much older that the house. There was a little shack like tree-house nestled in among its twisted branches. The perfect place to sleep for the night.

"The world breaks everyone and afterward many are strong in the broken places."

-Ernest Hemingway

"What's happening to me?" Frisk pleaded.

Sans lips touched her forehead briefly and he leaned back looking grave. "I don't know, but I'm rootin' for ya' kid." His white pupils bore into her, heavy with concern.

A rush of affection warmed Frisk from the inside out. Sans was so indomitable and strong. Yet, he could be so kind and compassionate. He had always been there, by her side, no matter what terrible fate she fought. She'd personally witnessed him be beaten, burned, slashed in two, blown up and forced to live the same horrible moments again and again. Yet, he never once complained about his own suffering.

A thoughtful simper softened San's features. Frisk was aware that she'd been caught staring at him again, but this time she didn't try to hide it. So what if she stared? He was the only one who really knew her and god, they had been through hell together.

Frisk couldn't imagine her life without Sans anymore. The thought alone made her insides quake. He was the only constant she had, the only thing keeping her sane. Tears began to pool in her eyes. She was crazy, time was resetting and they were being hunted by a flower... everything was so completely fucked up.

San's smile faded and he watched her intensely. He moved his hand from her chin to stroke her
cheek, just as he had so many times before. Pointedly he whispered "Just stay with me babe." Her heart ached, reminded of when they had danced together through space and time. She reached up to grasp the nape of his neck and gently pulled him into a deep kiss.

Sans jerked in shock at first, but he quickly relaxed and hummed against her lips. His hands fell around her and trailed gracefully down the curve of her back encircling her waist. Stirred by his gentle petting, Frisk's stomach twisted and flipped. She was taken violently by a deep urge to be closer. Clasping his bony shoulders, she pressed herself against his rib cage, but her need only grew. It wasn't enough, she needed more. Overcome with insatiable want, she ran her tongue across his firm yet flexible lips of bone.

Sans faltered and groaned, suppressing a smirk before indulging her obvious request. The magic that made up his tongue fizzed in her mouth and Frisk was swept into a panting blur. Her body responded to every touch without her say. It bunked against him, wild and wanton. There was no room in her head for worry or fear. Sans hands caressed the small of her back, gradually dropping lower and lower. Her mind spun and her hips pitched and swayed in his embrace. In a sudden rush, he seized the back of her legs and lifted her onto the kitchen counter.

Frisk gasped when he thrust himself between her thighs. With his abdomen pressed against her, she could feel the throbbing wet that now soaked her dedicates. A rolling shiver rattled her form, letting slip the tiniest moan. Horrified, she struggled to separate herself from him. She was sure monsters and humans must be different... what if he noticed? Would he understand what it meant? Would he know what her body was doing? Next to the humming pulse of his beautiful magic, her body seemed so disgustingly foul and shameful.

Sans stepped back dropping his head with a sigh. "Heh I...uh... got a little carried away."

Frisk shifted to grip the edge of the counter between her legs with both hands, hoping to hide any evidence of her condition. "Yeah, me too." In truth, there was nothing she wanted more than to keep 'getting carried away' but she wasn't even sure it was possible. With no magic of her own, she couldn't imagine how they could go any further. Monsters were creatures of magic and light, while human's were all flesh and fluid. Frisk had never been with anyone, but she knew enough to assume that San's was ill prepared for the sexually aggressive reality of her human body.

He tilted his head in a questioning sideways glance. When Frisk failed to elaborate, his eyes drifted slowly from her face down her awkwardly posed figure. Her legs twitched, pulling together slightly and giving her away. He gawked for several seconds. Then grew smokey as he returned to her gaze and released the breath he'd been holding. "There is no way this is real."

Frisk blinked in confusion "What do you mean?"

"I'm dreaming or something." Sans replied shaking his head.

"Oh... good dream or bad?" Frisk asked cautiously.

"Good..." He sized her up with another characteristic smirk. "Really good..."

Perhaps he knew more that she thought? Frisk flushed, and fought to resist the want that ached inside her. "I want this..." she looked out the window and tried to hide the fear in her voice "to be real."

San's face lit up and flushed cobalt blue "You... do?"

Of course he wouldn't feel the same. She was a slimy, magic-less bag of meat. These intimate
moments were probably just an emotional outlet for him, nothing more than a comforting distraction. She closed her eyes, ready for the bad news. "Is that crazy?"

"Probably..." He shrugged "we aren't even the same species..." He leaned against the counter next to her and shuffled his feet awkwardly. "But what part of our lives isn't crazy?"

Frisk bent forward and tucked her chin "I suppose..."

"I don't really care if its crazy." Sans mumbled under his breath. "I want this to be real too."

Frisk snapped her head around "really?"

"Yeah." He looked up at her, a small smile curling his lips, "What... you couldn't tell?"

The look in his eyes filled her with determination. Nothing else mattered. He deserved to be free of this hell. "I should probably quit dying then hu?" Plans were already forming in her head, but in order for her to accomplish anything, Sans would have to leave.

"That... would be a plus."

She would have to act as though she expected to be left behind. "What's your plan this time?"

"I guess I should head out to meet Papyrus early... After that?... depends what I find when I get there." He pulled out his cell to glance at the time. "I really should have been gone already. Who knows what that damned flower will do this time."

Her act had to be truly believable. Frisk pictured Sans finding Papyrus as a mound of gray dust, willing the tears to her eyes. "Please be careful."

"Hey, whoa, I'm always careful!" Sans tried so hard to comfort her. "I'll... be back before you know it." He winked, but she could feel the struggle, the helplessness in his voice. So she nodded and smiled for him, a gift to give him the courage to leave. Without another word, he stroked her cheek, knocked his forehead against hers and left.

As soon as Sans was through his shortcut, Frisk bolted out the back door and charged into the forest, headed for the dirt road where the soldiers would be on their way out of town. She sprinted through the brush and trees like the devil was at her heels. By the time she breached the woods end, her side cramped and her throat burned. With no time to recover, she slid down the storm ditch and thrust herself through the gorse to climb, shaking with exhaustion, onto the road. A cloud of dust sailing down the road towards her, less than a half mile closer to town, assured her that she wasn't too late. Frisk held her stitch and stooped to catch her breath, waiting for the trucks to come.

It didn't take long for them to reach her. She steadied herself and tried to pick the sticky gorse flowers from her clothes and hair. Breaks screeched and the truck doors opened. Frisk's face fell as commander Ó Baoill stepped out and waved a cheerful greeting. His face was sagging and motionless. Green veins patched his exposed flesh and burst through his skin, trailing webbed clusters of bright green roots. The other soldiers followed him warily, remaining a few feet behind.

Frisk cursed inwardly for thinking her plan would work.

"You think you're so clever, don't you?" A familiar voice taunted her from Ó Baoill's back. "You thought you could head me off, hu? Send your bony body guard after me? Keep me distracted at the gates with dumb and dumber, while you win over the troops?" The flower rose from the commander's shoulder and laughed "What an idiot!"

Frisk took a deep breath and tried to look intimidating "I beat you once. I can do it again."
The flower's sneer grew menacing "The souls beat me, not you. You're useless, pathetic, weak... just a stupid little girl. You died without them then and you'll die now." Crazed, it's face morphed and gnashed it's teeth "I told you to kill me. You should have listened while you had the chance." Ó Baoill's arms shifted and he raised his gun.

*Sans POV*

"Frisk?" Sans manifested in Frisk's living room, Papyrus at his side.

"HUMAN! IT IS I! YOU'RE AWESOME AND AMAZING FRIEND PAPYRUS!" Papyrus boasted, extending his arms and awaiting Frisk's appearance.

"Kid? Are you here?" A hunch told Sans that leaving Frisk without a renewed promise had been unwise. He made for the stairs but stopped with a foot still in mid-step. His eyes caught sight of Heinz chirping anxiously from the back patio. The door hung open, swaying in the breeze. He'd come back as soon as he found Papyrus alone, panicking over a random grass fire. His hunch was right, but as usual, he was too late.

Sans rounded on Papyrus, grabbing him by the arms and pushing his bewildered younger brother onto the couch. "Pap I need you to stay here... for a... super duper urgent... crazy critical... guard... uh... mission."

Papyrus's stunned expression quickly turned to one of beaming pride. "THE GREAT PAPYRUS WILL GLADLY TAKE ON ANY TASK BROTHER! WHAT SUPER DUPER URGENT CRITICAL MISSION, THAT COULD ONLY BE GIVEN TO THE STRONGEST AND BRAVEST OF GUARDSMEN, DO YOU SPEAK OF?"

"Guard the house. Call me if anyone shows up, especially Frisk. Catch the cat." Sans patted his brother's shoulder and raced out the open door.

Frisk's tracks were clumsy and easy to spot. She'd been running, whether to or from something, he couldn't say. Either way, he had to hurry. He ran in her footsteps, following the trail of broken branches and kicked leaves through the forest. Breaking from the trees he slid to a halt. His feet dug into the mud before the gorse filled ditch, just in time to see Ó Baoill's root strew finger compress the trigger of his rifle.

Sans lost all control.

"NO!" He bellowed, his voice ringing out so loud it shook his frame.

He closed his eyes and clenched his fists. "NO!"

Magic exploded around him, rippling through the air in sweeping blue waves. He couldn't do it. He would not watch her die again, not after this morning. The blast of magic surged, poring out of him with so much force that his body doubled over beneath it's weight.

San's fingers dug into his palms, as he fought to rein himself in. 'It was already over' he told himself, calming the violent storm of icy blue within his soul. He would be back on the porch kissing Frisk any second. Scrunching his face, he waited for the snapping sound of sparks...
but the load never came.

Sans didn't want to open his eyes and see her laying on ground. He couldn't stand the sight of her blood.

He felt his failures clawing at his back.

The minutes ticked by in silence and Sans grew wary. He was so tired of being afraid. Finally, he could stall no more and peaked an eye open. Frisk was still standing with her arms at her side, the commander's gun still pointed at her face. A bright blast of fire and smoke hung un-moving between them. Sans opened his other eye. There was no wind, no chirp of birds. He blinked a few times, perplexed. Nothing was moving, even the foul golden flower sat frozen in mid taunt.

Sans straightened up and scratched the back of his skull. Time was... stopped? There was only one person Sans knew of who had the strength to halt the flow of time, "G-Gaster?" He whipped around, spinning in a circle to scan his surroundings for his father's cracked smile. No one was there, at least no one who was still moving.

Did he... Sans... do this? Sans could interrupt time with little hiccups and breaks. Sometimes he could even slow time for a little while... but stop it completely?

Even if it was San's magic holding the flow of time, he didn't know how long it would last. Taking his chance, he jogged to the ditch and pushed through the gorse. He could see the rippling waves of sound spreading out from the gun blast. A bullet hung in the air towards the end of the white hot explosion at the rifflies tip. Frisk's mouth was slightly ajar, mid-intake of breath. Her hair hung around her, peppered with little yellow flowers. Sans plucked her up by the waist and moved her to the side of the road.

Once she was safely out of harms way, he returned to examine Ó Baoill. It was hard to tell if there was anything left of the man. Azriel seemed to have all the control. Unable to be truly certain, Sans hoisted the commander, flower and all and plopped him down in Frisk's foot holes. He walked around a few times to be sure the shot would hit Flowey, and leave what remained of Ó Baoill intact. Time was still frozen when he finished, so he removed all the soldier's fire arms and hid them in the forest. Then he pantsed each one for good measure and used a folding knife from one of their pockets to pop the tires on all the trucks.

Satisfied with his handy work, Sans pocketed the knife and gathered Frisk to head home. Unable to teleport, he was forced to carry her back through the woods. He had to exert significant effort to bend her arms and legs against the rigged muscles that had been tensed when time froze. Her stiffness made her a cumbersome burden, and he was thoroughly spent when he finally kicked open the back door to her house. Papyrus stood in the living-room as still as a statue, looking thoughtfully worried and cradling Frisk's cat.

After settling Frisk on the couch, Sans slouched into the kitchen for a glass of water. He turned the tap at the back of the sink, but nothing happened. 'Oh... right' Without time, the water wouldn't run. He sighed heavily, pulled a jug of iced tea from the fridge and tried to pour a glass. The tea sat at the base of the jug, clear and un-moving as glass. Frustrated, he slammed the jug onto the counter and drove his had into its contents. It felt like liquid against his fingers, but as he scooped out a handful of tea he noted that its behavior more resembled that of a gelatin or paste. Fascinated, he sucked the tea from his hand and swallowed, quenching the searing heat of his overclocked magical core.

'What now?' If time had been moving, it would have been about an hour since he found Frisk. He scooped another handful of tea from the jug, drank some and rolled the rest into a ball. 'An hour is a
long time for there to be no time...' He thought, tossing the ball onto the counter to see if it would bounce. It did not. Instead, it molded to the ceramic forming a perfectly flat disk. 'Interesting' It couldn't go on like this much longer, could it?

It could... and it did.

With no means to measure time, Sans had long lost count of the 'should have been hours' and the 'never were' days. Until now, he'd found ways to keep himself busy, but he was running out of ideas. He had found the fleeing protesters and left them hog tied in the center of town. He'd suffocated the fire outside the gates, one bucket of water at a time. Then he'd returned to search each one of his captives, until he found the would be bomber. In a rage he'd carried the man some twenty miles to the sea side and unceremoniously disposed of him, along with his home made explosives, off the highest cliff he could find.

Laying on the roof of Frisk's house, he stared directly into the un-moving sun through it's gray sheath of equally un-moving clouds. 'Was the whole universe frozen this way?' He wondered. His mind conjured images of vast celestial bodies, stilled in mid-spin. Was all of the un-ending expanse truly frozen at his will? It seemed impossible.

Shaking the deep, unanswerable questions from his mind, Sans rose from his roost and slid down the roof to hang off the edge. He landed carefully on the balcony and slouched into Frisk's bedroom. He'd carried her to bed before finding the bomber and positioned her still form so that she appeared to be sleeping. He wasn't really tired, but he curled up beside her anyway. Gods he missed sleeping. Without time there was no reason to sleep or eat for that matter. Sans couldn't even remember the last time he ate.

Sans missed a lot of things... but none more than he missed Frisk. He berried his face in her hair and rubbed away the tears in his eye sockets. Was this really any better that seeing her die? What had he really accomplished, if time stayed frozen forever? He sat up Indian style on the bed and huffed. His whining would be a self full-fulling prophecy, if he didn't at least try to do something about it. Thinking hard, he sat for a while and pulled gorse blossoms from Frisk's hair. Maybe it was crazy for him to want her, just like Frisk had said. Maybe it was weird and unnatural, but that didn't change how he felt. He touched the soft skin of her face and shivered, it always stunned him how warm she was. If only he could talk to her. She always knew what to say to steady him. Magic is controlled by emotion after all.

Magic... is controlled... by emotion...

That was it. His fear and anger had been the emotional force that drove his magic to freeze time... Sans just needed to feel something strong enough to enkindle his magic again. He almost fell off the bed in excitement. Frisk was the answer, she had to be. He closed his eyes and imagined the taste of her kiss. Pulling all the magic he had, from every inch of his body, he focused his mind on the many happy moments they had shared.

"I want a future..." He pleaded aloud "I want this future". His mind began to race on without his guidance. Memories flicked across the backs of his eyelids, like a movie on fast forward. He could feel the well of magic expanding within him "Please" he clenched his fits against the rush in his ears "I want it all back." It wasn't working, nothing was happening. Sans began to panic. If this didn't work...

"GIVE IT BACK!" He roared, slamming his fists onto the bed. Stars erupted in his vision, and he was caught in a wave of nausea. Magic pored from his mouth and eyes. He lurched and heaved clenching the bed sheets in pain. Finally, the last drop of magic rolled down his cheek like a tear and he fell sideways on the bed.
"Sans?"
If your not into smut... sorry... the first segment is basically the only thing you'll want to read.
It got kinda crazy long...
I find it super hard to write smut.
Here is what I listened to :)
The Eden Project- Crazy in love: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-8CbI1iG4To
Hellberg- the girl that time forgot: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZRkP2ARYVVw
Halsey - Colors (Anki Remix) Blue: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sUqzDzn3XvY
Halsey - Colors https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JGu AZnnTKA

"It would be
sharing the enormity of sleep, knowing the
sounds we each make in our dreams,
our eyes cast upon each other even as
we wake. It would be your slow breath and mine
commingled, undisturbed. It would be waking to find
that you were watching me as I slept, or I you.
It would be
no longer knowing nothing
of how such mundane gems might be for us;
the obscure made plain; more than just a glimpse
before the window closes. And it would be me saying,
"so put your hands on me, I want you to put
your hands on me,"
and you knowing, even as I ask,
exactly where."

@Brokenwolf

Hopelessness stilled her thoughts. His gun aimed at her face. Numb acceptance. She would be
shot at point blank range. Frisk inhaled, preparing herself for another death. *Pointless. It was all pointless.*

And then.

Frisk was laying in a pool of blue. Sans was draped across her stomach. His eyes were open and
black. Empty, devoid of life or light.

"Sans?" Frisk whimpered. No reply.

Sitting up in the bed, she began stroking his head softly. It was all okay. It would be fine. If he
was dead, she would take them back. Back to the save. Back to their first kiss. Chara be damned.
She would save him. She would die as many times as she had too. They would try again...

and again...

But first.

Frisk slid out from under Sans and pulled him into her place in bed. "What did you do?" She
asked casually, "your magic is all over the place." She knew she should be upset, but her insides
were fried. She should be flipping out. She should be confused about how she got here. She should
be terrified of what she saw on the road and whatever Flowey would be plotting in her absence. She
wasn't. She couldn't feel anything. Her heart was overwhelmed and numb.

'Good' She thought. Emotion would only cloud her judgement.

Frisk knelt at the bedside and stroked San's smooth skull. His magic seemed to pool towards her.
She leaned sideways to test her observation, and it followed. 'How strange.' She touched an
exploratory finger to the puddles swelling surface and felt it cling to her skin.

In the end, it was neither logic nor reason, that provoked Frisk to summon her soul for the first
time in five years. It was something far deeper. Instinct perhaps? She just knew, and acted without
pause or question. Gouging the heart from her very chest, and holding it out to him like an offering.
It glowed, bright red from the palms of her cupped hands, and the sight of it startled her. The little
heart seemed so much brighter than she remembered. On closer inspection, she noticed a dark spot.
A blue chip, no bigger than her pinky nail, sparkling amongst the red glow.
Curious as she was, there were more pressing issues at hand. Frisk lowered her flawed heart into the puddle of blue essence. It responded immediately, swelling up from the bed to engulf her manifested spirit. She watched, as her soul drank in Sans magic like a dry sponge in water. It grew, nearly doubling in size and turned a deep royal purple.

Frisk could feel him. She could sense his exhaustion, fear and dwindling will to live. But more than that, she could feel his love.

Love for the World,
love for their life on the surface,
love for monster kind,
love for his friends,
love for Papyrus
And...

Love for her.

There was so much love inside him. One at a time she saw them all through his eyes...

She saw herself.

Not as the clumsy, awkward self she knew, but as the larger-than-life focus of Sans adoration. Awestruck, she sat back on her heels and wiped away happy tears. He really loved her. He really wanted her. To him, she was kind, funny, graceful and...

Her heart stalled out when his thoughts turned romantic and then downright sexual. He actually wanted to do... that... with her? Suddenly it felt like an invasion of his privacy to see these secret thoughts. Feeling increasingly guilty, she scooped the swollen heart off the bed and tried to ignore the visions. It beat heavily in her hand. Struggling to contain both her own spirit, and his. She felt compelled to rest her engorged, purple heart upon his chest, and gathering her courage, she pushed.

Fisk was blown back by the sheer force of energy. Magic and determination spilled from her heart as it thumped, Returning to its normal red hue in San's chest. His eyes flashed purple, then red, then yellow and finally blue. Frisk pulled herself back to her knees and fished her soul from his ribs. San's eyes closed and the light faded, but as her soul disappeared within her, she knew he would be alright.


A great crescendo of thunder awoke Sans with a start. The change in atmosphere left him disoriented and shaken. He sat in the dark, listening to the crashing chorus of singular drops beat a symphony of white noise against the roof.

It was night?

It was!
Time was restored! In his pants pocket, he felt the flat stiffness of the knife he'd stolen. It wasn't a
dream. All of it had actually happened. Sans had wrestled with time itself, and he had won.

Sans didn't rejoice. Instead, his throat tightened. In the gaping hole where happy relief should have
found him, a painful disbelief and anxiety beckoned to his soul's blooming madness. He bent his
knees towards his chest, his hands racking and clawing at his clammy cheeks. A weak hitch in his
breath became a chuckle. Manic tears rolled down his face and his laughter grew deranged with
hysteria.

His voice grew horse and his teeth chattered. With a shuttering breath, the weary skeleton
managed to call his emotions to heal, finally all dried up inside.

Lightning slapped the room with fleeting light. Frisk was standing on her balcony. It was a
moonless night, but he could still see her dark silhouette. She was burned into his sight among the
spots of white left behind by the flash. Sans lifted himself from her bed and pulled open the door. He
was instantly met with the full force of the storm. Wind and mist chilled his exposed bones. Standing
just inside the door, he was close enough to see her now.

She was soaked. Wet hair clung to her arms, shoulders and neck. Her sopping wet dress stuck to
her skin, sucking to her curves. Sheer in the rain, it left little to the imagination. San's had access to
the internet. He'd seen naked humans. Hell, he'd watched human pornography. A lot of it... it was a
bit of a guilty pleasure. Everything he'd seen, paled in comparison to the way she looked now.

"Beautiful." He marveled aloud.

"Sans?" She turned so fast she splashed him with freezing drops from her hair and clothes.

"Say it don't spray it soggy bottom." He raised an eyebrow. Frisk smiled apologetically. Sans
shrugged and stepped out into the rain beside her. "It's really cold..." 

"Yeah" Frisk smiled up at the sky, holding her hands out at her sides. "And I get to feel it."

"You're gonna get sick probably."

"Then I get to feel that too." She dropped her head and met his eye, "because I'm alive... We're
alive."

"I get your point, but there are much nicer things to feel than rain and sickness." He unzipped his
jacket and draped it around her shoulders "like love and warmth and good laughs and bad jokes...
plus, I didn't just spend who knows how long in time limbo, to watch you catch you're death in the
rain."

Frisk pulled his jacket close and tilted her head. "Time limbo?"

"I'll explain later... I'd rather... Will you just come in and get dry?"

She rang out her hair and stepped ahead of him into the house. Tailing close behind Sans blew
into his hands and filled the bedroom with the same fairy lights he'd used in the orphanage.

Frisk grabbed a towel from the bathroom and stopped in the door way to watched them "I love
those... so pretty."

"I thought they might make you happy." Sans stuck his hands in his pants pockets and rocked on
his heels shyly.
Frisk hung his jacket on the door to dry and walked over to where he stood "You make me happy." She beamed stretching her hand out to him. Sans reached out to take it, but hesitated. She was still wet. With a wave of his hand he pulled the moisture from both of their clothes and sent it bobbing into the bathroom sink. "oh!" She gasped "Geez that felt weird."

"That's okay, cuz you GET to feel weird, right?"

"I also get to feel like you're a dick."

He snickered, until her words began to twist in his head. Color filled his face, as his imagination edited her statement. He snapped his mouth closed in an awkwardly sudden silence.

Frisk noticed, "What? Swallow a bug or something?"

Sans laughed it off, rubbing the back of his head. "Kinda, I guess I just missed you. It's been a while for me."

Frisk looked even more confused. He loved the way she titled her head like a dog.

Sans cleared his throat. "Can I... stay?"

She snorted "No, get out."

"I mean... stay ...the night."

There's that head tilt again.

"Oh" just a little flush tinted her cheeks. It was getting easier to talk about... them. "Yeah... I'd like that." Her smile warmed and she pulled him towards the bed.

Frisk pulled the laptop off her desk and set it on the nightstand. She found a silly movie to put on and they curled up together in her bed.

It felt natural and safe... being next to her...

None of this should feel safe or natural.

How could everything be so... unremarkable?

Were they insane? Curling up for a movie?

He was going to pay for this somehow, wasn't he?

What else could they do? Talk about it? Go find out what happened to the protesters Sans had left hog tied in the town square?

He'd fixed it all. Hadn't he?

So why did this calm feel so... out of place?

An hour or so later the movie ended, but Sans couldn't sleep. So he laid, close to her yet, far, far away. Thinking deeply. The only sounds to accompany him were the rain drops on the roof, the rise and fall of Frisk's slow, steady breaths and the soft shuffle of fabric as Sans ran his hand lazily over her back and shoulder. Maybe they didn't have to talk about what happened over the last few weeks at all. It wasn't too late. They could still just go back to being happy. Maybe if they didn't talk about it, they could forget. No one else knew. If they forgot, did any of it really even happen?
Did it matter?

Sans heard a buzz from Frisk's front, apron-style pocket over her soft snores. Uh oh, probably Toriel checking up. If she doesn't get a reply she'll come over to check in.

Thinking quick, Sans looped his hand around to her front and slipped it into the pocket on the hip of her dress. It was deeper than he'd expected. He felt around blindly for her cellphone. It was in there somewhere, he could feel it's weight tug on the soft fabric. Searching for the pockets base, he flattened his hand to trace what he assumed was the pocket's seem. His is breath caught as his hand swept unintentionally along the inside curve of her hip. The seem he had traced was her underwear, not her pocket. The fabric was so thin, he might as well have been touching her bare skin. Holding his breath, he tried desperately not to linger on the feeling, and twisted his hand away to reach again for her phone. Even with his fingers held a respectful distance from her legs, his mind was battering him with lewd thoughts. Finally discovering the corner of her phone, he lurched forward to pinch its edge. His arm slid into the curve of her waist like a missing puzzle piece and his wrist grazed her thigh. He paused, gathering himself with a shuddering breath and carefully withdrew her cell and opened Toriel's message.

'How are you feeling my dear? Do you need anything?'

Distantly aware that he was shaking, he typed up a quick text in response.

'No Mum, I'm okay. Just going to bed early.'

Her reply was instant.

'Of course my child. Tell Sans hello from me. I hope you and your skele-crush are behaving over there.'

What the hell was that supposed to mean? She was joking right? She couldn't be serious... Was it that obvious? Or had Frisk been talking about him?

His imagination didn't care, it had everything it needed. After texting back a hasty 'We are! Thanks Mum!' Sans slipped the phone onto the dresser and tried again to clear his mind, resuming his steady caress of Frisk's back. Each time he managed to reined himself in, his mind would assault him with ever lewder imagery. Just when he thought he had calmed down enough to fall asleep, Frisk twisted round to face him, snuggling close to bury her face in his chest.

After that, he couldn't stop thinking of her.

Thinking of the sound of her laugh and the way she smiled when he kissed her.

Thinking of the sway in her pendulum hips and the way she bounced when she walked.

Thinking of her soaking wet, standing in the rain.

Thinking of the irresistible feeling of his arms wrapped around her waist... hand snaking down her soft flat stomach and-

'Cut it out'

The intoxicatingly fruity smell of her hair...

Her round full bust and long slender neck.
The deep curve where her thighs met...

and the tiny triangle of light between them.

'Brain... no... keep it PG'

Her piercing green eyes, and sun kissed skin.

The way he could talk to her... tell her anything...

The cat-like arch of her back... leading down...

to the firm round of her ass...

And the tiny, fragile strip of lace running across...

He wondered what color it was.

He thought about what was underneath...

'Seriously inappropriate'

Magic swirled furiously at the base of his stomach, heating his face and shortening his breaths.

He was suddenly aware that his hand had been wondering. Brushing wider and wider circles until he was smoothing his hand all the way up and down the elegant bend of her spine, he wouldn't have caught himself doing it... if he hadn't felt the faint ridge, of what his peaked senses knew to be the back of her panties.

'Frisk... really? A thong? God dammit.'

He rolled onto his back and planted his hands firmly on the bed, gripping the sheets in an effort to calm himself. He was her... best friend... not some creepy inter-species pervert... Human's were a bit of a weird fetish... But that was a moot point. He wanted her with every fiber of his being. Monsters felt everything more intensely. Desire was insanity for Sans. Try as he might, resistance was futile.

'Deep breaths buddy'

The heat in his stomach coiled like a spring. He closed his eyes.

'Think about papyrus working out...'

The way her cheeks flush when he looks at her.

'Uuuh... think about how monster kid must not be able to wipe his own ass'.

Without the distraction of his hands, he could feel her breath rise and fall against his side.

'Think about the way old sandwich meat smells after the expiration date.'

Each breath, pushed the swell of her breasts into his ribs.

'She doesn't have a... '

She wasn't wearing a bra.

'Oh god... fuck... emergency measures... think about... think about... the old turtle without a shell
on... or Jerry... yeah, just think about Jerry.'

It was useless. His magic burned through the pit of his stomach, sinking slowly as his imagination played on repeat. In his mind, she was his. He couldn't resist anymore, his magic swelled, materializing in his shorts against his will. The urge to touch her was agony.

He had to leave...

Sans peered down at the uncomfortable bright blue glow emanating from his shorts and sighed... Hopefully he could escape without waking her up. Gently and slowly, he tried to pull away. Her face scrunched in disapproval and she pulled him closer, swinging a leg across his hips. The bottom of her thigh rested snugly against the top of his swollen anguish, sending a blinding, white hot shiver down his spine. "Oh common kid" he moaned through his teeth. He tried gingerly to lift her leg. She stirred and he froze.

"Sans?"

'Oh fuck, what do I say?'

Frisk lifted her head and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "Sans... are you okay?" worry tinged her voice "You're shaking"

He fumble quickly to tuck his shame as she pulled her leg back and twisted onto her stomach, looking him dead on.

"Y-ya just gotta - ah- use the bathroom or something" fuck, she was bound to catch that.

"Or something?"

"Hehe yeah" great cover up genius.

Frisk pulled her self up on her elbows and leaned in closer. Sans struggled to move away, pulling a newly available piece of blanket over his pulsing crotch. She gazed at him tilting her head the way she always did. "You're acting really weird..."

"Heh I, uh," He shuddered, trying to pull himself towards the edge of the bed with his free hand. "You have no idea."

Fully awake now, Frisk was far more agile. Quickly ending his escape attempts with one arm across his chest and another pinned to the Matris between him and the end of the bed. "Nuh-uh, liar. You can fake a potty break after you tell me why you're being so weird." She insisted, wiggling a little, to lean her weight over the arm she had lain across his torso.

The incandescent back-light of the laptop screen set her aglow in the darkness. She was biting her bottom lip ever so slightly. Her captivating green eyes fixed on him, shimmering with anxious fervor. He was lost for words, laying there like a deer in headlights. His eyes trailed down her slim shoulders inhaling sharply as they fell on her chest.

Barely concealed, her smooth round breasts pushed up over the arm she was using to hold Sans in place, threatening to burst from the top of her dress with each intake of breath. Fighting back the urge to groan, he closed his eyes, fidgeting slightly and gritting his teeth against the jolt of magic twisting in his gut.

"Sans? Talk to me." She was starting to look sincerely concerned.
Gods above, she was beautiful, and through it all she some how remained so kind and pure. He hated himself for the filthy thoughts possessing him. Sans had fantasized about being this close to her for years. He still couldn't believe she had let him kiss her. That she had told him... that she....

She couldn't really want him... she was probably just unsure of how to end their affair without hurting him. Or maybe she was just looking for comfort in all the terror and chaos... Was that a reason not to sleep with her? If she'd have him?

Sans thought himself disgusting for the filth his mind was conjuring.

He loved her so completely, and yet here he was, after what they'd just been thought... acting like nothing happened. Laying there beneath her worried stare, consumed by lewd daydreams, overflowing with lustful magic, gawking at her chest and taking advantage of her friendship. Never in a million resets, would he deserve to be this close to her. His hand stretched up to sweep a few stray stands of hair behind her ear. Her eyes widened in shock and her cheeks warmed under his fingers.

"I just... need a minute... I guess... I'm having trouble taking it all in." It was true. "I lost you so many times... I don't feel like I deserve to be... here."

Frisk's expression grew shadowy and unreadable. She stared into him fiercely, flushing a deep crimson. The corner of her mouth twitched slightly. In a rush she'd pushed her self forwards, pressing her lips against his.

Melting, Sans yielded, thrusting his free hand into her hair and opening his mouth to deepen the kiss. His magic snapped, momentarily filling the room with the same crackling blue sparks that marked their first kiss. Unable to stop himself, he groaned against her soft lips. She shuddered ever so slightly and pushed herself against him gasping. She kissed him so passionately it made his head spin. She urged him closer, wrapping her arms around him and pulling at his clothes. It was so easy to get lost in the feeling. His magic throbbed desperately and he jerked away "No...wait..." He grabbed her wrist firmly.

"I'm sorry..." Frisk leaned back looking wounded.

"You've got no reason to be." He sighed shaking his head "You know you don't have to do this... right?"

"You're right... just because you said... I shouldn't just assume that you... That I..." She turned her head away.

Sans was so confused, "No, I mean... just because I kissed you a few times... doesn't mean you have to keep letting me... touch you... like this." He laughed awkwardly. "I want this more than... but... You're my friend before anything else ... and nothing will change that. We don't have to do... this."

Frisk's head snapped back to stare at him in disbelief "What on earth are you talking about?"

"You know exactly what I'm talking about." He smirked.

"Do monsters even... do... THAT?" She questioned.

"There are some key differences..." he noted "but yeah doll... we do THAT."

"How?" She looked distrusting, like she wasn't sure he was serious.
Sans confidence was returning. "Magic... I'd be more than happy to show you..." He winked at her suggestively. "But I understand if this..." he gestured to himself "If I'm... not really what you're into... we'll still be friends..."

"Sans" she looked cross "We've been all over EACH OTHER for days" Understanding dawned in her eyes and she softened "I like you... I like kissing you... really... I kinda like it a little too much." She rolled her eyes and huffed "but humans... we're kinda... There's a lot of... you don't know what you're talking about."

To the contrary, Sans knew exactly what he was talking about. He was very aware of the way humans worked. It had become a secret obsession for him, fuel for his fantasies. What was she afraid of? That he would be grossed out? He supposed it made some sense. Humans were... different... but so was Sans. He shook her words around in his head, trying to form a response to them, but all he could think of was how much he wanted to grab her and...

"I've looked into it... a little bit... Heh... I think I know a bit more than you'd expect." He nudged her playfully with his leg. "What kind of bone head do you take me for?"

"But I'm nothing like you." She pouted sadly "I'm all meat and lumps... that can't be attractive to a skeleton."

"Monsters come in all shapes an sizes." He reminded her. "Undyne and Toriel have busty figures too... why wouldn't I find yours attractive?" Sans pressed, looking over her lustfully. "I'm just bones! The real question is, what could you possibly see in me?"

Frisk's eyes softened "everything."

He felt himself blush. "I...I don't really understand why... but I'll take your word for it." He smiled and brushed his hand down her arm."Mostly because I want to believe you."

Frisk beamed leaning over to kiss him. She was startled when he stopped her again, squeezing an eye closed as a wave of pleasure clenched his stomach "Hold up a second sugar... I... I should still.... probably... go." It took every ounce of will he had to finish that sentence.

She looked positively brokenhearted. "Did I do something wrong?"

He released her to wave a hand dismissively "No! No... Frisk... uuh... it's... I... Ugh..." He flushed and searched the ceiling for words.

"You can tell me anything, you know" She smiled sheepishly, "I don't know much about the romantic practices of Monsters... but if you can bare with me through a few awkward explanations, I promise not to judge."

His head flopped back onto his chest... "I don't want you to feel any pressure to do anything you're not ready for." He replied frankly.

"Done." She nodded holding out her hand for a shake "I promise not to be judgey, or do anything I am not completely comfortable with, if you promise to be honest with me... and relax."

"You sure you can keep those promises?" He asked, genuinely unconvinced.

"Dork... I've known you forever. You were my first friend, my first kiss, my first telleport... what could I not be ready for?...I want you to be my first everything"

San's heart was on fire. He took her hand and sat up, pulling her with him "Deal" he agreed before
sweeping her hair out of her face and kissing her with everything he had. It all still felt completely impossible. Too wonderful to be happening. No matter how aggressively she kissed back, regardless of how feverishly she pushed herself against him, he could not bring himself to believe that any of it was real. He had to be dreaming, he must have fallen asleep next to her. He prayed he would not wake.

Frisk broke away gasping and ran her hand over the dome of his head until it rested shakily on his cheek. He beamed at her deliriously. Dream or not, he had never been happier in all this life. If none of this was really happening, there was no reason to hold back. He leaned himself forwards, dipping her slightly and pressing his forehead to hers. "I love you" he whispered to her softly. "I... I know I've told you that before... as my friend... but... it's so much more than that..."

"Shut up dork..." She placed her hands on either side of his head and held it up to look at him. Little tears glittered in her eyes. She knocked her forehead against his, grinning weepily "I really really love you too."and then she was kissing him again.

Arms encircled him, squeezing him like a vice. Venturing no further south than the center of her back, his hands had remained respectful up to that point. Now ensnared by her touch and consumed by the hungry need that still ached within him, he began to forget himself. His fingers traced the curve of she spine, trailing up over her slanted hip, caressing the length of her leg and returning. She leaned into his touch and hummed. San's head spun. He grasped her side firmly, to steady himself, as a wave of magic surged over his trembling bones. Self control long forgotten, he explored her figure greedily. Through the thin veil of her dress, he hooked a finger under the wisp of lace over her hip and followed it to the base of her tailbone. She arched her back and smiled against his mouth. That was all the consent he needed. Smiling back, he went on, brushing is palm briefly over her curves and down the back of her leg.

Frisk sat sat up straight up. Too shocked to react, San's was helpless. Before he knew what was happening, she'd pushed him back against the head board, kicked his blanket away and swung a leg across his lap to straddle him. He grabbed her waist and her hands were around his wrists, bringing both hands to rest on the lower side of her hips. Her dress was draped over his lower half. She hadn't noticed the beacon of light emitting from his shorts. Moving quickly, he grasped the base of her legs firmly before she could sit down and struggled to suppress the moan that burst from between his teeth.

Confusion returned to her face, "Did I hurt you?" she asked hurriedly.

San's panted, his legs twisting together as he tried to fight the savage lust that burned just below her. "No... I'm just a little... I didn't want anything to... surprise you..." He stuttered, furrowing his brow bone against the torrid urge to push himself against her.

Frisk glanced down briefly "You mean... you..." Her eyes widened in realization. "I didn't think you... could... I didn't know you had..."

He laughed warmly "and you still wanted me?"

She smiled sheepishly, nodding and then paused, perplexed "uuh... how though?" she looked down.

I told you..." He winked. "Magic"

Frisk met his eyes with a mischievous sideways smirk, and reclaimed his wrists. Using them to drag her dress up her back. "Touch me?" she pleaded.
San's will evaporated and his grip went slack. Moving agonizingly slowly, she lowered herself onto his lap. He lurched as his sensitive magic grazed the rough lacy triangle between her legs. A soft hiss sizzled through her lips. The taut fabric of his basketball shorts was hardly a barrier against her blazing heat. "Fuck" he burst, digging his fingers into her hips, Torture had never felt so good. He moved a hand swiftly to the base of her neck and pulled her in, kissing her wildly.

As her muscles relaxed and she settled against him, his other hand worked steadily up her figure to grip the side of her rib-cage. Gathering his nerve, he extended a bony thumb over the side of her chest. Her lips parted briefly in a breathy smile, before she twisted, pressing her chest into the cup of his hand. She was so soft and warm. So firm and full of life. His other hand left her neck to claim the exposed skin of her leg. Inch by inch it crept, up and under her skirt, until it rested on the silky round of her uncovered hip. Frisk writhed and gasped as he touched her. Sans was intoxicated by the feel of it all. The feel of her touch was addictive. The little sounds she made, his spanish fly. Quickly, the intensity between them rose. Her hips moved, grinding against him rhythmically, awakening something carnal inside him.

A new, almost predatory hunger possessed him, and dispatched from his chest an almost growl like groan. His mouth found her collar and tasted the sweet tang of her skin. Goose bumps rose beneath his tongue and she cried out gripping him tightly with shaking hands.

'Amazing'

That was it, Sans couldn't take anymore. Sweeping her up, he rolled on top of her and held her down on the mattress. Frisk bristled, hitting the bed with a gasp and he fell upon her with ravenous thirst. Her spine arched and she pressed her hands into the flat of his back, desperate to reconnect. She wanted to be touched, and she made it quite clear where. Sans magic pulsed in response to her silent request. Enchanted, he pulled himself back to kneel with her legs draped over his. He wanted to see her looking up at him, wanting him. One hand remained clasped around his wrist, still trying to reel him in. Her chest was heaving as she stared adoringly from the bed and smirked. Trailing her hand up her stomach, she pinched two fingers around the top button of her dress and popped it open.

"You sure about that?" he asked, almost mockingly.

Her eyes darkened with desire and she continued down the line of little buttons.

Sans snapped his head to the side, cracking his neck and biting his lip "You know where this is heading..." He breathed "are you sure you're ready for that?"

"I may be seventeen physically, but you and I are really far older than that." She urged. "If I'm not ready by now..."

"I know" He brushed her hair from her face with the back of his hand "but this... we.. can't reset. We never forget. This is forever. Is this what you really want?"
Chapter Summary

I tried to get this out as fast as possible...
I know I left you guys with a huge cliffy... but...ehh... that's kind of what I do isn't it?
This whole story is just one giant cliff hanger XD
Thanks for all the comments and support... I never would have had the guts to post this without you guys!
I've been a little side tracked reading another fic as well.
It's called 'After the End' by JennyTale
If you haven't read it you flippin' should. It's really, really good.

Blood and Blue

Her skin was soft beneath his fingers, calling to mind the feel of newly bloomed rose petals. San's hand worked slowly from her neck, down her front and paused over the raised, jagged, star shaped scar, just to the right of her heart. She tensed nervously as he pushed her open dress aside, just a little, not removing it completely. He'd never actually seen her scar.

Frisk pulled herself in, as if suddenly remembering it was there. He could see she was uncomfortable. "Can I...?"

She hesitated a moment, and then nodded.

Sans looked down to where her smooth peach skin was marred, rising, shiny and pink from her chest. "You shouldn't be shy... it looks cool as hell."

"Funny, I didn't know Hell was cool." She countered. "I think it's gross."

"It's anything but gross." He still remembered that night so well. The first time he'd really lost her. Monster food and magic hadn't been enough to bring her back. Humans attack the body, not the soul. It was the first time he'd ever prayed for a reset.

But there are some things that can't be undone...

They laid there together a while, bodies intertwined, eyes locked. "So" he moved his hand from her chest to trace a finger down the top of her leg and circle her navel "should I..." He leered at her "stop?"

Frisk shivered at his touch. "Don't you think we've already passed the point of no return?"
He ran his hand from her belly button up her chest, not stopping until her face was in his hand. "Do you have any idea how beautiful you are?"

Frisk stared back at him, *she looked wild.* "Are you playing questions for questions with me right now?" She smiled the most entrancingly wicked smile and stretched on the bed fretfully.

His free hand drew a lazy wondering line down her inner thigh. "What do you think?"

Her shiver became a shutter and her smile became a grin."Do you think asking me what I think will corner me into answering?" Her head fell onto her shoulder so she could see him better.

Sans sat back on his haunches and pulled the hand that held her cheek back down to her chest. "Depends, do you feel like being cornered?"

"What will you do if I let you?" She rasped seductively.

Breaking eye contact, he gazed over her. She looked like a fallen angel, hair fanned out on the bed, all disheveled and winded, skin glowing with little wisps of magic his fingers left behind. "Full circle, what do you what me to do?"

Her laugh was musical "Can't you tell?"

With a pinch and a pull, he released the buttons still holding closed the skirt of her dress, and used the back of his hand to sweep away the open flaps, leaving her entire torso exposed beneath him. Frisk pulled her knees together instinctively and blushed. Sans smirked mischievously and cocked his elbow to hold her legs apart. "Changing your mind already sugar?" He purred.

"Fuck... you" she breathed.

His hands tensed and he groaned, rolling his head on his shoulders. "Alright," he scoffed, *victorious.* He placed his hand on the bed at her side and leaned over her until they were almost nose and nose "if you say so sweetheart." The look on her face was priceless. His hand found it's way between her quaking thighs and brushing down her skin, it moved lower. He paused over the lace that concealed her heat. So hot he could feel her warmth without touching her. It was like some kind of static energy flowed into his hand from her body. She gasped, as if he had already touched her, fingers shooting to her mouth in surprise. Sans bit back a shiver, and basked in the moment. They could never be here, like this, again. You only get one first time. He wanted to remember every single perfect second. He let her catch her breath and then, when she began to shift anxiously below him, he touched.

"Ahhaha Sans!" She squeaked.

"Yes?" He whispered with a simper, before kissing his way down her neck. The intricate fabric was slick with moisture, she was blazing hot beneath his fingers. He pushed his index finger ahead of the rest applying slightly more pressure.

Frisk’s reaction was instant. Her body pulsed, arching her back and pushing herself against his hand. "Aha, fuck... Sans..."

"Heh, Come on Babe, use your big girl words."

_She really wanted him._ It didn't make sense, but he couldn't deny it anymore. She was here, asking him to act out his fantasy. _Begging him for everything he'd wanted so badly to give her._ His touch became fierce and urgent and she moaned and twitched to the motion of his fingers. He wanted to feel her. To know what it was like to touch her where no one else ever had. She gasped
and clutched the bed as his finger, once again, hooked beneath the fabric of her panties. He ran his finger along them, stretching the lace to pull them aside. She stilled, blushing furiously as he stared at her, drinking in the vision. Setting her to memory. The flushing glow of her high cheek bones, the plum red of her parted lips. His eyes followed down along her swan like neck, meeting the downward slant of her slender shoulders, crowning the crest of her round firm breasts, smoothly descending into the valley of her slim, hourglass waist, which became the bow of her full fleshy hips, still partially adorned with the stretched black lace of her panties, pulled aside to reveal the pink petals of her flowering sex.

'Gods in heaven she is FUCKING BEAUTIFUL.'

---

Sans was staring.

Christ... the way he looked at her.

Unafraid, lustful... hungry.

His eye was overflowing with blue. He smirked, and her stomach flipped.

Frisk couldn't help feeling vulnerable. She was naked, spread out below him, shaking like a leaf and panting like a dog. Her hair was disheveled, her face was hot and his hand hovered just above her naked...

She was behaving so lewdly... but... She'd never wanted anything the way she wanted him.

He bit his lip and her toes curled. He grazed her with the tip of his finger and electricity shot up her spine. His bright glowing eye remained fixed on her. She was pinned, hypnotized, draw in like a moth to his flickering blue flame. He touched her again and she couldn't stop herself from moaning. Her chest rose from the bed in pleasure and her hand grasped his shirt.

"Stop" She breathed "Teasing"

Sans laughed loudly and her face scrunched. Why was she the only one exposed? She sat up and grasped he hem of his shorts, swiftly exposing the glowing blue member they had been concealing. His mouth snapped shut. After a moment of shocked staring, she ran a timid finger from the head, down the length to curl her hand around its base. Sans groaned, head falling back in ecstasy and his sparks filled the room. He was hard and smooth like glass. She caressed him curiously. It was strange, but no less beautiful and unique than all the other parts of him.

But... wait...

That... was supposed to fit... in her?

It was huge! She couldn't even close her hand around it. She squeezed lightly and his eyes crossed. Oh the faces he made for her... His magic hummed and he threw himself at her, pushing his tongue into her mouth through gasps and moans. The smooth, pulsing manifestation of his magic rubbed against her, driving her mad. This was everything she had ever wanted to feel. His pace picked up, slick with her lust and they became a flurry of hands and skin and bones and blue. When finally his tip caught at her entry, she jerked and yelped.
Sans paused, leaning back slightly with a look of control and concern. "Are you sure you want to keep going?"

She smiled, swallowing her fear and nodded breathlessly "Be... gentle... that's... quite a... thing... you have there."

He barked a laugh and kissed her. His hands found hers and forced them tenderly onto the bed above her head. Holding them in place with one hand, he freed his other hand to roam her body. Touching her like a blind man, feeling every curve and straight he could reach. She was swathed in this moment, where nothing else existed. His breathy groans filled her ear and he whispered "No turning back?"

She shook her head and he hummed enthusiastically into the skin of her collar. He scooted his knees further under her and pulled away to look at her again, his eyes shrouded in passion. With a shift of his hips he pushed into her harder, clenching his eyes shut with the effort it took to move slowly. The feeling was foreign, it didn't seem like she would give way to his startling mass. He was so hard and big it almost hurt. When she gave, it was sudden. Just a pop, just the tip, but it was enough. Her legs pulled in, her whole body tensed and she held her breath. Gradually she relaxed, and as soon as she did, she wanted more.

San's opened one questioning eye to make sure she was alright.

"Please" she begged, pushing herself towards him.

He gripped her hip and grunted. "I'm trying... not to hurt you." He insisted "you're so... tiny" his breathing was labored and his legs shook. He looked like he was reconsidering all of this.

"Does it hurt?" She asked

"God no."

"No turning back."

His eye flashed brighter and he drove a little further into her core. She gasped as her body expanded to accommodate him, inch by inch until their hips met and they were fused completely. It was a tight fit, uncomfortable in the most wonderful way. Stricken and ridged she panted on the bed as he held her firmly, trying too keep her still.

"You.. okay?" He gasped.

Frisk bit her lip and smiled. Okay? She felt incredible.

Completely sheathed inside her, he released her hands and laid himself down on her chest. Her arms wrapped around him and she inhaled. He had a smell all his own, but she could still pick up the faint sent of rain on his shirt. Her fingers strummed scales up and down his ribs and he squeezed her tightly. She felt his magic tingle through her soul. She felt blue.

'I wish we could just stay here like this forever.'

"I'm not objecting" she agreed running her hands over his head and shoulders.

"To what?" He asked confused.

"Just staying like this."
"Wait... what?"

"You said..."

"No... I thought that...but... I didn't SAY anything."

What was he even talking about? She gave him a questioning sideways glance.

"Talk later?"

"Yeah, talk later."

"Ready?" He smirked, rising above her.

"Oh god."

His back curved and his hips rocked backwards. He pulled out of her until they were barely touching and then pivoted forwards, slowly penetrating her again. His fists balled around the bed sheets and his teeth clenched "Oh fuck."

Frisk's every breath came in in-sync with his movements, tinted with lustful sounds. Nothing had ever felt this good. His motion grew smooth and fluid and soon his mouth hung open in a breath of awe. His body pressed into her, all bones and snapping magical fire. Her legs wrapped around his and she pushed herself up to meet him. She clasped her fingers around the ribs of his back and he growled, low and deep.

An evil grin claimed San's mouth and he licked his teeth. His hand worked itself under her back and picked her up. Frisk had never realized how strong he was. She held on with a gasp, as he lifted her clear off the bed, cradling her lower back with one arm. Pausing momentarily, then falling forwards, he caught the top the headboard before they hit the bed. Magic licked and tickled her skin. She moved her legs to wrap around his waist, but they fell instead into the negative space just below his ribs, resting in the curve of his hipbones and pressing around his spine. Holding her with one hand and the headboard with the other, he drilled into her with steadily increasing speed. She crossed her feet behind him and tried to pull him closer. They fit together so perfectly. San's kissed and licked her chest and neck, sending wave after wave of moan inducing pleasure across every nerve in her body. She was trapped between his arm and the pounding of his hot glass. Shaken to pieces by his tongue and teeth and grinding hips.

Her world and her pain were forgotten. Her pride and shame, laid to waste. Frisk came unglued.

Something had been coiling and turning deep inside her. An aching pressure in her stomach, and itching tingle in her sex. She chanced one hand from its hold on his ribs and slipped it down to where his spine still left a small gap between her thighs. She smoothed her fingers over herself, parting them around his glowing magic. It was incredible, unreal, to feel him, rock hard, sliding back and forth, pushing into her again and again between her fingers.

"Frisk, shit... st- ...I can't... I'll..." he growled, furrowing his brow, a tremor rattling his bones. She withdrew her hand and he eased her back down onto the bed. "I want you to get there first, but you sure aren't making it easy." He smiled and hooked her legs over his arms. He lifted her slightly and snaked a hand around one of her legs to press a thumb against the source of her want. Drawing small circles with his thumb, he began moving again. The spring in her stomach, grew tighter and tighter.

"Fuck... Frisk... you're killin' me here." He leaned back, pulling her with him and suddenly, his glass magic hit something. Something inside her she didn't know was there. Her body convulsed in time to the swing of his hips. Once, twice, and she broiled over. The tightness in her stomach clenched and
released, over and over, racking her body with uncontrollable spasms. Her hands flew to his arms and she ground herself wildly against him, screaming out in the agony of pleasure. 'Is this what it feels like?'

Sans pressed harder, moved faster, riding her through her orgasm. "That's it babe... cum for me."

Her head shot back and her spine arched, every muscle in her body clenched, shaking in one continuous tremor and then.. *Fireworks*. Wet, dripping, earth shattering fireworks.

"Fuck..." San's must have felt it. His assault on her stopped and his body tensed. Her legs still draped over his arms, he dug his fingers into her hips, Pulling out and thrusting in to her, hard. Once, twice and then he stilled, taken by release. His eyes closed, and his head fell back in a low rumbling groan.

After a moment of shaking silence and heavy breath, he shivered and threw his head to crack his neck. "You... Are... the most... god dammit Frisk." San's collapsed on top of her.

Frisk folded her arms around him tightly. She squeezed him close and hummed.

'So this is what love feels like...' She thought to herself. People write songs and poems, even wage wars for this feeling. Now she new why.

'Amazing.'

Outside in the dark, all the yellow flowers around Frisk's house bobbed and swayed, forced to dance in unison by the storms brisk gale.

All that is... *but one.*

Lurking in the shadows among the waving yellow sea, a single mangled flower sat, as still as steel. It waited in secret, hidden by the lush crowns of blooming petals.

The furious flower had been skulking around the girl's tiny cottage almost all night. Those two idiots had taken everything he had left. He wasn't even sure how it had happened. He'd had her right where he wanted her. Everything had been going according to plan... and then... In the blink of an eye, he had been struck down from his victory *by his own bullet.*

Today had been the day. Chara's 20th birthday. All he had striven for over the last five years, had been building to that moment.

Now, everything was ruined. The day had ended and Frisk still had her sanity. Chara would remain a prisoner in the girl's mind and Asriel had barely escaped with his life. Being a flower was bad enough when he was beautiful. Now he couldn't even hide what an abomination he was. Mangled and bent like someone had run him over with a lawn mower. Half his petals were missing and the other half were almost too tattered to recognize.

There were so few reasons left to go on living. All that truly remained, was his fear of death and his deep longing for revenge. That stupid little bitch and her ever grinning playmate had taken it all.

*Rage.*
Rage was the only thing he had been able to feel since becoming a flower. Except boredom perhaps, but there was nothing less boring than causing pain to someone you hate.

So he was, waiting and listening. Studying his pray. He would find where they were weak. He would find what they held most dear. He would rip away all they loved, just as they had ripped the petals from his head and Chara from his life.

He sneered to himself.

He wouldn't rest until they were broken and empty.

Just like him.
Whoopsy Poopsy (Alcohol trigger warning)

Chapter Summary

Woooohoooo
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zy30m8xEn1A
Party Time!! I finally posted!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v-7yHJ9J3u4
I took forever to write this!
I was super inspired to start writing some stuff for future chapters. So I focused on that for a bit. I just wanted to get it all down so I wouldn't forget it.
Also, Stan was out of town for a week... I thought that would make it easier to write... but it did not.
I can't write at all when he is gone.
Also my little brother is home from school... and he is very sick... he has to go have surgery... I don't know what that means for this story...
Except that I really need all the encouragement I can get.
Please write me comments! Good, bad, nice, mean... hearing back from you guys is really the only thing that keeps me writing :)
Also good animations and music :D
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qUDBOBwwv6E
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E0rAcWQuloA

Thank you for all the wonderful feedback you've given me!

Chapter Notes

I had to come back and make a ton of changes to this...
It was terrible.
Which is why I re-named it "Whoopsy Poopsy"
And also because I freaking love saying Whoopsy Poopsy right now.

So Ya...
Enjoy that...

*Walks away awkwardly*

Whoopsy Poopsy

A fiery orange sunrise marked the flower speckled ground around the little blue cottage with thin elongated shadows. Wisps of new spring foliage caught the light and clad the wooden bones of every tree in green and yellow halos; whose light clothed each dark branch in a tent of color, the way
sun stretched skin covers the corpse of some long discarded pray.

The flower was still waiting.

A grimace, cool as ice, was held steady by its motionless face. An expression only worn by the truly unhinged. It had not moved all night. He had watched them, holding each other, loving each other. Basking in the happy after glow he would never feel, and with every kiss, very gentle word, his hate for them had grown.

They believed themselves to be free. They thought he was dead. They had slept soundly through the night, with peaceful smiles on their ignorant faces.

When the girl rose from her sleep, he watched her shower and change. Peering through windows and hiding in dark corners. She snatched up a woven hand basket and left her house with the bone man still asleep inside. Asriel briefly debated killing the trash-bag in it's sleep, but he knew she would just load her last save. No, his revenge had to be irreparable. Something that could not be fixed by reset or loads. Killing them wasn't enough. Plus, if he killed them now, they would know he was still alive. That wouldn't do... He had to maintain the element of surprise.

So he followed her away.

He watched her skip down the dirt road from her house, and dance, singing merrily to herself on the cobble stone path all the way to Persona. The flower slithered up a tree to deposit himself onto the roof of a shop, where he watched her as she fluttered like a new butterfly, dodging through the crowded bustling streets. She stopped to chat or shop, here and there, laughing and smiling before swirling away in a flurry of blue skirt and brown hair.

Cradling an overflowing basket of goods, she started to head for the edge of town. The fish beast, Undyne, stopped her outside of a lopsided store front, Bratty and Catty's 'Veggies and Trash'. Asriel dangled from the worn sofit of the odd shaped shop and listened intently.

"Your parents need to talk to you, punk." The fish stated firmly, "Why aren't you answering your freaking phone?"

"Sorry Undyne, I just woke up. I was about to make some breakfast. I guess I forgot to grab it before I left." She looked disgustingly sincere.

Undyne huffed irritably and plucked the shopping basket from the girls arms. "Well come on, breakfast can wait. Let's go find out what all the fuss is about."

Undyne had two horses already waiting at the edge of town. Flowey had to hitch a ride on a horse drawn wagon, but he was still left behind. Not wanting to lose sight of them, he pulled himself to the front of the wagon and stretched out to wrap a root around the horse. Slipping a small vine up the horses back and into its ear, he quickly engaged his new favorite gift. He found the fear in the horses mind and with the tiniest tickle, the race was on. Rearing suddenly, the horse blasted down the path at full speed. It kicked up dust, taking turns without slowing, against the protests of its screaming driver. The horse, wagon and all, crashed, toppling its contents and occupants into the front yard of the goat family's home. Smiling at his own success Flowey used the chaos of the toppled cart to sneak himself onto the ground and dive under the moist earth.
Tea was streaming on the table in her parents quaint kitchen when Frisk and Undyne arrived. Asgor sat hunched slightly, next to a groggy looking Sans and Toriel stood at the sink, holding her round baby belly and gazing silently out the window.

"Frisk, oh good, good....where were you?" Asgor asked as Frisk settled nervously into the chair across from him.

Undyne held up her basket of shopping. "Just out in town getting breakfast for her lover boy."

Sans eyes caught hers from across the table. He smiled sheepishly at her and her stomach flipped.

"Lover boy?" Asgor eyed Sans angrily. "What do you-"

"You found him sleeping in her bed, what did you think they were doing?" Undyne snickered, plopping herself into the seat next to Frisk. "Don't crap your pants, she an adult remember?"

Sans shrank beneath Asgor's furious gaze. There were a few moments of tense silence, before Toriel cleared her throat from the window.

The noise seemed to snap Asgor out of his trance and he turned his eyes back to Frisk. "Frisk, We've been discussing many issues with human leaders this morning..."

"Oh?" Frisk questioned cautiously.

"One of the major points to the discussion was you, my dear." Toriel chimed.

"Me?" Frisk startled, her insides washed in a cold dread.

"Yes, in regards to your education, or more... your lack of one. They have minimum legal standards, they need proof that you meet them. They require us to show that we have provided you with a suitable education."

"Did you tell them that Toriel has been tutoring me since I fell into the underground?"

"Yes, but we need to **prove** that we educated you." Asgor sighed.

"How?"

"They require you to take a test. They are offering a two week period of optional tutoring before hand as well." Asgor's face tensed, he was trying to look calm.

"When will they be coming?" Frisk asked looking around fretfully, as if expecting them to appear.

Toriel gripped the counter hard enough to turn her knuckles white, were they not already. "No, my dear, you will have to go with them."

**Bomb officially dropped.** Her mind spun, braiding her thoughts into a tangled knot of panic. She would have to leave the ranch... and go with the humans? Was it all going to happen again? Would she have to repeat this day as well?

"Go... with them?" Sans looked horrified. "Where?" Frisk knew San's was sharing her fears. Her hands trembled under the table. How many times would she have to see him suffer this time?
"A local public high school." Asgor replied, looking at San's far more softly this time.

"You've got to be kidding." Frisk stared in shock. This has to be a joke.

Asgor's head dropped in shame "No, I'm afraid not."

Asgor wouldn't let this happen, unless the alternative was worse. Something in his expression told her he was being railroaded. "And if I refuse? Or fail?"

"We don't know... "Asgor sighed, looking grim.

Undyne was tilting her chair back, she crossed her arms and sighed irritably "You three never tell her anything, ugh" she let her chair fall forward with a clunk. "Listen Punk, they found a bunch of humans tied up in the center of town. The army was attacked on our soil and there was a dead human floating in the bay. Our relationship with man is looking pretty rough at the moment, and when they asked about this crap, Asgor was no position to decline." Everyone, spare Frisk, was glaring at Undyne by the time she finished.

"Thank you Undyne" Asgor muttered, raising a fuzzy brow. Undyne shrugged, looking thoroughly pleased with herself.

Frisk, meanwhile, had her eyes on Sans "A... dead... human?" She asked. His face was stony, they'd both become so good at hiding things, but he couldn't fool her. A storm raged in his darkened eyes. All of this was him. She could see it in his face. He had tied up the protesters, he had attacked the military convoy and he... had he really killed someone?

The room rang with loaded silence. There was no other option. They had to appear compliant. Frisk knew that all human eyes were on Persona. They would be looking for any reason to create conflict and if they ever found out what Sans had done... Monsters aren't given trials.

Frisk's eyes remained fixed on the steely, cold, white orbs of San's eyes. She watched them dilate, reading the intent in her determination enriched features. He jerked forward, opening his mouth, a protest on his teeth. "Fri-

"When do I start?" She asked "and how do I get there?"

Toriel walked to the table and stroked Frisk's hair fondly. "Tomorrow morning, if you want the tutoring. We will be purchasing a car, but only as back up. I have since come up with a better method of transportation... Sans?"

Sans jerked his head to look up at Toriel "your majesty?"

"You will again be charged with protecting my daughter, as well as transporting her. If you are so able?" She smiled warmly at him. Asgor's mouth hung open.

"Can do lady." Sans replied, looking equally shocked.

"Of course you can. Thank you Sans, I knew I could count on you." She tilted Frisk's head up "My child, I advise you take the tutoring they offer... this could all end up being quite important... for all of us." Her eyes twitched to Sans and back. Did she... know? Frisk's stomach turned. Nothing gets past goat mum.

"I... what about my job?" Frisk asked.

"We've already taken care of that dear." She smiled sadly "but it will always be there if you want
it back."

Frisk tilted her head in confusion. "What do you mean if?"

Undyne huffed again. "The humans think if you leave and go to the human city, you won't want to come back to live with us."

Frisk scoffed "that's stupid."

"Pffft I know right?" Undyne snorted, but still she looked a little nervous. They all did, even Sans. Every monster in the room looked doubtful. Did they all really believe she wouldn't want to come home?

Once the details were sorted, Frisk gathered her shopping and went back to her house to cook and wait for Sans. It was still early morning, she had no work... They'd already 'taken care of that.' Which left her once again, with all the time in the world, and only one item on the to do list.

A big part of her didn't want to ask him how he'd fixed everything.

She prepped a couple of baked Spanish eggs and tossed them in the oven. Slumping into a chair at the table, she pulled out her phone to text Sans.

'Hey, come back over. We need to talk.'

'Also, why is my counter all sticky?'

Buzz

'I'll be over in a bit sorry.'

Buzz

'It's sticky because I threw tea balls at it.'

Buzz

'I'll explain later.'

We'll, that was it... nothing to do now but wait. Frisk's mind took full advantage of this lack of distraction, as did the little shadow, still nestled into her soul. Chara was still there. She was much quieter now, but Frisk could still feel her lurking in the darker corners of her head. The dark little spirit rifled through memories and tested Frisk’s emotional control almost constantly.

'So your lover is a murderer...’ She probed happily.

"What? Oh, I guess he might be, thanks for pointing that out." Frisk replied aloud.

'Are you really stupid enough to be surprised?'

"Shut up." Frisk rolled her eyes.

'If you know he did it, you're an accomplice. That makes you guilty too.’ Chara sneered.

"Sure does." Frisk really wasn't interested in Chara's two cents. "Is there an off switch for you?"

Chara's huff bounced off the inside of Frisk's head. Frisk was more than a little concerned about
Chara's continued existence within her mind. It was one of many things that had been pushed to the back burner during the resets. Now Frisk was about to be blundering around in the human world, trying to prove how well taken care of and happy she was. The last thing she needed was a psychotic, disembodied voice diddling around in her brain all day.

When the timer went off she pulled the eggs from the oven and set them on the counter to cool, burning her finger in the process. She grabbed a rag and plopped a few ice cubes into it to soothe the burn.

Heinz hopped onto the table with a chirp, and flopped onto his back. Frisk leaned forward to stroke his soft belly. He squinted his little yellow eyes affectionately, kneading the air and purring softly. "It must be nice" She thought aloud "laying around getting loved on all day." The cat pointed his whiskers happily, as if to agree. "Wanna trade lives?" Frisk mumbled, slumping back into the seat at her little kitchen table.

What was going to happen now? What horror would she have to drag Sans through this time? Frisk cradled her head in her arms, nervous tears brimming the edges of her eyes. He didn't deserve this. Neither of them did. Heinz rolled to his side and pawed her arm playfully.

Where was Sans? He was taking forever. She closed her eyes, choking back tears and tried with all her might to think only of him. At least she had one happy moment to hold on to. His smell manifested at her memories will. She let her mind wonder through the night they spent together and she smiled as a shiver ran down her back and tied her stomach in knots.

They were together, intertwined. She was surrounded, penetrated by his blue glow. He loved her. It was impossible, but it was true. She ran her hands over the stairs of his ribs and pulled him close. She could hear the smile in his heavy breaths and it lit her up inside.

The hard smooth bone of his hand wrapped round her neck.

She looked up, lovingly into his eyes, but was met with the cold darkness of empty sockets. His grip around her neck tightened.

"Sans?" She grasped, confused and terrified.

Icy blue and yellow flames lit the empty pit of his left eye. He was on top of her, holding her down against the cold marble floor.

"On days like this" he whispered. "kids like you" his hand closed, cutting off what little air she had.

"Should be burning in Hell."

As his last word fell, a dozen bones pierced her torso. Her body was ripped apart. She couldn't scream or cry, she wasn't in control. She could only watch from the floor as he stood to walk away.

"If we were ever really friends." He sighed leaning against a golden column "you won't come back."

Frisk's head jerked up from the kitchen table, sending Heinz skittering across the kitchen in a panic. Her cheek was sticky with dribble and her eyes were damp with tears. She wiped her face on the back of her arm and shook her head to clear her fuzzy mind.

"It was just a dream." She told herself firmly.
'Yes' Chara smirked, 'a dream about things that really happened.'

"I don't remember asking you for input." Frisk groaned.

'He killed you, hundreds of times. Now he's killed some other human. Who knows, maybe he killed all of the fallen children' Chara's smile cracked across her head, like a rock to the skull. 'He's a real bad monster, a murderer and you're fucking him.' Her laugh rang out almost hysterically.

Frisk rubbed her now pounding head. The eggs were cold on the counter, untouched. No new texts. Sans never showed up.

Frisk sniffed, a small tremor working its way through her tense frame. She could feel cracks starting to split her forced calm. As soon as one danger had been averted, another seemed to take it's place. It was like being in the underground all over again. Maybe Chara pushed her too far, maybe it was the burn on her finger, or Maybe it was the way she just couldn't seem to catch a break. She couldn't take it anymore. Losing her temper, she stood swiftly, knocking her chair to the ground. She threw the now wet and ice-less rag in the sink and made for the front door. She had to have been asleep for hours. The sun was setting and the rain had returned.

'What?' Chara snickered 'Do you think you can run from me?'

"Yes, in a sense."

'This I have to see.'

Mind set, Frisk marched into the rain, across the stepping stones to the Dreamurr home. She threw the door open and stomped to the kitchen. Clambering onto the counter, she opened a little cupboard above the cook-top and yanked out a glass bottle of amber liquid. A Christmas present for Asgor from Tobias Person. The old goat had no idea what Jameson was. He`d taken one sip to be polite and never touched it again.

'Oh THAT kind of running...' Chara's grin grew sinister 'This should prove entertaining.'

Frisk yanked off the cap and took a swig. The warm brown booze tasted the way gasoline smelled and burned her virgin tongue with whisky fire. Her hackles raised and her toes curled, swallowing took several attempts. Her throat closed itself against her efforts, rejecting the mouthful as if it were poison. When she had finally forced it down, she had to rinse her mouth out in the sink to stop herself from retching.

After a few seconds, the burning on her tongue passed and her mouth was left tingling with soothing spice that spread down her throat and across her stomach. She could feel the alcohol spreading warmth through her veins. It took a few minutes to really hit her. Slowly, the muscles she didn't know she was tensing relaxed. She rested her back against the counter and enjoyed the increasingly fuzzy feeling. Anxious for more, she took another timid sip, coughed and then forced her self to take another. At some point her burnt finger stopped hurting. She eased her self off the counter and walked back across the yard to her house, clumsily swinging the glass bottle. Another drink. Her lip curled, but she swallowed easily. Her mouth felt like it was coated in cinnamon flavored hairspray. She sat down in her kitchen and hugged the bottle to her chest like a life line.

Heinz had returned, sitting on his feet in the center of the table. Frisk stared dumbly at him. She loved when he sat like that. It looked like he didn't have any legs. Just a lump of fur, with a happy looking cat head on top. His amber eyes grew wide. He rose to his fuzzy white paws and chattered at her. Frisk grinned and meowed back. With a flick of his tail, he trotted nimbly across the table to bump his head on hers, just the way Sans always does. Frisk giggled lightly and reached out a finger
to tickle his chin. Rushing affection engulfed her. Heinz was the best cat. A giddy buzzing static stifled her worry and hushed her thoughts. She tipped the bottle, taking a courageously large mouthful. It was getting easier to drink. Her vision was blurring. Soft numbness swaddled her mind. Heinz was the cutest cat in the world.

'Run, run as fast as you can.' Chara giggled.

"Shut up" Frisk growled, raising the bottle to her mouth for a long slow pull.

"I can... I did... Because I can... But sssshh you're just tryin' to trick me into saying your name. I won't... Ya' hear? Won't... won't..." Frisk was slumped sloppily at the kitchen table when Sans arrived. She was waving a bottle of brown liquor at a harassed looking Heinz, as if having an animated argument with him. "Yeah yeah, you're spoopy, so super spoopy lady." She hick-upped and leaded back as if offended. "Me? I'm no lush! Y-you are! Your-You booooze hound!"

Sans was stunned. She was... completely pissed... arguing with her cat? Or with her evil alter ego? That sounded far more plausible, though a lot less funny. They had definitely neglected her demon issue a bit too long. Sans didn't even know Frisk drank. He really hoped that bottle hadn't been full when she started. Ketchup had a similar effect on him, but that was about all he knew when it came to booze. Which was enough to be sure that a half a handle was more than enough to make most people very sick. He watched her from the doorway, trying to gauge the damage. Her face was beaming red and it was clear from her wild movements that her motor function was deeply impaired. The bright green of her eyes seemed duller than usual. She was sweating lightly and he noted a sour stench tainting the air. Alcohol, he was sure, a lot of alcohol. Careful not to startle her, he pulled out a chair, sat at the table and waited for Frisk to notice him.

"I think. You know what I think? I think yoooou're jealous. Ha ha yup. Cuz I I'm alive and yooou're dead." Frisk swayed back and took an unnervingly large pull from her bottle.

Sans cleared his throat.

Frisk stilled, wavering slightly but not yet reacting to his presence.

Sans smiled, "Heya, You've been busy huh?"

"You're late!" She sat up in a flash and rounded on him with spitting rage. "I made eggs. dey got cold. Wahr were you?"

"Sorry pretty lady, I was working" in reality, Sans had been many places today... helping Asgor hand over the tied up protesters, checking and double checking for evidence that might draw attention to him, and helping Alphyus with a few last minute adjustments to the power grid expansion they were testing. Just to name a few. San's doubted Frisk needed all those details in her current state.

"Suuure workin' late... that what the'ry callin' it now'r'dayz?" Frisk huffed, trying to look stern, but her eyes blinked out of sync.

San's had to remind himself that none of this was funny. "How much of that stuff have you
“Nona’ yer beez wax” Frisk slurred, holding the bottle a bit closer. She clutched it like she was scared he would steal it, because they both knew he was thinking about it. “Paws off” she swayed and went to take another swig.

Sans dropped a finger onto the end of the bottle to stop her raising it. "Gotta warn ya buddy." He pushed away the feeling of Déjà vu and smiled at her "If you take one more sip, you're really not going to like what happens next."

Frisk elbowed him away defiantly and chugged, swallowing twice before dropping the bottle back into her lap. "Whoopsy-hiccup- poopsy." She shrugged and then immediately paled.

"Welp, I guess that's it then... can't say I didn't warn ya... and don't say whoopsy poopsy... You know that's hilarious." San's was still trying desperately not to laugh, none of this was even remotely funny. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his arms. There was nothing else to do but wait and see what would happen. It was obvious that any attempt he made to stop her, would only make things worse. One of her eyes closed, but the other was still watching him... Kind of... The drink was hitting her faster than he expected. He leaned forward and brushed her sweaty hair off her forehead. Her skin was hotter than normal. "Are you okay?"

Frisk's brow creased "Are YOU okay?" She blurted, swiveling her head on her neck as if she was insulting him.

"Heh, nice one..." He caught sight of the un-eaten breakfast on the counter, it was almost sunset now and there was no other sign of food in the kitchen. "Have you eaten anything?" He asked, trying not to sound too mothering.

"No," she wobbled in her seat leaning back into her slump, "I was waiting for you."

He winced, reminding himself that there was no way he could have know she was waiting. "I'm sorry, I didn't know you were still going to make breakfast. Your text just said you wanted to talk."

"Yeah?" Frisk slurred stumbling out of her seat. She looked as if she was about to say something else. Instead, her hand clapped over her mouth and she turned, swaying dangerously, and ran ambling and uncoordinated up the spiral staircase. Sans sighed heavily and followed. Poor Frisk was in for a bad time.

He found her upstairs flopped over the toilet, heaving and coughing. "Get a little carried away babe?" He asked, flopping down on the floor to lean against the bathroom wall.

"I just wanted her to stop talking." Frisk's voice echoed from inside the toilet bowl.

"Who?"

"You know..." She hacked, " who."

"She's still in there hu?" Sans stretch his arm over his knee and gently rubbed her back. He already new the answer to his own question, but keeping her talking seemed like a really good idea.

"Yup, still'in here." She turned her head to face Sans and rested it on the rim of the toilet. "I think... I gotta reset."

Sans jumped "What? Why?"
"I'm dying" She nodded, looking solemn.

"So why don't you just wait for the load?" His fear was replaced with the tremendous effort it took not to laugh at her.

"'cause I ... don' wanna." she sniffed sadly "This is da' worst." She squeaks when she hiccups

Sans could no longer stop himself from laughing. "You really did drink way too much, sugar... but I can promise you" He scooted closer to flush the toilet for her "You're not dying."

She looked skeptical "I know what dying feels like."

"Yup, and I know what drinking feels like..."

Her lip quivered, "M' 'tomach-" she hiccuped and closed her eyes "...'urts"

San's heart ached for her. Being that drunk really was the worst. "You need to drink some water and eat something. You'll feel better." He stood up and using a little magic to keep from rocking her to much, he scooped her off the floor.

"I don't wanna eat... I just barfed" She squeaked another hiccup into his chest.

"You will once you smell food." He held her close, carefully making his way back down the stairs. "Speaking of which, I'm sorry I missed your Spanish eggs. I saw them on the counter, they look really good."

Little tears were leaking down her face when he set her down at the table. "Yeah, s'okay."

Exploring Frisk's newly stocked pantry, Sans found a box of instant spider oatmeal. Perfect, monster food was exactly what she needed. He filled a glass with ice water and set it on the table in front of her, flipped the switch on the stove, filled the kettle, placed it on the burner and sat down across from Frisk with a huff. She was looking down at the glass of water as if it had personally offended her.

"Can you drink some of that already?" He chuckled pushing the glass closer to her.

"Meh" She turned her nose up "Where is my booze?"

"Probably still in the bathroom. You don't need any more of that. You've only just started speaking legible English again." He grabbed her hand and wrapped it around the glass of water.

"Sans... I don't want to stop drinking."

Her words hit him in the guts like a fist-full of ice. "What do you mean?"

Her eyes searched his for a moment. She must have sensed his worry, because she turned her eyes to the floor and silently drank the water.

"I'm sorry Frisk." He reached up to touch her face from across the table. "I can't leave you at the bottom of a bottle." She didn't look at him. Sans tapped a finger to his head "It's giving you a lot of trouble huh?"

Frisk just nodded, looking glum.

"You know this isn't the answer." He felt selfish saying it... like he was taking away her hope of relief. He knew all too well what it felt like to want to hide in a bottle.
She almost looked angry with him for a moment, but Heinz jumped onto the table and yowled in her face. "Oh!" She sputtered "It's time to feed you too huh?"

Sans left the table to fetch the cat food. The kettle boiled right as he'd finished feeding Heinz. He pulled it off the burner, poured a pouch of oatmeal into a bowl and tipped the kettle to fill it with steaming water. "You know, for the longest time... I didn't even know it wasn't you coming back and killing everyone over and over." He set the bowl under her nose and sat back down at the table. "I still remember the time line when I found out. We, the demon and I, had to have fought five hundred times already." He scratched the back of his head and chuckled awkwardly, without looking her way. The image of her prepubescent form standing in the judgment hall, coated in gray dust, filled his mind's eye. "I hated you. God, I hated you so much." It was too hard too talk like this around her. Sans leaned his head on the back of his chair to gaze up at the ceiling. "It was hell, fighting forever like that." He continued. "I'd killed it... so many times. Then randomly, everything started over, you were... you... again. We didn't talk, we just went on with the timeline. Like we both needed a break... like we both just wanted to pretend that none of the resets had happened." He scuffed his shoe on the tile, overly aware of how quietly she was listening. "I didn't trust it though. I watched you constantly, I thought maybe it was all a trick."

Frisk stood from the table, wobbled to the fridge and returned to hand him a bottle of ketchup. He hesitated, but took it. She grabbed a spoon for her oatmeal and sat back down. He started at the bottle for a while.

Frisk waved her spoon in his direction. "I'll eat this mush, if you drink that. One isn't gunna hurt you."

Sans broke the seal, popped the cap and cheers-ed her. She raised her glass of water to him. He took a deep swig. She was smiling encouragingly when he surfaced from his drink, so he continued. "One night, when I was following you... you fell asleep in a cave in waterfall and I heard you talkin' in your sleep. You were screaming, begging for my life, and... I knew...."

Sans paused and pointed at the oatmeal. Frisk took a few bites. He smiled and went on, "I knew no one could fake sadness like that... I wasn't totally sure how, but I knew none of it was your fault." Frisk looked better with each bite she took, she smiled up from her bowl at the pause in his story.

Sans smile was more of a grimace, as his tale grew darker still. "The next timeline, it was back. It's like it wanted me to know you were in there watching. When I landed a good hit, it gave you control. It wanted me to see that you could feel it... in the end I had no choice but to put you down."

"I remember that one too." She nodded "You don't feel bad about that... do you?" Frisk asked, sounding far more like her usual self.

Sans flopped and floundered in his seat, torn between logic and irrational guilt. "No, well... yes? I don't know... I know it was the right thing to do... but... Man, we are really messed up, aren't we?"

"I guess we must be..." Frisk agreed thoughtfully, wiping a dribble of oatmeal from her cheek and licking it off her finger. Heinz had also finished eating, he was curled up in Frisk's lap. She pet him slowly. She looked thoughtful... no anxious?

"Hey... Sans?"

"Yeah?"

Her eyes set on him, suddenly stern. "Don't give up."
He chuckled. *Give up? After all they'd been through? No way.* "You got it kid."

She rolled Heinz ear between her fingers and he kicked at her fretfully. "I don't just mean... You know... I mean... don't start taking the easy way out..."

Sans was confused. "The easy way out?"

"Yeah..." She let go of her cats ear and swept her hair out of her face "I need to ask you something else."

'Ooh. Yeah. This.'

Sans leaned his chair back and looked at the ceiling, "Shoot"

"Sans?"

"Uh hu?"

"Sans, I need to to look at me."

She wasn't going to make this easy. A little part of him suddenly missed drunk Frisk. "Oh.. big question huh?"

"Yeah"

He leaned forward resting his elbows on the table and his head in his hands "Okay, all eyes on you doll face."

She didn't even blink "Sans... did you kill someone?"

His smile faltered "Yes."

"Who?"

"The bomber."

A few tears were gathering on the horizon of her eyes. "How?"

There was no point in delaying the inevitability of this conversion. "I threw him off a cliff into the ocean, while time was frozen."

The color in her face drained "Time was... What?"

"Frozen, I froze it."

Frisk gawked. "and?"

San's sighed heavily, trying to think of how to explain. "It was stuck like that for a while... I guess I kinda lost it." He shrugged, trying not to show... how much he couldn't... think about it... He couldn't face it... not really. He had just been telling himself it was the right thing to do...

'but was it? In this timeline, that guy, the bomber... Michael... hadn't hurt anyone yet...'

"How long is a while?" Bless her, she looked so worried for him. He had just confessed to... Murder... and she was worried about how long he was stuck without time.

"I don't know. It had to be a pretty long time." In his mind, he saw her sitting in the bathtub,
eyes slowly closing... he saw the gun in her face... he saw her green, blood soaked cloak flapping in
the wind. Maybe it wasn't the right thing to do... but he wasn't sorry. He reached across the table to
sweep her hair out of her face. "You're right though. I took the easy way out."

His mind was set. That guy had it coming. *He didn't care if he took a life.* He was only sorry for
one thing. "I'm sorry that you're paying for it."

Frisk looked startled, she obviously didn't know how to take that. Sans glanced up at the clock
on the living room wall, 11:59 pm. "Speaking of which, it's late. We should get you to bed. You
have school in the morning."

Frisk's eyes grew a little wider, as if she had forgotten completely. "You said my booze was in
the bathroom right?"
The Set Up

Chapter Notes

***************FYI!!***************

I made a ton of changes to the last chapter.

It was shit... I couldn't leave it that way...

If I were you, I would strongly consider re-reading it.

****************************

Anyways...

So... it's been forever... hu?
I'm super sorry about that... I kinda went through hell at this new job... and in life...
kinda...
I got fired. For the first time ever.
My brother surgery got pushed back, a lot... He's getting pretty depressed... poor kid...
Dealing with some weird... inner demons stuff. By that I mean my sister is in my life
again... IDK what's happening.
It was Stan that convinced me to start writing this again... because he is amazing,
Plus, I'm pretty sure he is secretly reading it... lol

But the truth is, I need you guys.
Because lately this seems to be the only thing in my life that (minus my art) that I get
positive feedback for.
So thank you...

I'm just going to leave these neat things here:

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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The Set Up

"Uuuugh"

Frisk stood in the shower, soaking her head in icy cold water and trying to figure out if she was
still drunk. Her mouth was as dry as a desert and her whole body was clammy and shaking.
Knock knock

She closed her eyes and pointed her head back into the stream. *Nope*

"Aren't you gonna ask who's there?"

Frisk groaned.

"Common" Sans wrapped his knuckles against the door again

Knonk knock

"Uugh... who is it?"

"Youra"

"Youra who?"

"Youra 'bout to be late for school."

Standing up... was a thing that needed to happen, but there was no way she would make it to her feet. Not without falling on her face. She needed help. God... he wasn't ever going to let this go.
Frisk scrunched her eyes and shed her pride. "Sans!"

Her knight in shining sweatpants, was through the door in a blink. "Ye-... ah..." He stillled, sucking in a hasty breath "What are y- heh" His hands slid into the pockets of his blue hoodie. Shuffling his feet, he flushed and looked at the ceiling for a moment. "I mean... Frisk..." When he looked down at her again, his eyes were much darker. "As tempted as I am... now's really not the time."

'What?'

She couldn't think straight enough to figure out what he was talking about. "I need help."

San's brow twitched, a smile tickled the tips of his lips. "With?"

Frisk blinked a few times... wasn't it obvious? "Standing up?"

"Hmm..." He hummed, savoring the moment, like he enjoyed the taste of it. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Frisk glared at him, to make it clear she wasn't in the mood for guessing games.

Sans shrugged and leaned across her to pluck something out of the sink with a wolfish grin. She had to squint through her blurred vision to see... dangling from his extended finger... was a pair of blue and green striped panties and a peach bra. Her, blue and green stripped panties and peach bra. The ones she had set on the bathroom counter to wear today. The ones she had obviously forgotten. Her eyes grew wide as she realized how she must look without them. Pants half on, shirt bunched up around her shoulders, legs spread, still dripping from her shower, flushed and panting on the bathroom floor.

Sans opened his mouth and raised his brows, nodding along with the revelation dawning on her face. "Uuh huu" He jingled her delicates teasingly, stretching his features into a sarcastically round mouthed, mock expression of surprise. "whoopsy-poopsy."

"Don't say whoopsy poopsy," Frisk snapped, bolting up and snatching her undergarments off his finger. "you know that's hilarious."
Sans leaned back, snickered and continued gleefully watching her struggle.

"Enjoying yourself?" She bit, trying to look angry.

"Mmhmm" A glint of blue crackled in his eye. "Still need... Help?"

"No..." She pouted. He smirked at her doubtfully and she sighed, defeated. "Maybe..." He was, at least, considerate enough to suppress his mirth until after he'd helped her to her feet and blipped from the bathroom. She could hear him laughing all the way down the stairs and out the front door. *Where was he off too?*

Well, she was certainly awake now. Frisk sighed shakily, eyeing herself in the bathroom mirror. A haggard, saggy-eyed creature gazed back. What were the humans going to think? She looked like hell. Re-dressing quickly, she stumbled out of the bathroom and flopped onto her bed. Riffling through her toiletry bag without looking, she found a bottle of concealer and dabbed a little under her eyes. Her temples throbbed. This was going to be the longest day of her life. At least Chara appeared to be hung over too. Frisk hadn't heard a peep out of her all morning.

Sans surfaced from the stairwell and sauntered over to sit neck to her, breaking up a bi-sicle. "Here, eat this, it'll help." He held a half out for her.

"Mmmh cheers" Frisk shoved the frozen treat in her mouth and instantly felt a bit better. Thank the gods for monster food.

"Oh, I brought you these too." He pulled a pair of large sunglasses out of his jacket pocket. "They're Paps, he said you could borrow them." Leaning over he slipped the shades onto her face. "I fed your fur ball. Ready to go?"

Frisk knocked the sunglasses up and held out a finger to Sans. Eating popsicles laying down is a bad idea. She was making a huge mess. Pulling the bi-sicle out of her mouth slowly and hastily swallowing the juice, she slurped a failing attempt to keep it from dripping all over her face.

"Frisk we should really g-" There was a hiss as Sans sucked his breath in through his teeth. "You're killin' me this morning, hotcakes..."
Frisk turned her head to ask what he meant, but the look in his now fully flaming eye, struck her mute. His wolfish grin had turned devilish. He nodded towards her ice cream. It was blue. "Oh" she looked at it and flushed "Really Sans?"

He chuckled lightly and raised an eyebrow. "What? You're not exactly making it easy for me to be a gentleman this morning." Frisk flushed deeply and tried to look irritated, despite the fluttering in her chest. It was too embarrassing to admit, but it felt really good to be looked at that way.

_Especially by him._

"Stop being a gentleman then." Frisk smiled, "I don't really HAVE to go to school."

Regaining his calm, flame free, expression, Sans shook his head. "Heh heh Nice try sugar, but I gave my word to the Queen. I gotta get you to school." He looked down at her pointedly and she took the chance to indulge in her bi-sicle, wagging her brow suggestively.

It was Sans turn to groan. He closed his eyes and cracked his neck. When his eyes opened, the flame had returned. "Remind me to stop making promises to Toriel."

...

One, less that comfortable, very hungover telleport and a short, stumble filled walk later, they had made it to the school. The two of them were standing outside a gigantic stone building finishing their bi-sicle halves and watching hundreds of young adults laugh and joke on their way to class.

"Do I really have to do this?" Frisk pleaded, turning anxiously to Sans.

"Don't ask me that." He visibly winced, "I am not even kind of okay with leaving you here." A pregnant silence hung thick and heavy between them while he found a trash can for their Popsicle sticks. Frisk licked at some of the blue on her hands. "Come on Doll." San's laughed, "We're in public."

There's that wolfish smile again.
Frisk batted at him playfully "What else am I gonna do? Wipe it on my nice white pants?"

Sans tilted his head to inspect his own sticky blue hands "You could stop stallin' and go inside. I'm sure they've got sinks in there somewhere." There was another moment of silence. In a unexpected swift motion, Sans reeled back and clapped a hand over one her butt cheeks."Go on I bet you'll end up loving it."

"What the hell is wrong with him?!" As soon as the shock had warn off, Frisk rounded on Sans. "What the crap was that for?"

"To give you courage?"

"You don't slap a girl's ass for courage!"

"Slap? Pfft that was more of a tickle" He wiggled his blue tinted fingers teasingly.

"So you think that's better? Tickling my butt for courage?!"

"Yep, that's a thing. Tickle the butt for courage."

Frisk paused, and then she laughed. Sans smiled. Frisk kept on laughing, she lost sight of why. His smile faded. Her laugh grew frantic. If she stopped laughing, it would be time, wouldn't it? Time to go... She hiccuped. Sans watched her nervously, as her laugh twisted. Before she knew what was happening, she was crying. He swept her hair behind her ear and knocked his forehead against hers.

"Hey, it's okay, it's gonna be fine." His soft breath rolled over her face. "Do I need to tickle your butt again?" He smiled softly.

Frisk shook her head and smiled back. She wanted to beg him to take her home, but she bit her tongue and reminded herself that she was doing this for him. For all of the monsters. Her fingers wove into the trim of his jacket possessively and she pressed her head firmly to his, trying to relieve her pounding headache. "Drinking last night was such a bad idea."

Sans chuckled at her "Yeah I know, booze is never the answer... but it sure is good for helping
you forget the question."

Frisk rolled her eyes and tried not to smile. "I've never been a great problem solver."

"I dunno... Chemically speaking... Alcohol is a solution."

Frisk groaned and put her hands on his face. "Sans, stop."

"Why?" His grin stretched until she could feel it crinkle his forehead. "Common! I was going to tell you a booze joke about gnomes... but ya know, on second thought... I don't want to lower the bar." He tapped a drum beat on the top of her head.

Frisk rolled her eyes and pushed away from him. "Fine!... I'm going... happy?" She turned on her heel and walked into the courtyard. Before she could make it to the steps, her phone buzzed in her pocket.

Sans:

'I knew I shoulda given your butt one more tickle for the road. I think it needs the courage. Your cheek is looking a little... blue."

Frisk caught sight of her back end in one of the windows of the school. There, so bright against her white jeans that it practically shined, was a big, blue, skeleton shaped hand print. She glanced back, to see him watching her, smiling like the Cheshire Cat, with one brow-bone raised almost to the middle of his forehead. She felt herself flush scarlet. She knew that booty slap seemed out of place.

'Damn that skeleton.'

Yanking her shirt down to cover her butt, she stuck out her tongue and jogged to the nearest bathroom. Just inside the first door, flopped over the sink, was Sans blue jacket and a note. She snatched up the jacket, wrapped the arms around her waist and tied them tight to cover her blue bottom. Giggling like a real school girl, she unfolded the note.

'I won't be far. Don't be scared.' She hugged the note to her chest and took a deep calming breath.
In the moments before he struck, all was peaceful and warm. Little jets of sunlight poked through the drowsy overcast, heating the stagnant air. Clusters of humans ambled past. Their feet flopped against the pavement, weighted and sluggish in the humidity. Along the streets, cars whizzed up and down the beginning of the suburbs, marking the exact spot were the dirt ended and the jungle of man began.

Damn asphalt and pavement.

Damn useless roots.

Damn that skeleton and his stupid magic.

There was nothing for it. Venturing out into the human streets was far too dangerous. Asriel found a public park, filled with flowers, where he could wait unseen and think. He was about to give up and go back to Persona... When he felt it.

Hatred... pure, rich and decadently passionate. The likes of which he had never felt from a human. A black sun in the middle of the park, so fierce at its source that Asriel could hardly look at it. He turned what remained of his leaves towards the black hole of hate and soaked in as much as he could bare. There was nothing like this in Persona. He could feel the power of it surging threw his stalk and roots. Soon the feeling grew to be too intense. He soon realized that the well itself was coming closer, bobbing rhythmically along the parks walking trail. Which, by happenstance, passed right by him. Curling in his leaves to protect himself from the overwhelming force, he crawled to the edge of the flower patch and watched its slow advance. The shine-less star of loathing rounded the curve in the path where Asriel sat. Squinting into the heart of it, he was just barely able to make out the shape of a boy... No.... a young man... jogging, almost running, along the winding trail.

The flower had be practicing all his new tricks. This was the perfect opportunity to use them. With hatred like that, there was nothing Asriel couldn't do. At just the right moment, he launched himself at the boy. The impact knocked him over and right into a beautifully manicured hydrangea bush. Wrestling in a tangle of limbs and leaves, Asriel took him forcefully... violently. Probing his mind and body, subduing him and tainting him, burrowing into his flesh to lay in wait, feeding off him like a tapeworm.

He would have his revenge.

James Thomas was a good kid. Everyone who knew him would testify.

He loved to cook, he loved video games and he loved his family. He wanted to join the defense forces one day, and protect the country he adored so much.

James was a strong boy, his father would later say. He woke up every morning to jog to school for first period gym. He was an honorable man, never violent or rash.

He was poetic and kind, his mother would plead. Her boy would never hurt a fly! He was a good boy, gentle and kind as God's lamb.
He was faithful, his girlfriend would swear. He was never lustful or lewd. His eyes never wondered and they were both virgins.

James had an older brother named Michael and Micheal was his hero.

When Micheal told James that the monsters coming out of the mountain were dangerous, James learned to fear them.

When Micheal was found floating in the bay, *James learned to hate them.*

The day after his brother's death, James insisted on going to school. He couldn't face the truth. So he ran from it. Deep down James was an angry, cowardly boy, but even he didn't know it.

He'd never been religious, and he'd never really been in love. James didn't believe in angels, but she was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen.

Long flowing, wavy brown hair, bright green eyes. She was as slender and graceful as a deer.

**He almost vomited.**

*He couldn't stand it.*
*It was disgusting.*

*He had to go home.*
*He ran, back the way he came.*
*Through the park.*

*What would his brother have done?*
*If he had been there?*
*And he had seen...*

*That beautiful girl,*

*That traitorous whore.*

*Gazing lovingly into the hollow sockets of a skeleton?*
*Heads bent together...*
*Holding each other...*
*like lovers?*

Sometime later, James clambered calmly from a hydrangea bush in the park and shook the flowers from his hair. He must have tripped and hit his head...

*because he didn't remember falling.*
Chapter End Notes

As a funny little after thought facty: Tickle the butt for courage is based on real life.

I went skiing with my boyfriend Stan and his vodka loving family. We found ourselves on a really steep slop. i was super hung over and got scared, ultimately ending up frozen and crying on the side of a mountain.

Stan’s solution was to crack jokes and poke me in the butt with his ski pole. The conversation we had was almost identical to the one in the story, minus the blue hand print at the end.

I was upset with him at the time, but looking back, this is one of my favorite memories ever.
Chapter Notes

Whiplash (implied underage nocon and also fluff and smut.)

NonCon? check
Underage? check
Fluff and smut? Check
Too many puns? Check
Highly confusing emotional whiplash?.... yep that's what this chapter is named for.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED.

Also... I have a tumblr now? Thanks onthewingsoficarus...
I have no idea what I'm doing, come an watch me fail to social media at:
RockyRoseOtherworld ... This text is a link BTW.

In other news:

I highly recommend these two stories:

Halo-Heavy by: onthewingsoficarus
Her story is dark and supremely well written... I haven't read horror that got to me like that in a while. I was so excited in her comments, that I busted out with all the pants puns that are now in Otherworld ch 13.

The other is
Hell is a place on the surface

Which was recommended on Halo-Heavy. It's a gritty telling of what it might be like if man chose to enslave monster kind, Post underground.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Whiplash

(Implied underage nocon and also fluff and smut and Puns.)
"Why?"

For longer that Chara cared to remember, that had been her only concrete thought.

In the beginning, she hadn't been angry or bitter. Her young mind didn't understand, but there was no malice in her confused fear.

She was back. Captured. Locked in that awful, empty room.

Back with him. He was never kind to her.

Even after the pleasure he stole.

Even after the money he'd made off her.

Not even an hour had passed before the weird, little, freckly brat ratted her out. The Police knew she was a flight risk. They'd snuck up on her. Without warning, she had been dragged, kicking, screaming, begging and biting from the tree house.

Once they had her in the car, she didn't bother to argue. She'd given up asking for help a long time ago.

Now she was here and he didn't waste any time.

She was such a pretty girl, he would tell her, Such a lady. He always put make up on her. Blush and liner and shadow. Chara never understood why.

It burned her eyes when it ran.
It ran when she cried...

And she always did.

Chara knew what they wanted, she always knew, but the unfamiliarity and predictability shocked
her again and again. She woke up with someone, or someone woke up with her. He grabbed her
wrist and with his other hand pulled her nightgown up. She would move as little as possible, lips
aching, hands and feet going numb. The barked palms of his hands and what was left of the little girl,
curled up in her mind, witness to too much.

Two years after the barrier fell, fourteen year old Frisk had found a ukulele in the shed. She had
been strumming enthusiastically at it for hours, all over the farm. Now her tiny body was dwarfed,
swinging her legs atop a massive draft horse. Anyone would have been, Jock was a Shire horse who
stood damn near nineteen hands tall. As she continued to bat away at the ukulele, what started out as
nonsensical noise and lyrics, seemed to be coming together into a song.

Around and around and around she went, Sans was standing in the middle of the pasture turning
on the spot to keep a lazy eye on her. He noted that everyone else was gathered, faces pressed
against a window in Tobias Person's study, watching her. Tobias had adopted Jock from a local
rescue and attempted to rehabilitate him. Unfortunately, whatever abuse Jock had suffered before
that, had made him quite wild. He was too big and too angry for anyone to get close, never mind
ridding him. So Tobias had given him a private pasture at the side of his house, where he could live
peacefully.

Frisk had of course made friends with him on the spot, the moment they met. That's what she did.
That's what she'd always done. Lite up the dark, fill it with silly joy. Sans was almost seventeen, she
was still a child to him. Still, he couldn't deny feeling drawn to her. Her little song came to a close
and Jock slowed coming to rest his mushy horse lips on the top of San's head.

Yup, this was his life now and Sans wouldn't have it any other way.
"Hope I haven't 'struck' any 'cords' and you don't mind being the 'butt' of my jokes." Sans drawled, trying to excite a laugh out of a grouchy looking Frisk. A giggle maybe? Hell, he would be happy if she just smiled. She had been worryingly quite since he'd come to pick her up. It was obvious she'd had a rough day, but she insisted on not talking about it. So, he'd settle for following her around making pants related jokes about the remaining blue Popsicle stain on her pants.

Frisk remained pointedly silent all the way to the edge of town, through a shortcut and up the stairs.

"Frisk" He grabbed her arm as she pulled a long, white skirt from her closet. "Hey, I'm jeania-"" Frisk huffed, crumpling up her jeans and tossing them in the waist bin. She
kept her side to him, obviously not wanting to continue the discussion.

"Well, don't listen to those Britches." Sans rolled his eyes, trying not to look as guilty as he felt.

"Speaking of better thing to do, when you gonna "bottom out"?" She turned to face him, with her hands on her hips, the skirt draping down her thigh.

Sans deadpanned and spoke quickly, as if he was getting irritated with himself at this point. "Might take a while, I've got a butt-load of these."

Frisk snorted.

Victory was sweet and perused with renewed vigor. "Snort-a 'JEST' glad I could CRACK you up." It was good to see her smiling again.

Frisk's ill temper was finally yielding. "I gotta HAND it to you... BUTT next time" She said, suddenly locking gazes with him. "try not to be so CHEEKY"

Sans just stared back, blinking rapidly and looking gormless.

Frisk raised a triumphant eyebrow."My Arti-SANS-ship is pretty PUN-deniable, hu?."

There was a small pause and they both shattered into side splitting fits of laughter. He watched her drag her arm across her cheeks to wipe away the tears of mirth. Their laughing settled into chuckles and sighs. Her cheeks were red and her eyes sparkled at him. His mind flashed briefly to the mental snapshot he had, of her on the bathroom floor that morning. His breath caught in his throat.

Before he could stop himself, he'd pushed her back against the door, one hand around her wrist and the other on the door next to her head. His face hovering only and inch, maybe less, from hers. He didn't care if it felt like the right time. He wanted her.

She instantly came unraveled, swooning in his embrace. "Happy to see me?" She breathed through slightly open lips.
"Yeah, I'd say I'm tickled pink, but you know I tend to be a little... blue." He snapped his fingers and set his eye aflame.

They stared at each other, breathing heavy under the tension. "All day, I couldn't stop thinking about you." Frisk sighed "I can't get you out of my head."

"Your heads not quiet what I was aiming for, but.. better in, then out, then in, I always say." He wagged his brow.

"You're PUN-believable" She rolled her eyes.

"I'm PUN-stoppable." Sans agreed, slipping his hand up her shirt and brushing it down the firm, elastic flesh of her waist. "But I don't wanna go ANTIC -you off or SATIRE you out with all my Ma-LARK-ee." Despite all the joking, there was no humor in his voice.

"You silly skeleton" She flushed and bouncing onto her toes, she pressed her lips to his teeth before he even had a chance to stop smiling.

They went from warm to hot in an instant. Sans pushed into her kiss and her mouth opened, gasping into his. He shuttered and wound a hand into her hair. Frisk's stomach tangled itself into tight knots. She knew his tongue was made of magic. He'd stuck it out at her enough times... but... She had never felt his magic quite like this before, even when they had been together. Everything he was feeling swarmed her mind. She felt the intensity of his love for her, the deep burn of his lust and she was shaken by his fear, as if it was her own. He was so heart-breakingly afraid of losing her.

She started slightly when she felt his fingers slide into the curve and the top of her leg and drag up until it was pushing on the base of her back. The image of what he wanted swam into focus in her
head and she broke the kiss to stare at him wide eyed. He wanted to... with his mouth?! 

"I can see what your thinking." She blurted, retaliation only now taking hold. First Chara was in her head and now Sans? The dark voice chuckled and the back of her head. 'Privacy is hard to come by lately isn't it partner?'

Sans smoldered "Heh" He seemed unfazed "that certainly doesn't take a wizard." He kissed her again leaving no time to respond.

Her mind filled with feeling again and she had to work to restrain herself, pulling back gently. "I mean, I can really hear you, when you kiss me."

Sans looked confused. "Whadda ya' mean?" The fire in his eye extinguished.

"Ever since I... well... I put your magic back... I can feel what your feeling... but only when..."

"Put my magic back?"

"After I woke up, after all the loads... you weren't in great shape... I used my soul to fix it... Don't ask me how, I have no idea." Frisk struggled to explain. After a few minutes of being ignored, Chara was already reseeding from the conversation, leaving a filmy feeling of distaste in her wake.

Sans stared at Frisk in deep thought for a while. "Could be the beginning of a bond... I don't know... I didn't think it was possible."

Frisk knew what bonds were. Two monster souls becoming one. Like Dogamy and Dogressa, everything they are becomes a union. "What do you think that would do?"
"Well sugar, I can't imagine you want me to go over the birds and the bones with you right now... but honestly... I can't really say... there aren't any records of human monster bonds."

She let the information sink in for a few seconds and then sighed "We should probably talk to Alphys later."

Sans face scrunched, affronted by the notion of talking to the little drake about their private affairs. "That'll be awkward." His face softened and he smiled at her "Yeah, your right though, but first..." He picked her up by the back of her legs and slid her to the floor.

"What are you doing?" She snickered, wriggling half heartedly as he pealed her shirt off, removed her bra and pulled her away from the door to lay her down beneath him.

Leaning back with an evil smirk, he tucked his fingers into the band of her striped panties and pulled them away, leaving her exposed. "If you really read my mind, then you already know." She hid her face, too embarrassed to look at him. When she finally peaked out from behind her fingers his blue eye was drinking her in. He shimmied back hooking his arms under her knees.

Her eyes grew wide. 'Whoa wait a minute'.

"You're not really going to..." She stammered.

"Going to what?" His brow twitched with his smirk, that same devilish smile he wore this morning daring her to say it.

She bit her lip and flushed.

"You don't know, do you?" His smirk faulted and returned as a triumphant grin, "Oh Frisk... and you said I didn't know what I was talking about." without breaking eye contact, he shuffled himself back, dropping his hands to grip her hips. Frisk covered her eyes again, shivering when she felt his hot breath. His tongue strolled along her inner thigh and she tensed, rock solid. His though was clear, he wanted to touch her like no one ever had, like no one else ever would. She relaxed a little and he took it as permission. The feeling of his tongue was strange at first, foreign. She was covered in goose bumps the moment it touched her. It was only because of the continued want, poring from his mind, that she was able to let her anxiousness dissipate.
It wasn't long before he had her writhing in his hands and mouth. She griped his skull desperately, a warm pressure building inside her. Head banked so she could look at him, eyeing her greedily from between her shacking legs. Her body began to feel like one of those vintage collapsing dolls, and the compressed button allowing her to slacken was slowly lifting. An internal thread connected to every muscle and tendon in her body, from the ends of her fingers to the tips of her curling toes, pulled tight inside her. The pleasurable warmth of his touch became a fierce tickle, a burn, not painful, just overwhelming, too much. Her tensing body began to shake and she pulled her legs together in a vain attempt to escape.

With a low, hungry, growl like moan he gripped her thighs and held her legs down. The string of nerves inside her was so taunt now, it felt like it might snap. Her eyes rolled back, as the tickle softened, again becoming a building pressure. Her stomach clenched. The thread became a wire, a guitar string. His mouth strummed music through her in thrumming currents of vibration. She felt the building pressure pop in the base of her stomach, like the eruption of a tiny water-balloon bursting under pressure. Sans moaned into her and sagged slightly. The thread snapped and her body collapsed in all consuming bliss.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, before you say anything... I know this chapter was kinda short and weird. The next one is already half finished and it's gonna be a doozy... long too... I dipped my toes in some noncon today... but somewhere in the next few chapters there will be a cannon ball. If you aren't cool with reading some twisted mess... I would probably back out now.

By the way... I love you kinda, don't leave me.
Click here to listen to the song that ended my writers block for this chapter.

God this took me forever.
Sorry about that, some stuff is stupid atm and I'm trying to get a new job... I found a really good one... but it doesn't start till September... I'm super broke and need to go to the doctor... yeah ...

Yay for being an adult.

ANYWAYZ

5000 hits?! 46 bookmarks?! 324 Kudos?! Freaking 274 comments?! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!
I can't... My mind is freaking blown... I Though my writing was awful...
Thank you all so much for all you Butt Tickles...
I have so much courage now.
You guys make me maybe cry sometimes... just a little... holey moley... I don't even have words...
You guys are seriously one of the best parts of my life.
Speaking of the best parts of my life. Stan is back from Russia, so writing Sans should be a lot easier again XD

Also, go check out 'Slavetale' by NekotoLuna I've been reading it a lot. Like every time she updates... I drop everything I'm doing.
Her OC is slowly becoming more and more emotionally detached. I can't wait to see where she takes it.

This text is a link to come see me on the Tumbly thing. lol

"The window, open, takes
the slick hours and lets them slide
like oil, poured from a saucer.

Mouthing
in a veil of smoke, I try to speak
some powerful word to call them back.

They fall
onto the waiting ground and seep unseen,
trickling
into the hungry earth."

@Brokenwolf

7:15 am 22/06/20XX

'Wake up partner'

Frisk awoke with a start. They should have gone to Alphys's last night, but they didn't. Instead, Frisk fell asleep on the floor with Sans and woke up less than an hour before school. Chased through her morning routine by the late start, she showered hastily and threw on a short dress.

"How's your crazy noggin?" Sans asked, when she hopped down the stairs to feed Heinz.

"Uh... awkward... uncomfortable... full of other peoples thoughts." She sighed poring cat food into the bowl on the floor.

"Eat something?" Sans requested, sounding a bit concerned.

"No time." She replied, they still had to walk through town and she only had thirty minutes to get there.

He wrapped his arms around her and prepared to teleport "Okay, but I packed you a lunch. I don't remember the last time I saw you eat something."

Frisk couldn't either, thinking about eating made her feel queasy. They jogged all the way from the edge of town, to the courtyard of the school, before Sans waved her off. She was about to step into the hall when she heard him call her from outside. He was standing there looking downcast,
holding the sack lunch he'd made for her.

That adorable mess of a skeleton. With a rush of guilt and affection she fluttered back down the stairs, snatched the bag from his hand and pressed a kiss to his lips. "Thanks, I'll see you after school."

His face filled with blue and he rubbed the back of his skull "Heh, yeah, break an arm or whatever."

"Wha- oh..." She did a double take before realizing his intent. "It's break a leg, Sans... geeze."

His blush deepened and he shrugged. "I'm going to run by Alph's lab, by the way. Figure I should get that talk started. She might want to make a study of us later. You cool with all that?"

Frisk huffed "Yeah, yeah, I figured as much... if you're cool, I'm cool."

"I'm the coolest."

"Heaven give me strength..." The bell tolled from the building behind her. "Oh, Sans, I gotta go!"

With that she was up the steps and away, leaving Sans alone in the courtyard.

She could feel the uncertainty still tingling in his touch. A sense of general unease. Something felt off to him, though she could tell he wasn't sure what it was.

9:00 am 22/06/20XX

"R-really? A b-bond?" Alphys's stammered, tea beginning to dribble from the forgotten mug dangling from her claw's slackening grip.

"Maybe, hey don't uh... wet yourself there Alph." Sans chortled gesturing lazily in the direction of her cup.

She quickly corrected her stance. "O-oh" nudging her glasses up her nose and setting the mug on her desk, Alphys shuffled out from behind her work station. "W-what do you th-think might have c-caused it? What e-effects have you experienced s-so far?"

Sans shrugged, "Me? None. It's Frisk that says she can hear what I'm thinking."

Alphys looked startled "That's amazing! a-and you don't know w-what caused it?"

Sans shuffled his feet, stuffing his hands in his pockets. "Uuh we have a couple guesses..." The white of his face tinging with a dust of blue.

"L-like?"
The shyness in his face twisted with irritation and he rolled his eyes. "I mean... what usually creates a soul bond, Alphy?"

"Uuh... O-oh!" Color filled the little yellow drakes cheeks "Y-you m-mean... you and F-frisk.... uh"

"Yeah... yes.... God dammit stop staring at me like that."

"W-wow"

"Yeah."

"N-no, I-I mean... W-wow..."

"Undyne really didn't tell you?"

"S-she did... I just d-didn't think y-you w-ould tell m-me!"

Sans blush deepened and his eyes turned to the floor "Uh yeah... we uh... haven't really TOLD anyone... but I'm worried about Frisk... So I said I'd drop by today while she was at school."

Alphys's face softened with understanding. "Well, I-I t-think i-it's -g-great! I-I'd love a c-chance to s-studying the uh... b-bond?"

"I figured you'd say that... yeah... since no one knows anything about... well anyway... uh yeah... Frisk already said she's alright with that. When do we start?"

"N-now i-if you have t-time? Y-you're o-over due for a c-check u-up any way S-sans." Alphys's asked barely curbing her excitement.

Sans sighed inwardly, but nodded. It was going to be a long day.

How do the tides turn?

Is there a shift? Some notable climax at the height of the oceans great sway?

Is there a moment where the waves, having receded as far out as the sun can pull them, pause under their own weight?

From the shore it just seems as if the waves come and go, so easy and soft. Trickling into pools and flowing through sand covered toes. It is hard to imagine that great swell, the ocean wide, stretching out to the great cosmic forces that urge it, ever away from the earth.

8:25 AM 22/06/20XX

A girl sat outside the school, her hands beginning to shake from holding her cellphone up for so long. Recording them on her phone was easy enough. She'd arrived at school early, to sit in the courtyard pretending to play games on her cell and wait for the right opportunity. The Monster girl was shorter than she expected, under five and a half feet. Slender, a scrap of a thing, if not for her
curvaceous build.

She sucked in an anxious breath as the infamous skeleton bodyguard tailed monster girl into the courtyard, just as he had yesterday. Only maybe an inch taller that his charge and so white he seemed ethereal beside her. They were both unreal.

The nervous onlooker had expected a candid snip of film, just a little proof of the 'history in the making' unfolding at her school. The chased good-bye kiss she caught on camera was completely unexpected. As was the reaction of the world at large... in the end... maybe it was a mistake to post it online...

Just a little mistake. Her intentions were good.

10:00 am 22/06/20XX

It was mistake. Alphys would never have done it, if she had known the consequences. It was never her intention to anger anyone. To... hurt anyone. Especially not anyone she loved. A tiny error in judgment, made with the best of intentions. When San's had come to see her, she had been overjoyed by the possibility of a bond forming between him and Frisk. There were no records of human monster bonding, beyond old tall tails and folklore. A real study of it, in the flesh, was groundbreaking. Monster kind would be overjoyed. So she posted it, to spread what she felt. "Love is in the air everybody! First Monster-Human bond study underway!" She just wanted everyone to hope, like she hoped, that man and monster could co-exist in peace. That one little post... had been meant well. It had... How could she have known?

3:00 PM 21/06/20XX

It was only a little mistake. It was safe enough for Sans and Frisk to go into town, so surely it couldn't be that dangerous. Nice cream guy was a good person. He was friendly and outgoing, just out in town to sell a few nice creams, brighten a couple people's day, maybe make a little extra cash for his trouble. He didn't mean to step on any toes. People loved monster food after all. When a girl asked to take his picture, he was excited. Maybe things were really going to get better. Maybe monsters and humans could get along after all.

11:00 PM 21/06/20XX

It was just a little mistake. The wrong place at the wrong time. Just a friendly rabbit monster, just a funny talking ice cream and a few jokes. Chelsea always tried to see the best in people and it was obvious that Monsters weren't as bad as the media made them out to be. She took a selfie with the ice cream rabbit and posted it online. She was filled with hope for the future, walking home that night after work. She hadn't seen the angry figure crouching in the dark until he was on her. Vines around her throat, poison in her veins. Naked and burned, spread in the street for all to see. A broken little bird, feathers plucked and broken wings. Soul shattered at her side as if to tell the world... this was a
monster's handy work.

6:30 AM 22/06/20XX

It had just been a little mistake. The newest intern at the local newspaper just wanted the headline. He was just trying to prove himself, to make his mark on the world. Maybe he didn't have cause in his assumptions. Maybe he took it a little far. It wasn't supposed to be read as fact... just as a strange coincidence. His piece "Monster-Human Bonding & Violence in Harth" had been rushed to his boss long before he'd had a chance to think it through. He hadn't meant to start a panic, when he made the connection between the study on monster-human bonding and the tattered rape victim found in the street that morning. No one was supposed to get hurt, but by the time he realized what his words would mean, the print was already shipped out. The damage was done.

1:00 PM 22/06/20XX

It had been a little mistake. The right action, just the wrong time. It should have been joyous news, for all the monsters hidden throughout the world since the barrier formed, to finally come out of hiding. If human society had not been caught in a moment of fear, if they had waited a little longer, maybe things would have been different. As it was, terror gripped the world over as humanity realized that they were, and in fact always had been, surrounded by monsters.

2:00 PM 22/06/20XX

It had been a mistake. Part of him had known that when he did it. Commander Talen Ó Baoill wasn't a bad man. To the contrary, he was only looking for a peaceful solution when he went to the European Union for help. He had known the people were already demanding action, tensions were high. Even though Ó Baoill was a good man, when the flower attacked and all the protesters showed up hog tied... even the commander gave in to his fear.

Little mistakes.

Thin strands of fate.

Perfect terrible timing.

Weaving a sticky web...

to ensnare them all.
4:00 PM 22/06/20XX

Queue the spider.

Eric Roswell... A previously longstanding member of the U.N. Security Council, running for President of the European Parliament. One wicked soul. One bad apple to ruin the bunch. All that was needed was a tug here, and a tug there, the framework already in place, the dominoes standing ready for his finger, just the slightest touch.

3:00 PM 22/06/20XX

No protesters, all day.

Not a one.

Undyne and Papyrus sat on top of the guard station for the farms front gate, eating a late lunch and looking out onto the empty field outside.

"MAYBE THEY HAVE SEEN THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS?" Papyrus mused stirring his uneaten spaghetti. Undyne could hear the doubt in his voice.

"Uh... yeah turd, I'm sure that's what it is." She stabbed her fork into the contents of her tupperware a few times before looking out over the field again. It was like that thing that Asgore told her about. When it gets really quiet, right before a big storm... that's what this was right? The calm? Was an army massing just over the hills, while she and Papyrus sat there eating spaghetti?

She had done all she could, for now. She was under orders after all. Having texted Asgore earlier in the day to tell him about the absence of humans at the front gate. She flipped out her phone to look at his reply for what had to be the millionth time that day.

King Asgore 'I see.'

11:04 AM

ME 'Orders?'

11:05 AM
King Asgore 'Man your post. Remain vigilant.'

11:12 AM

6:30 PM 22/06/20XX

Tip tap tip tap tip tap

"519" He repeated to himself checking each stamped metal number-plate he passed.

Tip tap tip tap tip tap

"519" That was the number where the map said the ER would start. *How was he still in the 300's?*

Eggshell tile, coated in chip-flecked, high gloss polymer, paved the floor in the unending maze of hallways. Coupled with empty space, they sharpened the acoustics to a near cave-like quality and echoed the eerie metronome of his hastened foot steps. Which served, for him, as a grave reminder of the passage of time. Each footfall the resonating tick-tock of gears in an off-beat clock.

San's hated human hospitals.

To be fair, he'd didn't know if he hated all of them. This was the only one he'd ever been too and he mostly hated the smell of it. The whole building smelled like death. Not like decay, just death. At best, that meant the chalky smell of plaster and the papery, acrylic smell of fresh paint. At worst, it was the drenching stench of an under-maintained public pool. The gag worthy union of bad breath, mixed with the nostril singeing burn of bleach. That metallic human blood smell, but watered down, smothered by the light sting of cheap antiseptic cleaners and the distinct sour tang of iodine. It was the smell of a sterile illusion. The illusion that everything was going to be okay. A sparkling clean, sky blue, cotton blanket of hope, thrown lazily over the dark truth. A lot of people who come here, never leave... You shit yourself when you die... and somebody probably died in that gown you're wearing.

The hall he was in ended in a T., Sans paused a moment to think. The ICU was in the front right corner of the building... and he was heading for the ER at the back... so... None of that was helpful information... Sans flipped a mental coin and went left.

Okay, maybe he didn't just hate the smell. All of it's features were pretty hate worthy. The sickly sweet, peach-blush color of the walls, clashed violently with the aquamarine of a seeming infinite line of identical doors.  *What was the design theme here? Ugly public bathrooms? Color blind grandmas?* The pastel colors were clearly chosen to make the place feel clean, as was the uncomfortable lighting.

There were a big set of navy blue double-doors at the end of the hall. It looked like he was finally getting somewhere. Picking up the pace in anticipation, he burst through the doors, trotted down a short corridor and turned a corner to find... another identical hallway.

He was completely lost.
'How big is this place?' Sans was going to lose his mind. In a terror driven rush, he'd entered the building through the first door he could find. 'Why did they have to build it like a damn fun house?!' He thought bitterly. 'Nobody here is having fun.'

It was time to give up on walking. He needed to see her. Sans took a deep breath and tried to get his bearings. The only way he was going to find her was by teleporting out and walking in through the ER. It wasn't his first choice. The human's hadn't reacted well last time. Appearing in the ICU waiting room five years ago, had damn near started a panic. Looking over his blood soaked clothes, he didn't hold much hope that this time would be any smoother. Not that a blood covered skeleton monster, frantically running around the hospital would be any more of welcomed sight. With a heavy sigh, he held his breath, braced for screams and focused on his destination, materializing as discretely as possible, into a well shadowed flower bed next to the ambulance entry.

Sans released his breath with a puff of relief. It was getting dark outside and there was no one there but a very confused looking old man in a wheel chair. The man blinked a few times and then smiled at him, waving cheerfully. Sans cocked a brow and timidly returned the wave, before making his way to the door.

"Not my time yet, eh?" The old man called after him.

Sans was completely stumped "Sorry?" He asked, stopping to look back at the man.

"Oh that's quiet alright! I'm not in any hurry." He chuckled, having mistaken San's inquiry for an apology " Must be getting close though" He tapped his temple and pointed at Sans, "Considering I can see you and all."

"Oh, okay then." Still thoroughly confused, Sans shook his head and walked into the ER.

The ER is nothing like they make it look on the telly. No one is racing around or screaming medical jargon. It's calm and quiet. Most people are sitting, looking tired or uncomfortable in the waiting area. Some with obvious injuries, some without. A bored looking lady sits behind a smudgy plexy-glass window and deals with peoples paperwork. Every once in a while, someone in scrubs comes through the double doors to collect the next patient. Realistic ER shows would probably be a wicked yawn.

Sans heart ached. It felt wrong for Frisk to be here... Again.

Careful not to look too frantic, Sans approached the woman at the reception desk. "Hi, I'm looking for someone who came in in the last hour?"

The woman yawned like she'd see it all, completely unfazed by a skeleton walking up and talking to her. "Name?" She drawled.

"Uh... I don't think she was awake enough to give her name." Sans tried to decide what name to give. The one super mom had spouted all over the news... or her real name? "But... uh... she goes by Frisk."

The woman tapped away at her computer wordlessly and then turned towards Sans and replied "I don't have a Frisk, but I have a Jane Doe with an abdominal puncture that came in about twenty minutes ago?"

sans nodded. "That's her."

"Are you direct family?" She drawled.
"Not... Exactly... " Sans Shrugged. Here we go, just like the first time. It had taken forever to be allowed to see her in the ICU five years ago. He really didn't have time to play this game with them tonight.

She stared at him for a minute and then sighed "Do you have contact info for her family and next of kin?"

"She doesn't really have any... officially..."

"Can you provide her information?"

"Yep, basically anything you need to know."

She pulled a few forms from various holders on her desk, clamped them onto a clipboard and slid them through a slot in the window. "Okay sir. Have a seat and fill this out. The doctor will probably have some questions for you."

Sans sighed, flipping quickly through the sheets of paper. "When can I go back and see her? At least to make surer this is the right girl?" He really didn't have time for this... he needed to talk to Frisk now...

They would be coming for him any minute.

4:59 PM          22/06/20XX

The thinnest hand of a clock, is easy to observe, counting away the seconds. Its steady rhythmic push pulsing through the gears behind the face, tick tick ticking into the movement of the minute marker. But the hours move so slowly it seems almost like magic.She only notices a change when she looks away. As if it does not want to be seen creeping along its inevitable path.

'Do you ever stop thinking? I'm so tired of hearing your weird thoughts.'

'Get out then' Frisk willed her mind to fall pointedly silent.

There was a buzzing in the air, a tense silence. Frisk tried to fill it with the shaking tap of her foot on the tile floor of her study hall. The bell should ring to signal the end of the day any minute. She needed a to be done. It was too hard to study today. Even with her tutors gentle coaxing, she just wasn't absorbing anything.

CLANG CLONG CLANG CLONG

Even though she was waiting for it, the eardrum cracking scream of the bell still nearly launched her out of her skin when it finally rang. Frisk jumped nervously from her seat and bid her teacher farewell, scrambling from the room before the woman could even turn from the white board.

The hall was filling with students, but not the way it normally did. They weren't leaving but gathering in the hall. Frisk walked to the edge of the crowd, standing on tip toe to try and see what the hold up was all about, but she was just too short.

HONK HONK HONK
An alarm sounded overhead before the loud speaker crackled to life and a male voice thundered through the halls "ALL STUDENTS AND FACULTY PLEASE RETURN TO YOUR LAST CLASS OF THE DAY, IN A CALM AND ORGANIZED FASHION. WE ARE ON LOCK DOWN WITHOUT EXCEPTION AS OF 5:02 PM AGAIN ALL STAFF AND STUDENTS PLEASE CALMLY RETURN TO YOUR LAST CLASS FOR LOCK DOWN"

Students turned and in a great muttering wave they hurried back in the direction they had come. Frisk tried to dodge through the crowd, getting bumped and shouldered as she fought against the tide.

'You're not very smart are you?' Chara snipped sounding strangely anxious.

'I need to know what this is about.' Frisk thought back.

'Something is really wrong, can't you feel it?' Chara was sinking low in her mind, like a child trying to hide in the couch during a scary movie.

It only took her a second after reaching the door to the courtyard to see what the lock down was about. Protesters. Hundreds of them. The police were on horseback, trying and failing to hold back the screaming mob.

Chara's voice chattered like shivering teeth. 'Something is coming... Frisk get us out of here.'

Frisk needed to hide, but she was frozen, stunned, no one was even supposed to know she was here. She shouldn't have let Sans walk her in. God, she was so stupid.

'It's here...'

An electric shock ran down her spine at the feeling of a large firm hand on her shoulder. "Hey" Frisk whipped around and looked up into the face of a young man, a student, probably the same age as her, She tensed, not knowing what to expect from him.

A smooth smile parted his lips and his soft brown eyes met hers. "Sorry I startled you, I get why... you need to get out of here and hide. They'll loose their shit if they see you."

"Y-yeah" Frisk stuttered back. She needed to tell Sans... as soon as she was somewhere safe. Chara was clouding her mind, babbling frantic nonsense. Frisk shoved her rambling voice away. 'What the crap has gotten into you?'

He pulled her shoulder and ushered her down the hallway "Come on, I know a place you can go... no one else will be there."

"H-how did this happen?" Frisk asked aloud, as soon as they were around the corner.

"Oh, didn't you hear? You and your uh... skeleton... are all over the internet... and the news... a ton has happened today, where have you been?" There was something familiar about the way he laughed...

and the way he smelled...

*like freshly cut grass.*
Chapter Notes

BOOM!!
SO FAST!!!

BECAUSE ALL YOUR COMMENTS GAVE ME THE STRENGTH!!!
I might have to edit it later... Cuz I rushed a lot.
I worked on it all day because I wanted to say thank you for all the wonderful things you guys said!
I want you to know it's not just words when I say thank you...
All the new and returning readers... You all mean so much to me.
Welp, enough of my feels...

BTW Some of this chapter was inspired by Halo-Heavy and onthewingsoficarus in general. Check her out. You won't be sorry.

This text is a link to my Tumbly doodly.

Let's get into this mess...

Hold on to your butts.

(o+_+o)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
"To be blinded by the light is
that most signal of ironies, to suddenly
see what sight itself has hidden
all along. And that most signal of clichés is that
later revelations are mere echoes
of this primal divine overkill.
Now, all this would be a great and happy ending, but for
the unwritten consequence—
a persecuting villain transformed
into a persecuting hero who unleashed
—let slip—
a persecuting horde.
For Saul the light that blinded was only to reveal
a wolf in wolf’s clothing,
whose snout and gray fur poked through gaps
in a hev halo, whose binding
blinding vengeance
still bays
at the heels of centuries."

- The Dogs of Damascus
@brokenwolf

**Flash Forward- The Near Future**

And the Start of the end.

Flashing lights, blazed and flickered like fireworks. She could see them before she could hear them. Cutting though the dark like a knife. Setting the looming night aflame with green and yellow, red and blue. A high pitched squeal, and deep soul shaking boom. Little crackling stars raining down from the sky, trailing gray and white streamers of smoke. They would be beautiful, if she didn’t know what they were.

Justice was coming and no one would be safe. She could die a hundred million times, cast her own blood into the greedy onrush of fate until time itself came to an end, but it would never be enough to pay this debt. She knew this. Standing on the precipice of a mile long line of bodies, their hands linked forming a living fence, with her as it’s glass cannon, its keystone head. They stepped together, creating a waterfall of sound, using their bodies like shields. Gaining ground, pushing back, taking a stand, all in an an attempt to save the smoking hell that was once their home. Despite the glaring certainty, that it was already too late. Nothing would ever be the same. The world had been tested and they had all been found wanting.
The cost would be fire and brimstone.

People were going to die.

Monsters and Men.

There was no changing that now.

Which didn't stop her mind from thinking back. **Trying to figure out where it all started. What choice had been made, what action had been taken, that had led them here and closed the door behind them?**

It did not take her long to think of it.

*James.*

Or perhaps not. Maybe this had been their fate from the start and choice was only, and had only ever been, an illusion.

Frisk knew first hand how hard it was, in the moment, to see what greater effect or chain reaction might ignite from a single choice, act or maybe even a thought. According to Sans, any number of seemingly isolated happenings could have a rippling impact, far beyond any one life. For every action, there must be an equal or greater reaction. Energy is neither created nor destroyed. The universe must remain in motion.

The thing was, it hadn't always stayed in motion, had it? She could reset, go back over and over, if she wanted. Sans could even stop time... So how could there be a great plan? What was it Sans had said all those timelines ago?

"You can't understand how this feels. Knowing that one day, without any warning, it's all going to be reset... to be blunt... it makes it kind of hard to give it my all..." She could almost hear his lackadaisical chuckle. "Or is that just a poor excuse for being lazy?" After all the timelines Sans had become a bit of a nihilist, to say the least.

"Jeez kid, I dunno if there is a point to all of this, but does it matter? Would it change anything if there was?"

*And... Maybe he was right.*

Maybe it was all just meaningless chaos.

Maybe none of this, her own life included, meant anything at all.

Maybe there was no plan. No design. No fate.

Maybe it was all just random chance.

Maybe it was just as likely, that she would rule the world, as it was that she would destroy it.

The very idea made her feel ill. Her self important mind immediately rejected the thought. All at once she was rocketed from her musing into a growing chorus of gunfire and chanting. The meaning didn't matter, she was here now. The decision had been made. The line was almost upon them. She knew what she had to do.

With every ounce of her determination...
**Present day**

In the school, surrounded by the horde.

Little introductions, his name was James, her name was Frisk. Nice to meet you, thanks for the help. A little small talk, a few jokes. He seemed nice enough, until he wasn't.

It all happened so fast. As soon as they were out of the main hallway, his unfamiliar arm curled around her waist. Frisk never saw it coming. The sudden cold touch. The tug and pop of her skin, the itchy invasive, throbbing burn in her stomach. She didn't even really register what he'd done until his smile was on her ear. "Ssh Ssh... don't squirm or it'll bleed too much." He whispered through a simper.

Her breath was halted by her agonized grimace, but with a push she managed to exhale a question "Why?"

"Why?" Jame's grin grew. "To enrage him of coarse." His grip around her stomach dropped, and he let her sag to the already growing pool of blood at her feet with a wet smack. He bent down to take her phone from her pocket and held it to his ear. "Hello?" his voice was laced with mock panic "999 emergency? There was a stabbing inside Harth Co-ed secondary, I think she's dying" He then quickly pressed the end button to stop the call, typed a hasty text message and chucked her phone to the end of the hallway. "You'll see." He laughed.

Barely a second passed before Sans was in the hall with them. His eyes were wide in abject horror. He ran, dropping to his knees to slide the last few feet to her side. "Frisk!" He pleaded for only a moment, before the laughter above them twisted his horror into fury. His bony hands balled into fists at his side. His mouth opened to speak and then snapped shut with a ragged shuddering breath.

James ran. Frisk could still hear the snapping of his shoes against the tile as she tried to clutch at Sans t-shirt. His eyes were closed. Over the smell of copper, she could practically taste the burnt sugar smell of his angry magic. Sparking like flesh charcoal, raising the hair on her arms. He was so much more powerful now, than he had been as a kid.

'This is what he wants! Don't fall for it!' She wanted to scream 'stay with me,' But watery blood and burning bile filled her mouth and her words were lost in retching and pain. Sans ran a hand through her hair and stood, his eye open and aflame, blue fire licking at the side of his skull. Seething and silent, he left her there. Still reaching for him. Still... until her eyes closed and there was nothing.

Nothing except Chara's red eyes, quietly watching her in the dark.
Thunder, thunder, thunder, breaking glass and stomping feet.

The mess outside was more than 'out of hand'. The school was a mad house and Frisk was nowhere to be found. People were throwing things through windows, toppling cars and setting fires. Part of Sans was resigned to the fact that her dying wouldn't be the end of the world... but it felt like every-time it happened a little more of his sanity was chipped away. The worse her death, the worse the damage, and death by angry horde, was the worst death he could think of.

There was no doubt what this was all about. The mob made that very clear. Even to go as far as lynching a plastic skeleton and a blow up sex doll to illustrate their intentions. 'Please let her be safe somewhere' He prayed inwardly, god only knows what they'd do, if they found her.

Jumping through space this much was tiring, and every teleport he risked being seen. He held his breath for every hop, terrified of what he'd find. In the end, no lack of oxygen could prepare him. He got a text, telling him where to go. In a dark hall he found her, laying, twitching in a growing pool of blood. He was too late... again.

She looked so small, so fragile and pale, contrasted against the backdrop of red. 'Why?' His mind begged 'who?' and in a manic ring of laughter, he got his answer.

(RAGE)

Thought did not carry him. He had no plan, no intent beyond his blinding anger. He didn't even speak to the boy before he killed him. His glowing phalanges curled around the fibrous, pulsing flesh of Jame's throat and squeezed. A single bone shot through his chest. San's grip did not slacken until the fluttering of the boy's heart stilled beneath his finger bones.

Broken promises. A crime of passion, but a crime none the less. It hit him, a bucket of ice water to his mind. The body flopped the floor like a wet sock. Sans only stared at his own shaking hands until he noticed the window beside him, and all the faces screaming at him from the other-side. It was as if the volume had been muted until that point. Now he could barely think over the sounds around him. This was planned. She had tried to tell him... He had see the panic on her face... and still... God... he'd just left her there.

To kill someone.

No time-freeze buffer... no life or death, self defense explanation.

He chased that kid down.
And he murdered him in *cold blood*.

Had Frisk bled out, all alone, while he...

'God dammit'

Sans jolted to reality, now was not the time for a breakdown. With a quick jump, he was back where he'd left her, but the pool of blood was smeared and empty. Her shirt had been cut away and left on the floor amongst scattered medical wrappers. The kind you'd only find in an ambulance. It had been so long he barely even remembered where the hospital was anymore. So he had to jump home first. Alphys. She still had the address right? She was eating a bowl of ramin when he arrived. Startled, she flung the noodles all over both of them.

"Sans! I'm sorry! I understand if you hate me but I didn't-" She started, but he cut her off with a hand on her shoulder.

"I need the address for the hospital in Harth." When she just started at him, he felt his anger rise. "TODAY! ALPHYS JESUS!"

She squeaked, shocked into action by the uncharacteristic bite in his voice. After shuffling through papers in a drawer in her desk, she found Frisk's medical files and handed him the address. "W-what's g-going o-on? W-w-whats a-all - th-the bl-blood a-and.. w-why d-didn't y-you j-just... l-look it u-up... o-on... your phone, asshole?" She stuttered, settling into her anger as she reasoned through his actions.

She had a point, but he didn't have time to explain or banter with her about it. He dropped the folder and was gone before the papers settled back on her desk.

---

'Is it my turn yet?' Chara purred.

'You already know I'm not giving up.' Frisk snapped back.

'At least let yourself die.' She sighed 'Your body is all fucked up and you saved last night. I felt it.'

Frisk considered this. It was true. She could feel the save when she thought about it, and she could sense herself slipping towards death even now. Maybe there was time to stop all of this, if she just went back. 'Since when do you even care?'

Chara guffawed mockingly 'I don't care. I just don't want to feel that stab wound anymore. That shit hurts.'

Frisk started, taken aback, 'You can feel it too?'

'Can you feel things when I'm in control?' Chara sneered. 'I got drunk with you when you drank, didn't I?' She snapped, her voice growing angrier with each word. 'Yes, you thoughtless idiot. I can feel EVERYTHING you feel.'

The implication of Chara's words sunk in deep and Frisk shuddered at all she had unknowingly shared. 'That's disgusting.'
'You're telling me.'

After a long and uncomfortable silence, Frisk heaved a heavy sigh, 'Alright, alright... we're going back... hold onto your socks... Sans is gonna flip shit when I tell him.'

Paranoia crept over his bones. He couldn't keep himself from shaking nervously in his seat and gazing around the room for signs of trouble. 'Not suspicious at all.' They weren't going to let him back there. They were just going to make him sit out here. The whole thing had to have hit the news by now. 'Shit' ... they were probably already calling the cops.

"Oh yes, I've seen him. You can see him too?" A familiar sounding voice caught Sans attention. The weird old man from outside was talking to a young male cop behind him. He waved when San's turned around "Yoohoo Mr. Death? Hello again! Did you know this officer is looking for you?"

'Double shit'

Wait... Mr. Death?

Ooh.

That was a bit too 'on the nose' to be funny... and also... ouch.

Not cool, weird racist old guy.

The cop started walking towards him. "Sans, uh Sans Skelton? I'm Officer Cornham-"

This should be good. "Nope, I'm his brother Papyrus. Policed to meat you Cornham, and it's pronounced Skeleton, middle name 'the'. What can I do for you officer?" Was he out of his mind? He should be running... But really... what was the point now?

The cop looked confused. "Okay, Pa-Papyrus was it?" He pulled out a notebook and started jotting down information. "Have you seen your brother today?"

"Broh my god, now you mention it, I can't say I have. I thought I did earlier... bro and behold... it was a false bra-larm."

Blink, Blink.

After a moment of awkward silence "Any idea where he might be?"

This guy was actually going with it? Must be new... or an idiot. "No clue, kernel mustard, but I'm glad you're here." wink "A man just assaulted me with milk, cream and butter." It was official, Sans was losing his mind.

The cop just stared. "Wha-"

"I know right? How dairy." Bu-dum-tis.
"Anymoo, I butter be be going." Sans turned with a slow exaggerated swing of his leg.

"Wait! Oi! Hold it." Too good to be true. Sans was headed face first for the ground, faster than he could react. He sucked in a breath, but never hit... he was just... on the ground. For a moment, sitting in the dark, he thought he might have used some kind of accidental magic, or died. It was her warmth that dawned the truth, and her sniffing tears and shaking sobs. He was home, the taste of her still lingering on his tongue, her panties still hanging from the crook of his elbow, her hair still in his face.

No blood. No copper smell. No angry horde. No broken windows...

None of it happened. He wasn't a murderer. She wasn't a victim. It was a bad dream.

It was a bad dream.

He squeezed his eyes closed and pulled her against him. Insides all dry, his heart was scorched earth and death. He squeezed her tighter, his knees pulling up around her. There was so much nothing in his chest, it was creating a vacuum. A black hole, to pull him and everything else in. It took a while before he could hear her calling him over the ringing in his ears.

"SANS!" Her tiny fingers were pulling at his arm bone.

"Mup 'mm up..." He mumbled. Maybe he could fool her? Nope... she didn't have to turn around for him to feel her glaring

"Did you?"

Sans paused a long time... If he lied, she would never have to know. It would be like it never happened...

"You did..." He felt her slump against him. Fingers leaving his arm to cover her mouth. It was his last chance to deny it... but the words wouldn't come.

MURDERER.

He was guilty. He deserved her disgust.

MURDERER.

Disgust, is not what she gave him. Flipping in his arms, she turned to face him, and wrapped herself around him. His vacuum turned inside out, opening the flood gates and releasing all the demons in his tattered soul. Howling through his mouth, rattling through his bones. He heard himself say "I'm turning into my father."

MURDERER.

KILLER.

LUNATIC.

"Ssh" She whispered "Ssh It won't happen this time."

This time? That's right. That fucking guy was still out there and still going to try to hurt Frisk. He stilled, magic rising with fury from the deep well of madness in his broken heart.
No.

He wasn't sorry. *He would do it again.*

"Sans no. Sans-"

But he was already gone.

(RAGE)

She would have to forgive him.

No, she wouldn't... he didn't care... she just had to live.

Sans was obviously coming unglued. If she was honest, she wasn't far behind him.

She couldn't blame him for being angry and vengeful, but this wasn't the way. She had to find him, before he did something stupid... something unforgivable.

A hour or so later, Frisk was running through the hallways of the school. She'd stolen the new red convertible her parents just bought and broken in through a classroom window. I wasn't even morning yet. The sun wouldn't be up for a few more hours, but he was here somewhere. *She could feel it.*

After almost half and hour of searching, she came to rest in front of a closed classroom door. Odd. All the other doors were open. Something clattered to the floor behind the lone door. Frisk started for it.

"Don't go in there" Chara shuttered inside her head. The strength, the terrifying ora that once clouded the part of Frisk's head that Chara occupied, had all but dispersed. In its place, was a girl, just a girl, tiny and frail, curled in the fetal position. She was cowering, but from what?

Two equal forces pulled at Frisk's mind. On the one side: seeing Chara reduced to a quivering puddle of fear, was certainly enough to give her pause for thought. On the other: curiosity has always been a powerful force in Frisk's decisions.

"What's got you all worked up?" She asked, aloud to the spirit in her mind.

'I can feel him' Chara clutched herself tighter 'He'll hurt us. He's not right. Him and that kid he' possessing.' Frisk felt a slimy, pleading touch against her consciousness. 'They're all mixed up together, don't go in there. Please don't go in there. Go home, get bony.'

What could be so horrible? Possessed? What the hell was Chara on about? It was just a guy... right? Frisk had to know what awaited her on the other side of that door.
She reached a trembling hand for the handle.

‘...*don’t*...’ Chara whined, trying to hide among the complex folds of Frisk’s thoughts. Frisk waved her away.

*It was making her heart pound.*

...

*It was making her heart pound.*

...

*Just getting near the door was making her heart pound.*

...

Frisk started to turn back, but hesitated. *Since when had it ever been a good idea to listen to Chara?*

With a quick motion, like ripping off a plaster, she threw the door open. It was dark, too dark to see more than a foot inside. Frisk only had to stand there a second squinting into the dark, before she could smell it. A pungent odor filled her nose and gauged her throat. The smell of wet, rotting undergrowth. The stench of snails and insects, sewage, sickness and compost. Frisk blinked back tears and resisted the urge to hold her nose. As her eyes adjusted to the dark, she could just begin to make out the shadow of a figure. Some pitiful, misshapen beast, shambling into the center on the pitch black room. Her heart lurched for it.

"James?" Frisk questioned the dark. Chara whimpered.

It... James, turned to face her. The smile on his face was wrong in a way that felt so, so *familiar*.

His unfocused eye shine grew, as his off-center pupils dilated and fixed on her.

"*Howdy*"

Frisk froze and her heart stopped beating. Chara's fear clutched and shook her from her brains depths. The shambling figure that was James, took a step forward, and from his back and arms she could see something melting away from him, pooling around him like liquid... or snakes?... No... *vines*...

'Run.'

Frisk turned without another thought and raised her foot to make a break for it. She had a split second to register the feeling of something slick and smooth around her ankle and then she was on the floor. The impact of her chest against the stone tile knocked the breath from her lungs. Stars sparkled in her eyes. The vine around her ankle tightened, pulling her back.

Every attempt to grip the floor or otherwise resist was futile.
"What's wrong? Don't you wanna play?"

Frisk was dragged, screaming, into the darkness.

Chapter End Notes

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZfGyLohDKU

Hey,
So...

I know it looks bad for Sans...
But he'll be okay.
I promise... the crazy is temporary.

But first, a walk through hell.

Feel better... he will... eventually...
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xqc5rlBC_U8
Chapter Summary

I removed a buttload of this... and it hurt.

But I have to accept that the inside of my brain is a little perma fucked and that not all of it should be shared...
So for your safely, I cleaned it up a lot.

And I do mean a lot.

But it's still fuck up... so read with caution.

If you are easily triggered, this is not a good place for you.

Nothing triggers me, I'm dead inside, so don't ask me to judge what is and is not okay to write lol

I love you all so much and I am sorry for this.

Here is some stuff

A song I listened too a lot
Twinkle twinkle Little Star
And also this musics

Come see me be bad at tumblr

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Fall

CAN I WARN YOU ANYMORE ABOUT DIS CONTENT?
"A sudden blow: the great wings beating still
Above the staggering girl, her thighs caressed
By the dark webs, her nape caught in his bill,
He holds her helpless breast upon his breast.

How can those terrified vague fingers push
The feathered glory from her loosening thighs?
And how can body, laid in that white rush,
But feel the strange heart beating where it lies?

A shudder in the loins engenders there
The broken wall, the burning roof and tower
And Agamemnon dead.

Being so caught up,
So mastered by the brute blood of the air,
Did she put on his knowledge with his power
Before the indifferent beak could let her drop?"

-Leda and the Swan

W. B. Yeats, 1865 - 1939

I can see you.

We've met before, haven't we?

I see...

You have come here for distraction,
Just like before...

Running
Always running

From the sickness inside you.

But you will find no sanctuary here.

I am your hateful blame
I am guilty conscience
I am your sick, broken soul
Frisk blinked, but there was nothing to see. She couldn't tell if she was blind, or it was just that...
dark. Her wrists and ankles were bound. Hands hanging loose, tingling and cold, from the lack of circulation. Her neck ached from the way her head had been hanging limp against her shoulder. Her back creaked, stretched by the weight of her own dangling legs. She could have been there for hours... maybe days. She was thirsty, hungry, uncomfortable... and she needed to use the restroom. Help wasn’t coming, she’d already screamed herself hoarse. Whatever fate the flower had in store for her, she had resigned herself to it.

At least San's was safe...

At least she wouldn't be forced to see him suffer too.

She could do this Alone.

Alone.

Alone in the darkness.

Even Chara wouldn't answer her calls.

The humid air clung to her skin and labored her breath. How long had she hung this way? Reality was becoming an illusion, the world's light had gone and hid. Only the dim, pulsating pain in her cold hands kept her alive.

A song came to mind, one that every child knew. She sang it to comfort herself. Voice cracking in the dark, the notes weighed down and shaking.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky...."

As her little song died away, a rustling sound rippled through the darkness in it's place. All at once Frisk knew she was no longer alone. The terror was scalding, so intense it seemed to cause her actual physical pain. She would not let that flower see her cry, so she did the only thing she could and kept singing.

"When the blazing sun is gone,
When the nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night."

The movement was closer now, down around her feet, somewhere just out of sight.

"Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He couldn't see which way to go,
If you didn't twinkle so...."

She could feel breathing, maybe a few feet away. The words caught in her already raw throat and she swallowed the sob that pushed at her lips.
"Oh don't stop on my account." If she squinted, she could just make out the glint of teeth in the darkness. "I have always loved nursery rhymes." his face, the flower dome of his head, was there, she could feel it bobbing and moving around her.

"W-what do you want Asriel?" Frisk asked the darkness.

He was behind her, teeth at her ear, voice just a whisper. "Isn't it obvious little human?" His voice was the same merry, sing song sound that it had always been. "I'm going to take everything thing you are... and I'm going to break it... and break it and break it..." the teeth against her ear clicked together with a self satisfied laugh that smoothed into a theatrical sigh "until you wish you could stay dead."

San's had known that going to the school had been a mistake, before he'd even left. His gut had told him, and he'd gone anyway. That was his first thought after regaining consciousnesses. He didn't remember the attack, but the pain in his skull told him all he needed to know.

It was too dark too see, but he could still feel.

Slimy and disgusting.

Invaded and filthy.

Wet, rotting. wilted vines scraped thorny tendrils through his bones. Squelching in the intimate gaps.

Choked by the assault on his senses, Sans swallowed bubbling bile. Burning his throat and offering only temporary relief from the smell.

He knew where he was. "Hey weed... you really let yourself go... it smells like molding lettuce and farts in here."

Light flickered on around him, just enough too see. Sans quickly found himself wishing for darkness. The room was filled with brown, goopy plant material. He was on his knees in the mush, bound to the floor. The flower was perched on his shoulder, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

San's gave his best attempt at shaking the plant away. "Ugh, gross and weird... Don't touch me with your creepy ass flower head."
"You'd think you would be proud of your own handy work, trash-bag." Sneered the flower. "You did this to me, after-all."

Sans blinked at the creature a few times. "I didn't do..."

"Oh but I'm sure you had something to do with it. You and your little girlfriend here." A ragged, bloodied figure, held up by more of the flower's withering body, rose from somewhere in the musky filth. Beaten and mangled, twisted and broken. She was, at first glance, so theadbare he almost didn't recognize her.

"Shit... Shit, Frisk?!" Sans threw himself forward into the muck, clawing at his restraints. "What did you do?!"

"I made her outsides match what I've done to her insides... for you... so that you can understand." The flower smiled. "Aren't I sweet?"

"You're a disgusting psychopath." San's couldn't pull his eyes away from Frisk.

"No, I just have a taste for spicy food." The flower chuckled.

San's ground his teeth together.

"Did you know that spicy isn't actually a taste?" A beetle crawled out of the flower's missing eye and into the thick brush below. "It's just registered in your mouth as pain. People with less taste buds like spicy food more often" He curled a vine up Frisk's leg and her brow etched together, suppressing a shudder as the flower continued. "because it's better to taste pain, than nothing at all."

"Don't touch her!" Sans screamed, his voice cracking in panic.

"What like this?" Flowey trailed a thorned limb down her body ripping her clothes and skin. "I've already done worse."

Sans thrashed against the vines "You sick soulless piece of shit!" He could feel the flower feeding off his hateful magic, and he tried, in vain, to bring himself to heel.

Azriel leaned into him, an almost loving smile lingering in his deformed features and curling a creeping vine around Sans chin. "It must be nice to have something to cry and scream about." The flower mused. "You should be happy. You have to be able to love something, to cry for it." The flower lowered until he was only an inch from Sans face. "I'm all broken and empty inside, you see." His head turned around slowly on the vine in a full 360. "I can't feel anything, really."

Sans lip curled and tried to think only of the love and kindness he had seen Frisk display. Don't hate him. Save him. "You could have come with us... Frisk loves you, you know. She wanted to save you. To make you right again."

"Oh I know." The flower purred running a vine down the length of Frisk's exposed, shivering body."You two like to fancy yourselves as merciful, leaving me alive" The flower gestured to itself with a spare vine. "like this." The vine on Frisk's stomach curled around her chest and up her neck to caress her face." but... how is that merciful?" Two spiked vines ascended from the mess below, wrapping around Frisk's thighs. "I've told you before, but you never listen. You fools should have killed me, while you had the chance."
A screaming angry fire. Fear and love forgotten. The flood gates opened and wild magic poured from his very being. This could not happen. He could not let this terrible thing continue.

San's brought time to a fractured halt.

He fought, biting and clawing at his restraints. Kicking up globs of time-stilled plant silt, in his frantic tempts to free himself.

It was useless, he was too intertwined, too well bound. There would be no escape. All the lack of time in the universe, couldn't stop the brutal act to which he was a captive witness. He raged in the pool of mildewing flower flesh. His mind was a roller-coaster, careening over great highs of burning fury, dying down into deep pits of anguish, only to rise again in raving infuriation. Until, at last, his bones rattled and his rage ran dry. Resigned, he sat still in the filtered light of his hell. With nowhere to look, but at her.

San's knew the act of love. and he knew the act of violence, but never had he imagined that the two could become one and the same.

How had he further failed her?

He'd done everything he could. Hadn't he?

He stayed sagging into the bog, adding up imaginary seconds, until he lost count.

And started again.

He spoke to himself, and he spoke to Frisk.

If only he could...

But there was point in waiting here.

No great disturbance was felt, as his head hung from his shoulders. Magic did not burst forth from him with the restart of time. There was only a weak spasm, a dry heave and a shuddering gasp. A wet smack, as the sludge he had disturbed re-met itself and calmed to a ripple. The tinkle of magic dribbling down his slackened jaw.

It almost felt as though, by letting time continue, he was condoning Frisk's torture.

He could not afford to think that way.

Still... as he watched, the guilt burrowed deeper.

If pain could dust a monster, San's would surely have died.

>>>>>>> More removed, because... I will upset people....>>>>>>>
His heart was breaking. He could feel the fissures in his soul. She would be dead soon, again. He prayed to fall and never rise.

The flower didn't speak as it descended. It searched his eyes and smiled in triumph. San's did not have the will to respond.


Think... Think damn it... don't...

If her voice wasn't broken from screaming, she felt she could have laughed. Whirling and lost in the stretching, compressing, empty and full to bursting. A sound like a train in her head, everything else was soften by comparison. Rings of dark running over her eyes, adrenaline blurring her vision, dulling her senses.

Frisk could hear it speaking. "Now little princess... for my final trick..." The spinning in her vision stopped, coming to rest where San's was still held prisoner below her. She knew he was going to die as soon as the beast smiled at her. "Any last words, trash-bag?"

"Fuck... you." The words left his lips with no force and a spear-like thorn appeared, surrounded by splintered ribs, through the left side of his chest. A sickening hollow crack and a winded grunt. Frisk was dropped unceremoniously to the ground before him. Stunned and silent. San's reached for her, a small smile swept his face. Frisk dragged herself up, to watch his dust scatter the mire.

Her shuddering hand collected the gray powder on her face. It is only temporary, she told herself. Frisk grasped the thorn on which her lover had been impaled, and with all the strength she could muster, she snapped the end free. It was such a small thing, no longer than her forearm, but so hard there was no doubt in her mind the flower had let her take it. She looked into the eyes of madness, and it smiled back into her. This was what it wanted, but this was not a game she could win.

She drove the stake into her own gut, and let the last of her blood join the dust and the filth.

When they awoke, they did not speak.

There was nothing to say. What had been done could not be taken back.

Unimaginable bleakness ran San's magic cold. None of it had really happened, he begged himself against the lingering memories. But it had happened in their minds. The pain was still real, he could feel it like a phantom limb, vines still creeping through his bones. He had to suppress the urge to scratch.

Her eye's were wide beside him. Blinking, staring, empty. He sat still, he did not weep and the room grew ever colder. San's reached to pull a blanket from the bed and carefully bundled her in close. The water in the air condensed and he watched her breath come and go in clouds of fog.
"Speak to me" he whispered, "tell me you're still there." His freezing despair frosted the windows and the silence stretched on. "Frisk?" Her reply was the hum of dead air. He clutched her, using his whole body, as if he could will away her suffering. The moisture in the air froze in place, drifting down in tiny flakes.

Hours later, she finally shook the snow from her hair and spoke. "I need to go to school.'

"You're not going back."

"It wants us to give up. I'm going. Will you take me?"

What was the point in fighting her? He stood and cleared away the snow to help her dress. He teleport-ed her straight into the courtyard. She kissed him with dry lips and walked away. San's waited for her on the roof of the school. He'd almost forgotten the bond, but he had to stay on track... he had to keep their lives together. Frisk was right. The flower wanted them to break. Unwilling to stray from Frisk's side, San's texted with Alphys to agree to be studied... but this time he did not commit Frisk to the same. She would have to make that choice when she was ready. He spent the entire day guarding her, ready for trouble. The horde of angry protesters was still coming as far as he knew. He needed a plan before they arrived. He tried to text Frisk, but she did not reply. He was flying blind with a broken mind, but he had to protect what was left of them.

---

Little boys in wet boots, drag themselves through the rain, under the barbed wire in spite of the pain.

Little boys in their greens, all in a row, practice for battle with a staff or a bow.

Little boys young and fresh, big dreams in their eyes, sign up for battle with heads full of lies.

Thousands will die, that is the cost...

sacrificial lambs to cover the cross.

---

A God among men, Eric Roswell sat high above the world, drinking black coffee, and tapping his fine leather shoe against the thick glass on the inside of his tower. HIS tower. His castle in the sky. Built with HIS blood, sweat and tears, on the backs of those that would have stopped him, or taken from him.

But they didn't know.

Eric Roswell gets what he wants.
And right now, he wanted magic.

Honestly, who wouldn't?

It was only natural.

Humanity had dreamed of magic as long as written history.

He was sure magic had started the first Monster/Human war.

and now he would start the second.

The problem of monsters was not a simple one. To control them, and thus gain access to their magic, they would have to be gathered together. A prospect far easier said than done. The damn things had already spread to most of her Majesty's kingdom, and more seemed to come out of hiding all around the world everyday.

Eric Roswell was certain of only a few things:

Firstly, monster magic was about to become the new fossil fuel.

Secondly, new world conventional warfare would be useless against the beasts, physical violence was a must.

Third, the country who controlled magic would be the new world power and the man who claimed it, would go down it history.

And finally, that he, Eric Roswell, had been born for this. Every moment of his existence had built to this one singular realization. He was brought into existence to conquer the magical beasts of nightmare and legend, no matter the costs.

Chapter End Notes

I'm probably going to go back and edit this later...
Ugh
I totally suck.
Sorry guys.
Some musics for you, because I love you.

**LOW ROAR - I'll Keep Coming**

**Clarity- Don't Panic**

Come see me on the [the tumbling thing](#) I am bad at it.

And also I am a total scatter brain... cause I am almost literally flying through life by the seat of my pants.

Yeah...

Go on...

picture that.

Weird right?

Check out [The Mathematics of Love and Loss](#) by OpalFruits
It inspired me, so maybe it will inspire you.
Plus, good writing. It's not far a long, but I like where it is going.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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"Hmm That expression..."

"That's the expression of someone who's died twice in a row."

"Suffice to say, you look really... Unsatisfied."

"Alright, how' bout we make it a third?"

Little skeleton, high on his perch above the courtyard of the school. Hands tucked into his jacket pockets, watching the angry humans filter in below. The light breeze sang between his bones, cleansing and kind. It was a beautiful day out, he thought to himself. The colours in all he saw
seemed so much richer today, a vast contrast to the stark grey inside his heart.

Yet again, the dramatic happenings of the last twenty four hours might as well have never been, but for the internal consequences. For Frisk, Sans and Asriel, a broken kind of connection would always remain. Though, the rest of the world was none the wiser. All the cogs had realigned in the spinning wheel of time. All the little mistakes, made anew. Sans was no stranger to this irony. He had lived though it time and again, as now have you. It was the very essence of his being, he was the master of irony. Down there, in the underground, he’d known what to expect. He had come to feel at home in his lack of hope. And Frisk? She knew the story so well she often ran through it with her eyes closed.

Now? When everything was on the line? He failed, choking on this new sense of hope. He was clumsy and frantic. Like 'giving a shit' didn't belong in his soul. It had all been so much easier when he didn't care. Sans took a deep breath, in and out. If he could stop caring again, maybe he could regain control.

A touch of smoke tickled his senses. The rabble was lighting a dummy shaped like Asgore on fire. A sign rattled around the dummies neck declaring "BURN THE BAPHOMET" in large sloppy red handwriting.

Frisk was still not responding to his texts, but he knew where she was. He would collect her right as the day ended. His mind flailed to form a better plan, but yielded nothing better than shreds of limping half baked thoughts. Taking another deep breath, he tried to force down his fear. It was hard to think about anything, when her scream was playing on a loop in his head. The more degrading segments of the flower's attack had been burned into the film reel of his brain. The images twisted his nerves into a thick ball that squirmed in his chest. The fear in her eyes, becoming shock, becoming pain, becoming shame and then going dull. He couldn't think about it. His magic jack-hammered through his bones. Taking another deep breath, Sans squeezed his eyes closed until the grinding of his eyelids was audible.

Shouts of hate from the crowd around the school echoed from the yard. They were growing louder. 'Fucking animals' He thought to himself, cracking a lazy eye to see what the fuss was about. They had all turned inwards, no longer facing the school, but a small circle of empty space moving slowly to the center of the gathering.

Sans faltered, "No way" he pitched forwards, hands grasping the ridge around the roof, both eyes fixed on the center of the clearing. There, in the eye of the storm, was a flutter of brown hair. "Frisk?"

'Had she randomly walked out of class to do this? Why hadn't anyone stopped her?' She looked so small, stepping through and into the waves of bodies. A little delicate cut of silk, drifting out to sea. Hands out at her sides, presenting herself to them, like she intended to embrace them all.

Sans blanched, white bone draining of what little color it held. Wide eyed and watching, he stood, captured by his shock.

'Was she out of her mind?!

'Yes', He realized all at once, 'She was... and understandably so.'

Frisk stopped walking when she reached the center of the mass. Her hands dropped to her sides and her head fell back in a daytime star gaze. A second of silence rippled the crowd. A momentary beat of quiet before they erupted, louder than before. Frisk remained in the center, but she made no move to speak. She simply stood, calm and emotionless, as if she were not in the mouth of an angry
Sans breath came ragged, but it wasn't until the crowd began to throw things at her that he was able to shake his shock and act. Focusing on Frisk's exact location he stepped through the void, just in time to see a flash of silver. A knife? Every face looked like James. He wrapped his arms protectively around Frisk. Without thinking, his body released a shock wave of gravity just strong enough to knock down the first five or six rows of people. Then he vanished, Frisk in his grasp, before the blue had even vanished from their souls.

Frisk slumped to her knees, as soon as their feet met the carpet in her living room.

"GOD DAMMIT FRISK WHY?!!" He knew why.

"ARE YOU FUCKING CRAZY?" yes, and so is he. Sans continued to yell. He waved his arms, storming back and forth across the living room with no real outlet for his frustration.

"WHAT WERE YOU TRYING TO PROVE?" He stopped dead before her, waiting for a reply.

She didn't answer.

"Okay, just shut down. That's the fucking answer. Just shut me out and... and what ever the fuck that was, right?" He flapped his hands against his sides and looked back down her. What could he possibly say? Nothing, he knew that with certainty. A fact that only served to further piss him off.

Frisk simply blinked dolefully in response and San's blood boiled. "THIS" He held his hands out at her "THIS PATHETIC GIVING UP SHIT? THIS IS MY JOB, ALRIGHT? I CAN'T... Frisk..." His fury was leaking out of him as he watched her stare. "I can't.. I can deal with whatever else... but..." The weight of it stole the strength from his legs. He sank to the floor in front of her. His bones rattled. "Frisk?" His vision blurred with hot tears. He couldn't save her from this. "Don't..."

Frisk's blank face fell to her chest. For a precious second, he thought he'd gotten through to her. His hand stretched out to pull her close, but when her head rose again she was gone.

A smile, too wide for her slim face curled the dimples in her quickly pinking cheeks. He flung himself away and crawled backwards as if she had become a snarling dog.

"Frisk?" He prayed, but he knew.

The smile. That smile. That was not Frisk.

"What's wrong skeleton?" It purred with her lips "You look like you've seen a ghost."

Sans collected himself and smiled back "or a demon."

It held Frisk's hand over her chest in mock offense. "Is that what I am?"

"You can get out of my girlfriend anytime you know."

Chara sneered "She was my partner long before she was your play thing."

"She's never been your partner, buddy." Sans all but growled.

Leaning forward Chara pulled herself a few inches closer to Sans."You act like Frisk is so innocent."
Sans tensed trying to look unfazed. **"She kind of is, none of this was her choice."**

**"If only you knew."**

Chara was enjoying this. He could see it as plain as the gruesome grin stitched across Frisk's face, but he couldn't help his curiosity. **"Enlighten me."**

Chara inched yet closer. **"Do you really want to know the truth, bone man?"**

"Why the hell would you tell me the truth?"

"Mostly?" Chara's grin widened. **"Because it is entertaining."**

"Kay," Sans shrugged. "Can't promise I'll believe you, but go right ahead."

"She let me in."

"Pfft, I really doubt that."

"Are you sure?" Chara asked. **"I know it's been a long time to you. Do you remember the first time she stalked the ruins covered in dust?"**

Sans actually had to think hard. "Yeah, it's a little fuzzy, but I guess I remember."

"Poor little thing. Dying over and over. Everyone she met tried to kill her."

Sans did remember. They weren't great memories. "Let's just get to the point."

"I've always been helping her, but I couldn't actually gain control, not until she gave in to hate."

Sans was a little rocked by the idea of Frisk hating anyone, but was it really so wrong? After all she'd been through? "She was just a kid, can't blame her for that. To be honest, I hate sometimes. In fact, I kinda hate you."

"Hate wasn't all I needed." Chara face shown with all the glee of a cat, cornering a mouse.

"Oh?" Squeak.

"I needed LV... all the LV her soul could hold, and I needed permission." Chara paused, waiting for him to put the pieces together.

Sans brain refused to see it. "What are you saying?"

Chara was easily within arms reach now. **"The first time was Frisk. She fought her way through the Underground. All the way to the end. She hunted them down, one by one, until there was no one left. I'll admit, I had some influence by the time she got to you, but she could have reset anytime."** Chara's head tilted and her smile dripped black. **"but she didn't, did she skeleton? She cut you down."**

San's composer snapped like a stick under Chara' s foot. In the blink of an eye, he had her back again the wall. His hands around her throat "LIAR!"

"Think what you want" it rasped through his clenching fist. "I'd let go if I were you. I've said all I
Sans dropped his hands and fell back. "Frisk?"

She frowned and blinked at him.

"Say something."

Frisk’s head tilted "I don't know what you want me to say." She said flatly, everything seemed perfectly normal. Whatever he'd seen in her face, it was gone as quickly as it had come.

Sans stared, still waiting for Chara to reappear. Was he seeing things?

Frisk blinked lazily a few times. Heinz sauntered over and pawed at her arm. She looked down at him with a heavy smile. "Ello boy"

Rubbing the back of his head Sans looked at the cat, and then back to Frisk. It was definitely her. He eased himself up to a crouch and peered into her eyes. She flushed lightly and averted her gaze. 'Yup, that's definitely Frisk.' He scratched his head and stood in a daze. Either he was hallucinating or...

A heavy exhaustion fell into his shoulders. God he was tired of being on edge. Tired of nothing making sense. Tired of fighting against the universe to keep them both safe. Tired of the loads making all of it just disappear. Tired of the deadening glaze growing in her resting expression.

What timeline was it? How many days had it been since he read Papyrus a bedtime story? He needed some fresh air, he needed to hug his brother. "I gotta go check on Pap. You gonna be alright for a sec, kiddo?" He looked down at her. She looked a little taken aback but nodded and collected Heinz to head for the kitchen.

Sans stood and walked out the front door of Frisk's house.

It had been a rough day, he just needed a minute.

He wasn't running away.

It was a brisk, anxious jog, at best.

Frisk’s memories assaulted her relentlessly. She was scattered and dazed. Her focus was too slippery for even the most basic of tasks. There was cat food all over the floor. She jumped at every sound, but her body reacted late, sometimes taking minutes after she was startled.

She was lost inside. Torn asunder, ripped limp from limb in the violent riptide.


Her head felt too full. The ringing in her ears wouldn't stop. Too full. IT WAS SO LOUD.

She couldn't think. There was no room.

Couldn't think around the blaring, buzzing humming sound of nothing. Like a swarm of angry
bees around her head.

Stop. Stop the noise.

She just needed to think.

Crazy, she was crazy. What... day was it? Who was she supposed to be? What has and has not happened?

Frisk pulled all the dusty, unused curtains in her house closed. So no one could see. No one could be allowed to see her like this. Breaking down. Panic. They would see. She can't explain. It didn't happen.

But it did. She remembered, Sans Remembered... Didn't he? She couldn't ask. Couldn't talk about it. The shame. The HUMILIATION.

And IT REMEMBERED.

THAT FLOWER. IT WAS STILL OUT THERE.

Would it come for her again? No. No.

Heinz chirped nervously from her bed. Perhaps she should send him to stay with Papyrus? No, she needed to stay away from everyone. Chara would never hurt Heinz.

Chara's voice was an anchor, a jagged rock on which she pulled her head above water. Clarity.

"So, everything has gone to shit. The world is eating you alive. You're casually bonded to a crazy murderous bone bag. You don't know your head from your ass and then you get disgraced by a weed. What are you gonna do now, partner?"

"Stay determined."

Chara rolled her eyes.

"Life goes on Chara. If I was gonna give up. If it was even really an option, don't you think I would have done it by now?" If she said it out-loud, maybe she could make it true.

"Empty words, I can see the cracks in your soul. You're barely able to hold me back." Chara snickered, "Did you see the look on the skeleton's face when you slipped up and let me tell him?"

Told him...? That's right. They had just told him everything.

Frisk huffed, her hand shook hovering over her lips, trying to stifle a sob. Chara laughed. Frisk ran her hands through her greasy, sweat coated hair. She needed a shower. A shower would help to clear her mind. Maybe after a shower... she wouldn't feel so...

"You're all twisted and broken partner. Do you even really want to keep fighting?"

"Yes, I do." And... she did... right?

"Sure you do. The skeleton will forgive you eventually... For murdering him and everyone he loves? For selling you're soul and damning them all to suffer this fate with you?"

Damned? Were they really? No, no she could still fix this. She just needed to clear her head.
Sans... Sans would forgive her... after all they had been through...

Clean, she just needed to feel clean.

The bathroom walls echoed the tap of her shoes in the dark. There was usually so much light in her house, it took her a minute to feel out the light switch. When she flicked it on, her eyes found her reflection instantly, but it wasn't her standing behind the glass.

Pits of black ooze sunk into her eye sockets and ran down her cheeks. An unreal smile tore her face almost clean in two and curled at the ends, in a way no human mouth could.

"Boo." Chara grinned.

Outside the protective walls of Persona the rest of the world went on. Heated by it's own clashing friction, the syrupy, seeping change of temperament between the two species was losing its viscosity. Now flowing hot with righteous indignation on both sides. Small groups collected under banners of zero tolerance views and whirl pooled into pocket cyclones of unchecked Extremism. Protesting and small acts of disjointed revolt, bloomed into threats and violence. Hate groups blossomed from the compost of one sided, half truths delivered by biased media sources and rallied by the furious irrational few. Only the smallest flame was needed to ignite the oily trash of fear and confusion. However unintentionally, Sans had been that spark.

scores of scream filled, shaking, vertically recorded videos of San's outburst coated the internet. Soon coursing unquestioned into the frantic bloodstream of major news coverage. To all of man kind, these first hand accounts depicted what could only be interpreted as a monster attacking a peaceful human protest.

The wide spread panic that ensued quickly fanned the dumpster fire that was the Anti-Monster party. Those who had been on the fence could now justify their distrust and the few remaining humans who stood in opposition were outnumbered and unheard. The Earth belonged to man. There would be no exceptions. The change came too fast to be countered. The freight train of outrage made no stops for fact checking. They would not hear the need for calm debate. They felt without thought, that action must be taken.

Before the sun could fade from the clouded Irish skys that day, men had taken to the streets in packs like feral dogs. This disorganized fury lashed every corner of the country overnight. Monsters and Monster friendly alike were attacked at every oppurtunity. So large were they're numbers that to complete the metamorphosis from terrorists to political movement they merely needed a name to their hysteria. A well known face to rally behind, a list of demands and an action plan to follow.

Eric Roswell smiled from his high tower.

Christmas was early this year.
*Crickets chirping*
Hello?

I feel like I lost everyone.

So, I think I'm gonna take a break from writing for a while.
Feeling out of touch and it seems like this is dead in the water.
I dunno where I lost you guys, but I'm pretty sure I'm shoveling the story along too fast
and not including enough transitional material.
I have learned a ton from this story.
But there isn't a point without you :P
If you have any advice for me please please lemme know.

Also lemme know if you're still with me and want me to keep going. Maybe I'm just
being needy...
I didn't give up... I couldn't.
Cuz you asked for it. lol

I need some musical inspiration... but nothing has worked for me lately. Send me your musics if you have things.

Thank you guys for the comments.
<3 <3 <3

"They hail me as one living,
But don't they know
That I have died of late years,
Untombed although?

I am but a shape that stands here,
A pulseless mould,
A pale past picture, screening
Ashes gone cold.

Not at a minute's warning,
Not in a loud hour,
For me ceased Time's enchantments
In hall and bower.

There was no tragic transit,
No catch of breath,
When silent seasons inched me
On to this death ....

— A Troubadour-youth I rambled
With Life for lyre,
The beats of being raging
In me like fire.

But when I practised eyeing
The goal of men,
It iced me, and I perished
A little then.

When passed my friend, my kinsfolk,
Through the Last Door,
And left me standing bleakly,
I died yet more;

And when my Love's heart kindled
In hate of me,
Wherefore I knew not, died I
One more degree.

And if when I died fully
I cannot say,
And changed into the corpse-thing
I am to-day,

Yet is it that, though whiling
The time somehow
In walking, talking, smiling,
I live not now."

**Dead Man Walking** - Thomas Hardy

"*How you holding up, partner?*

Frisk pulled herself farther internally from Chara's probing, mock concern. Sinking lower into her own inner dialogue of self loathing. Frisk wasn't okay.

Disgusting, she was disgusting. Entombed in her foul body of pulsing, sentient meat. With all her little moving parts, all her frayed and molding edges.

Blood and mucus.

Sweat and sebum.

Scabs and pores and hair.

"*Life is gross.*" Chara added.

Frisk silently agreed. If only she had been born a monster. All bone or fur or fire and held together with beautiful magic. If only she could turn to dust when she died, instead of waking up to live the same nightmares over and over.

"*You're not though, you're a fleshy meat bag.*"

Sans was so perfect. So pristine and white. So strong and clean. How could he love her? Couldn't he see how disgusting she was? How crazy she was?

"*Maybe he's lonely. Or maybe it's guilt for all the times he killed you. Or maybe he actually did love you... before he found out who you really are. Either way, pretty sure he's over it now.*"

Frisk's arms and chest hurt.

"*At least you still have me, right partner?*"

Frisk didn't want to think. She didn't want too feel the cracks in her soul, but she couldn't make it
stop. The memories playing in her mind wouldn't turn off. She wanted to sleep, or scream or just feel something else. Anything else.

Anything but her shattered pride. Anything but that look on Sans face. Anything... Anything but that damn flower.

"Let me help you. If you don't fight back this is all going to get way worse. Aren't you sick of losing?"

A wash of something like anxiety smothered Frisk's thoughts like hot candle wax. A fizzing inside her mind, that filled all the gaps in her brain like expanding house foam, sticky and bubbling over to dull her senses. A weight around her neck, laying across her chest and burning in her throat. She wanted to think, wanted to be free of the feeling but it gripped her like a vice, squeezing the breath from her lungs and the will from her fight.

"I can fight for you, you don't have to be afraid anymore. I'll protect us. I won't let him touch you. I won't let anyone hurt you ever again."

It wasn't the physical feeling that stuck with Frisk. She had felt pain far worse.

It was the disgrace.

The foulness of the act.

The sick shame of it.

She had no words to truly make sense of it or explain in. Beyond the feeling of being dirty, befouled, used. Perhaps she could have buried it down and never thought of it again, if she had been alone. That wasn't an option though, Sans had been there, he had seen it all.

And so had Chara.

This realization hit Frisk like cold tidal wave, and suddenly all her attention was drawn back to Chara.

"It's okay, I am strong."

There was a twist in the way Chara's voice rang that statement. Something telling in the tone of her words. Like a nod of acknowledgement, of understanding. Misery loves company. Chara's empathy was the first, even remotely gentle touch that Frisk had felt in two loads. She didn't realize how much she needed to be comforted. She hated herself for it, but Chara's support was like a balm to Frisk's seared soul. So, for the first time in a long time, Frisk let go.

Unrestrained, Chara fed off the sickness in Frisk like a leech. Bathing in her anguish and determination. Frisk knew she would have to act eventually, but for now Chara seemed content to stay in the house. It was harmless for the time being.

She was alone in her house.

And she was just so tired.
Sans was sitting on the couch in his living room, that ever present smile plastered across his otherwise blank face. He'd died, killed someone, watched Frisk die, attacked a crowd of people and witnessed his girl being brutally assaulted by a flower. All in what added up to about a day and a half.

And now he was just sitting there... being a genuinely unstable murder.

The television was on, but he wasn't watching.

His phone rang, but he didn't check it.

Papyrus rambled at him from the kitchen, but Sans couldn't make out what he was saying. His brother's voice blended with the clatter of pots and little noises from the telly into a soothing, unintelligible jumble. Most of the afternoon had passed this way. Being home was strange. It seemed like it had been so long, but to Papyrus it could only have been a day... or two? Sans wasn't sure anymore... it all felt like a dream.

"SANS" Papyrus stuck his head through the kitchen door.

"Yeah bro?" Sans replied easily.

"CLASSIC! YOU NEVER LISTEN! I JUST ASKED YOU TO SET THE TABLE!" Papyrus barked back waving a sauce covered wooden spoon at him. "WE NEED THREE PLATES. TORIEL IS COMING TO DINNER!"

Sans shrugged "Sorry Pap, guess I was DISH-tracted."

Papyrus stood staring at him with an open mouth, long enough for a blob of red sauce to drip off the spoon and onto the floor.

"What's wrong?" Sans quipped "You look a little DISH-gruntled."

"SANS"

"I don't mean to DISHappoint you."

"STOP"

"What? I have a DISHability."

Papyrus flailed his arms wildly "SANS YOUR RUINING MY DINNER!" The spoon flew from Papyrus's waving hands, landing with a wet plop in San's right eye-socket. They both stilled.

"Now your just being ChilDISH."

Sans hadn't been home near enough lately, of that he was sure. There had been a heavy weight in that knowledge when he'd come skidding into the house that afternoon and slammed the door behind him. Papyrus loved to give him a hard time. Sans honestly hated letting him down, but there was something undeniably comforting in the normality of the way Papyrus carried on at him.

After washing the spoon, and his face, Sans set about arranging the kitchen table. He listened to his brother wonder aloud about why Toriel might be coming over, humming affirmations and cracking the occasional joke to show he was listening. Falling back into his old jovial persona was always easy when he was with Papyrus. There was an odd and spectacular magic about his brother that seemed to light every dark corner. It was impossible to be down or scared when he was around.
Papyrus always saw the positive as the likely, finding the happiest conclusions in every problem. Some thought him ignorant, juvenile or even insane, but to Sans he was a god-send and the only reason he had any hope left at all.

With the table set and Papyrus busy making dinner, San's took the opportunity to flop back down on the couch and shut his eyes. He wasn't sleeping, it just felt good not to see... not to think.

He had only been resting for a few minutes, when the room lit up with blue. His eyes flew open, and he sat up frantically searching for the source. The telly, he was on it. Toppling a crowd of humans in a blast of raw magic. 'Oh yeah, that happened' He groaned inwardly.

"Yes, you've made quite an impression today."

"Toriel!" Sans would have jumped out of his skin, if he had any. He hadn't even noticed her come in.

"I brought you and your brother a pie." Toriel smiled sweetly, handing him a knit sack and sitting down on the couch beside him with a sigh, holding her pregnant belly. "It is good to see you Sans."

"Thanks" Sans put the pie on the side table and turned back to her. "It's good to see you too."

"Scratched his face awkwardly. "Uuh, to what do we owe the pleasure?'"

"Ah" The smile slipped from her muzzle. "Asgore had to go off the farm, to meet with the humans... and..." She hesitated. "I wanted to speak with you."

"Oh?" Sans questioned, she was probably mad at him for losing his cool in front of all those humans. Part of him had forgotten about his little blow out. It was getting hard to remember which timelines actually happened.

Toriel didn't respond. She was watching the news reel play through the event. The screaming riot. The dummy of Asgore set ablaze. Frisk marching into the crowds angry maw.

Sans reached to touched her fury pawn and she flinched "Tori?" He whispered, watching her with concern.

Toriel's muzzle stretched into a forced sort of smile that seemed more like a grimace. "I'm sorry Sans." She said, so softly he had to lean in to hear. "I know your were only protecting my Frisk. Sadly, the humans do not see it that way. There has been action taken." Her eyes did not turn to him as she spoke. "Some humans are demanding we turn you over."

"Oh." Sans replied flatly. He couldn't really say that, that surprised him. "Do I nee-"

"No." She snapped "You will not do anything. This thing will not happen."

Sans paused in thought. "There will be consequences..." His reply was just as much a question of her intent, as it was a statement of fact

"Ah" Toriel smoothed her paws over the curve of her belly anxiously. "There have already been consequences, I'm afraid."

'Shit' San's first thought was the possibility of a loading. He quickly cursed himself internally for considering it. He didn't even know the full story and he was already defaulting to loading? "So what are we lookin' at?"

Toriel took a deep breath in. "An ban on trade. Two really. One between Persona and Ireland,
and another between Ireland and the world. An embargo, nothing, and no one, is allowed in or out."

"A ban on trade?" Sans was confused. Was that what had Toriel so worried? "What will that do?" His brow creased "We kinda live on a farm Tori. Sure we may lose money, but we have everything we need. What are they hoping will happen?" He shrugged.

Toriel's eyes flicked to his and her smile twitched "I don't know exactly my friend, but I fear this is only the beginning.

"The beginning of what?" Sans brows arched. "What could they possibly do? We are safe here... Aren't we?"

"No, we are not." Her eyes fell back to her stomach, creased with worry "We are trapped and at the mercy of man in more ways than I have cared to admit."

Caught in Eric Rowel's tangling web, the thrashing, fear stricken world lashed out at the first available target. In a landslide vote Ireland was blocked off by ban and block aid, as if it had the plague. No trade, in or out, until the monster threat had been dealt with.

The worst of Dublin soon flooded the streets in the wake of the news. They sang and drank like it was the apocalypse. Looting and smashing, growing in number as they went. It would have died out in time. It could have been that simple. The people of Ireland were strong and proud, they had overcome much worse. They would have recovered form this.

But in times like these it is so easy to throw stones and Eric Rowel owned every quarry in the UK.

Hugh Baumann was a long standing member of the oldest clan of mages still meeting behind closed doors. He was also by far, the most charismatic person on Eric Rowel's payroll. He directed the crowds from the pubs to the march, like a dog herding lambs to the slaughter. Men and women, rats of Hamelin, paraded together under him, their Pied Piper, through the city and on to the Leinster House (Ireland's parliament).

It was barely noon the next day went the first bomb rang out across the city.

Sixteen souls would be lost before the night.

With many more to follow

A political vacuum was opened by the now empty government buildings, which destabilized the country completely. A hole Hugh would not leave open for long.

On that day a young reporter would be quoted saying:

"I feel electrified. A man, one of the last real mages, by the name of Hugh Baumann has tried to restore honor to the the race of man. He says that humanity can regain it's magic. I feel with an increasing certainty that this man has risen to lead Ireland and indeed the world, to a brighter future."

A from this crazed action, would also rise the first remembered sighting of the symbol that would
soon burn into the minds of all. Named for the mage clan that sired Hugh. The Spiral Heart flew it's first yellow flag of justice atop Leinster House, not two days after the Irish trade embargo was set in place. By the end of that week they were in mass print. Every other household would own one before the months end. Hugh sold them all with the promise, that if it was brought to a rally, he would sign and bless it himself.

Most of the island's people still didn't think much of Hugh at the end of that month, but new followers seemed to sprout everyday. The economy was collapsing under the embargo and Hugh was the only call to action. The crowds at his rallies, waving their Spiral Hearts, grew and grew.

"While we descended into misery and called anxiously for a savior, he emerged like a mountain."

"Now, build up your people oh master, a new great humanity awaits."

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Okay, so...
I know it's short... but I didn't want to keep putting off posting...
Life has been weird.
I know I keep saying that... but I super mean it...
And I dunno if you could tell from my little outbursts, but I was in a bad place.

Things are better... still weird... but better.

The comments I got are really the only reason I'm trying to keep writing.
Maybe it's time for me to stop punishing Sans and Frisk so much and get us rolling
towards this climax, hu?
What do you guys think?

I just started a crazy cool new job and that is taking up a lot of my time. So I may need
to post shorter chapters sometimes, because if I don't I'll never get them done... Sorry :(.

Hopefully as I get into the flow of my new job and my creative brain starts to get a little
breathing room, I can get this back on track.
Thank you to anyone who stuck with me :)
With all my messy business and weird.
<3
The next chapter is already like half way done... so there is that :D

I am maybe starting to like this story again... just a little.
It's just hard not to like other peoples writing way more. XD

Here is some musics ;P
Wake the Warrior
I'd Leave It Up to You - Jeta

*Flash Forward*

The rain came down in icy sheets. It chilled him right through his standard issue, forest green
poncho. Fat lot of good that thing did, and it sure got in the way a hell of a lot. He pushed it back
from his head, letting the rain drops splash onto his matching helmet. There was a noise up ahead. He held his gun at the ready, flash light guiding his aim through the dark night. He stepped through the street with careful, slow, crouching steps. This was it. This was what he had trained for. Nothing was left in this god forsaken city but Monsters.

The beasts were allusive. Their lack of body heat made them hard to scope out. He was only under orders to scout. A lone man mission, just a quick in and out, quiet as a mouse. Gotta see what they were up against. Be that as it may, if he saw one of the things, he was gonna take a shot at it. It was his patriotic duty to clean up shop, and damned if he was gonna go home without getting a kill under his belt. A little dust on his hands, to show the boys back at camp.

A rustling sound to his left snatched up his attention. He made a beeline for the dumpster filled side street in the direction of the sound. A trash can rattled slightly under a gloomy looking street light. The lid settled - too quickly- as soon as he laid eyes on it.

*Target acquired.*

One swift kick and the can toppled, spilling its fouled contents onto the street. His brow etched, no sign of life. Circling the fallen bin, he shone his light into its open top. The beast blinked under the burn of his flashlight. 'Gotcha.'

It wasn't much to brag about, just a little mouse thing in a scarf. Cute looking, for a demon spawn. It didn't matter if it was a mouse or a lion. Ashes to Ashes. He could tell the squad anything he wanted, when he showed them the dust later tonight.

The big ears on either side of its head shrank down around its face and it shivered in terror. The devil does lie, and he knew better than to let it pull his heart strings. He took aim.

"Hey there."

Spinning on his heel, he hastily reset his aim to the new target at his rear and fired. The shot rang through empty air. Confused, he searched the street with his light. It had been behind him. He had heard it behind him.

"Human"

His blood ran cold.

"That's no way to greet a new pal."

A shiver in his spine. Prickling hairs stood on end, up his arms and down his back. His gun rattled against the handle of his flashlight. How? How was it behind him again? Twisting slowly, he turned back around to face the shrouded figure, now firmly planted between him and the scarf-wearing, trashcan mouse.

That smile. Those eyes. There was no mistaking it. He felt the bottom of his stomach drop out.

"That look on your face." Its head tilted, observing him "You look pretty upset about something."

No amount of training could prepare him for what he had found a few feet from his trembling barrel. The lackadaisical grin lounging in his sights, was easily the last monster any man wanted to find at the end of his gun. It had been last monster many a man had ever had the misfortune to witness. This creature was a notorious. Half an army couldn't take it on.
"What? Were you expecting me to just stand still and get shot?" The figure shrugged "That's your fault isn’t it?"

Scary stories were told about it to new recruits as hazing. Every soldier knew some telling of them. It went by many names.

   White Tiger.
   Blue Death.
   The Judge.
   The Grim.

But the tale was always the same.

<<DEATH>>

"What's wrong?" The devil chuckled "Mouse gotcher tongue?"

*Present day*

Sans stood on Frisk's stoop, shoulders raised to snuggle deep in the now damp fur lining of his coat. The rain came out of nowhere. Falling so thick he couldn't see five feet in front of him and mist bathed the night in curtains of gray. He wasn't looking forward to this.

Dinner was over, Papyrus was tucked in and Tori had waved her goodbyes before dashing off to greet her husband at the farm gates. Sans had promised her that he would tell Frisk the news, and it was time to face the music.

If, and that was a big if, what the demon said was true, then the two of them were long over due for a little 'come to Jesus'. At the same time, he couldn't really bring himself to be mad exactly... hurt, sure.... she lied to him, but walking away just wasn't something he could do. Sans steeled himself for what he would find on the other side of Frisk's front door. They would get through this like they did everything else, together.

He turned the handle and pushed open the door, cringing slightly as it squealed its protest. The house was dark. It took his eyes several seconds to adjust before he noticed the cat food all over the kitchen floor. All the mirrors were covered in blankets and sheets. The curtains were drawn. There was a pungent odor about the house, mixing with the breaded-meat smell of cat food. Something arid in the otherwise damp air. Fear. Fear and the sickly sweet, yet face pitchingly sour smell of dried blood.

Sans barely had a second to compose himself before the demon spoke.

"Back so soon?"

Sans stood stock still and waited, he had to do this right, this time. No-more letting his emotions get the best of him.

Chara seemed unperturbed by his silence "You're timing is unfortunate, she only just gave me control."
Frisk's figure became clearer as his eyes continued to warm to the darkness. She was huddled against the wall in the living-room, knees tucked up against her chest. Dried blood tracks down her arms caught his eye. So that's were the blood smell came from. She must have been trying to force a load. Guilt twisted in the stomach he didn't have. San's folded his legs to sit lazily on the floor across from her and tried to keep the tremor out of his smile. Agitated magic hummed in his chest like a swarm of bees.

The demon considered him for a while before it spoke again. "Well, if you've nothing to say..." It stood with inhuman swiftness and began to walk for the door.

Sans teleport-ed to his feet before her. "Nope." With a flick of his hand every door and window clattered closed and locked.

Not-Frisk paused, turning slowly on its heels. Its eyes met his, peeled with excitement "I just figured you wouldn't want to fight... until AFTER I kill everyone you love."

San's heart bucked, could he really fight her? "No chance, freak show, new game."

Chara tilted her head ever-so-slightly.

"You're unarmed and cornered." Sans sank his hands into his pockets and tried to look confident. "Don't make me shoot you full of bones."

"So I can load and end up-"

"Upstairs and mostly naked?" Sans raised a brow "Like I said. Cornered."

Chara actually appeared mildly disturbed by the idea. "So then... we've reached an impasse."

"I suppose we have, yup."

A heartbeat, then they flew at each other. It was only a small tussle, without any form of weapon San's quickly had her... it... pinned to the floor. He bound its... her... wrists behind its back and hauled it up the stairs to sit it on the bed. Heinz rose from his perch on her desk and howled, fluffing from the tip of his tail to his neck and bound hissing down the stairs. In the dark of the room, the red of its eye's sparked with determination. Sans swallowed hard and flicked on the light before closing the door.

He sat on the bed and leaned forward. Chara didn't move. "So uuh" San's raised a brow "You're not big on the fluffy lovey stuff, are ya?"

Chara's expression remained unchanged.

"Hmm, funny thing, I've got a new weapon up my sleeve." Sans manifested a bone to twirl on his finger "Wanna know what it is?"

Chara stared.

"I know that body your in, better than you do now..."

Chara's eyes flicked to him, its smile twitched.

"Its ticklish." Sans grinned and prodded her-its side with the small bone, "Right here."

Chara flinched.
"And here."

Chara jumped, scooting away slightly and glaring daggers at him.

"Oop, am I invading your personal space?"

It was going to be an exceedingly long night.
I screwed up and freaking saved some stuff over some stuff and messed all the stuff up. Then I posted it all jacked up in the middle of the night. So, I pulled down the chapter, busted my buns to mush all the stuff I had together and rewrite all the stuff I lost. Here is that stuff. Please enjoy. And comment. It makes me feel better about how much I suck.

“‘There exists, for everyone, a sentence — a series of words — that has the power to destroy you.’” ~ Philip K. Dick

Frisk looked uncharacteristically gaunt sitting rigid against the headboard, wrists still bound and knees pulled defensively to her chest. Veins bulged in her skin around the staining tendons of her neck. Though, while her body seemed to display the battle waging inside, the curling smile affixed to her lips reflected none of it.

Sans had long since given up any form of physical harassment. After the first few minutes of prodding the creature it had gone catatonic. It was completely none-responsive. He'd screamed at it, cracked jokes, blown a trombone in its face, he even went so far as to lick its cheek. *Nothing worked.* The lights were on, but no one was home. There was nothing left to do but wait it out. So he sat at Frisk's desk, 'fed' the pet rock he'd given her a few years ago. He tried and failed to coax Heinz out of hiding. So, for a while he just sat and thought to himself. 'What had and had not actually happened?' It had all happened to them, just not to the world. He had lost track of what parts of the last few weeks... days?... remained part of this timeline. There was a note pad on Frisk's desk. He pulled it close and began to make himself a list.

Frisk getting drunk - Happened
Frisk's first day of school- Happened
The first riot at the school—Didn't happen
Visit to Alphys for check-up and talk—Didn't happen
Texted Alphys yesterday morning—Happened
Stabbing—Didn't happen
Sans kills—DIDN'T HAPPEN
The hospital—Didn't happen
The police—Didn't happen
The Flower—Didn't happen
Frisk's second day of school—Happened
The second riot—Happened
Sans scares the humans—Happened
Dinner with Toriel—Happened
Frisk's demon appears—Happened

Somehow, writing it down didn't make it feel anymore true. It had only been two days since Frisk got drunk. Just thinking about it made his head hurt. Tried of trying, he shoved away the notepaper and loaded up a movie on Frisk's laptop. When the movie was over, he made a few dozen paper airplanes out of multi-colored post-it notes to toss around her room and loaded another movie. While the credits rolled concluding the second film, he flipped through a few of her books and queued up a third.

It was damn near daybreak now. Sans had long since run out of entertainment and he was feeling the drift of a needy fringe of sleep. His eye sockets felt dry and itchy. Everything was going to be okay, he told himself. It was a mess, but if he just kept watch she would come back. She had too. This wasn't like the underground. She would wake up. It was just a matter of him staying awake long enough for the demon inside her to get bored... or tired? He wasn't sure if it even needed sleep.

San's eye lids stuck and fluttered his body ache with fatigue. The demon might not need sleep, but Sans sure did. He shook his head clear and smiled at the creature inside Frisk. It was watching him just as dutifully as it had been hours ago. Boring into him with those blacked leaky eyes. Its terrible, seeping pits remained so fixed on him it was obvious that it was playing the waiting game too. Sans braced his elbow on the desk to lean the chin of his heavy head against his palm. Pulling his lips into a tired smile, he winked at his foe.

No response...

Stupid, boring demon. Squatting in his human. Making him stay up all damn night. Not even telling anyone why or what the crap it even wants. A deep yawn overtook him and he pondered to himself... if he yawned at the demon enough... Would it yawned too? He tried it for a while with no success.

They should try and save as soon as Frisk wakes up, he thought idly. He'd have to find a way to inspire a little determination in her when the time came. He wondered if a kiss would still be enough. Would she even want him to kiss her anymore? After what she'd been through? His eyelids drooped. With great effort he peeled them open again. Wait... Could a save even effect Chara's control? Would saving make any difference? What was the harm in trying? His thoughts were fuzzy and incomplete. If a kiss wouldn't work... Maybe he would just make her... breakfast... He blinked very slowly... breakfast to make up for the eggs...

Gods above, closing his eyes felt good. He afforded himself another longer, slower blink. Savoring the relief that came with not having to hold his eyes open. He inhaled deeply, filling his nasal cavity with warm air. The insides of his eyelids were orange, illuminated by the lamp on Frisk's desk. Or was it the Sun? He was so warm and comfortable. Around him he heard muffled voices.
Frisk and... Papyrus? They were too quiet for him to understand. Pulling open his heavy eyes, he gazed around to find them. He could almost feel the light summer breeze on his bones. It was a beautiful sunny day outside. Frisk's long, mud stained sundress waved like a little white ocean around her crouched form. She was toiling away in her garden surrounded with beautiful, yellow daffodils. Sans was sunbathing in a patio chair some fifteen feet away, twiddling his thumbs and enjoying the view.

She was so natural looking up here in the sunlight. All soft curves and earth tones. It was always strange and fascinating to him the way her body reacted to things like the Sun or water. Her hair earning golden streaks and her skin warming to a smooth, almond color in some places. It was matte, almost velvety looking, until she got too hot and ran the hose over herself to cool down. He loved when she did that.

Frisk clapped the dirt off her hands, jolting him from his daydream. "How about a cold drink, lazybones?" Her hips swayed as she walked towards him. Her hands were busy sweeping her lightly sweaty hair off the back of her neck and up into a pony tail.

Sans set down the book he hadn't realized he was holding 'when did he get a book?' and sat up in the grass. "Sure, maybe we should all go in? Cool down for a bit? Aren't you getting tired?"

"Yeah, I am." Her eyes twinkled, and she pointed into the yard. "but Heinz and Papyrus are having such a good time."

Sans stood from his seat on her patio steps and looked over to where his brother was bent double, pulling weeds from the ground and tossing them into the yard for the cat to chase.

She chuckled, wiping her flour covered hands on her blue skirt. "You can't deny, they're pretty cute."

"If I did, I'd be dandy lying." Sans winked. Had this happened before? Sans never forgot a pun and he could swear he remembered that one from somewhere. The details of the world seemed fuzzy. Everything kept changing.

"BEHOLD MY LEAFY CARNAGE!" Papyrus declared gesturing towards the massive mound of weeds he'd removed.

The more Sans thought about it the more deja vu he felt. A panicked flutter in his chest urged him that he was forgetting something. His head was foggy. Was he supposed to be somewhere right now?

Frisk commended his brother's efforts with a round of applause and a chorus of musical laughter. "Great weed champion Papyrus!" She called out to him. "Would you like cold drink?"

"YES!" Papyrus exclaimed "YOU ARE VERY KIND AND ALSO GREAT, TINY HUMAN!" Papyrus marched towards the hose at the side of the house "BUT FIRST I MUST WASH MY HANDS, FOR THEY ARE COATED IN THE STICKY BLOOD OF MY SAPPY NEMESES!"

Sans definitely remembered this... but if it was a dream... or a reset... he didn't care. He was happy here. He took Frisk's hand to spin her around. As she turned her hair fluttered. Settling, when she came to a stop, to frame the two gaping, black pits of slime where her eye were supposed to be.

With a hollow clatter and a throaty grunt, San's skull collided with Frisk's wooden desk.

"Wuh? ... FUCK!"
He jerked to his feet and gazed frantically around the room. She was gone. He pressed his palm into his brow hard. Of course he would nod off. A bitter laugh cracked across his throat. *How long was he out?*

"Shit." His flanges scraped bone against bone, fanning out across his forehead.

*Why didn't it kill him?*

*Not important, he needed to get himself together.*

*Now.*

*Where would it go?*

The only remaining trace of his deranged lover was the bathrobe sash he had used to tie her wrists together. He plucked it off the bed and held it in his hand, staring at it as if it secretly contained her whereabouts. He'd failed again. This too, and what ever followed, was on him. *What would he do if she had hurt someone? Killed someone?* His fist clenched around the sash.

*What if he couldn't stop her? What would he want her to do, we're their roles reversed?*

That was easy, he'd just tell her to...

No. No way. Not ever, but especially not now. He hadn't even had a chance to talk to her. *To forgive her.*

Since all of this started, it had just been one thing after another. There had been no real break with which to catch their breath or process their feelings. They had scarcely found time to eat. All they did was fight for their lives... And sleep... And fall in love... And die to do it all again. He was so tired, need needed a break... he just wanted to talk to her.

Try as he might to deny it, Sans knew what he had to do. For now, this was their lives the more he tried to run from it, the more damage he would do. It was time to take control. He recognized these grim facts with the same numb dissociation by which he accepted that animal by-product, one of the ingredients in Heinz's food, was made partially out of dead cats.

This is what had to be done. *It was the only choice he had left.* Sans prepared to teleport. His eye flared with furious cyan fire. This time he could not wait until that freak had already slaughtered everyone. He would find her and if he couldn't save her... He would reset the time-line by force, as many times as it took.

He would rip that thing from her soul, or he would spend the rest of eternity trying.

It took almost all night but finally the judge was asleep. Had he really believed any of that would work against her pure determination? It was just like him to continue to repeat history even without the resets. This was the chance that Chara had been waiting for. She worked as quietly as she could against her bonds. Her fingers were fumbling, clumsy with pins and needles.

A creek at the entrance to the bedroom snapped Chara's attention to the stairs. There Papyrus stood, still in his 'sleepy sheepy' pajamas, wringing his large gloved hands and looking
uncharacteristically solemn. Frisk's shock and confusion only stalled her for a second inside Chara's head, before she began to beg for his life.

"Human... eh... Frisk?" He almost whispered, taking a shaky step into the room.

To Chara's surprise, the silent glare she issued worked only to galvanize him into action. He strode across the room and after giving Sans a quick once over, he came to sit on the bed in front of her just out of reach. "I need to speak to you." His voice was too quiet, too soft and far too unsure to be Papyrus, "I understand that you are ill, and you aren't going to respond, but I've known your soul for a long, long time and I'm pretty sure you can hear me."

Chara could feel Frisk reeling with shock. Curious now, she locked eyes with the tall skeleton to communicate that he had her attention.

For a moment Papyrus was quiet. He studied her eyes before he spoke, as if he was looking for something. "I need to tell you what I have never told Sans." He glanced back at Sans once more. When he seemed satisfied with his brother's lack of consciousness, his expression turned to stone. "I need to tell you what I know."

Pausing to let his words rest, he took a deep breath before continuing far more confidently. "I play dumb a lot, I would have kept playing dumb... because I think it makes things easier on Sans if he thinks I'm ignorant. He wants to keep me safe. He does not want me to suffer in knowing, but I know that there is far more to the story of our Escape from underground than he tells me."

The words spilled forth from his hinged jaw, monotone and unceasing. He spoke with the urgent tempo and desperation of a sinful man in confession. "He rambles and screams in his sleep. I know what he screams is the truth, I can see it in his soul. I know that he loves you. I know that you are not you right now. I know we are not alone in this conversation, and I know I am very much in danger." The white pinpricks of his eyes shifted, sharpening to pierce straight through to Chara as he spoke those words. She felt a chill down her spine. He was looking right at her. Not at Frisk or this body but at Chara herself.

The feeling fled and the softness returned to his glowing pupils. "Beyond the fact that I know these things, I am not telling you anything new. My true purpose in interfering was not to confess my lack of ignorance. It is to tell you that you are more than you think. You can overcome this. You have everything you need at this very moment, inside your soul. You merely need to find the strength and the... determination... to call upon it."

Papyrus held up his hand as if to touch her, but quickly reconsidered and recalled it. Heaving a weighted sigh he turned away from her on the bed to stare into San's back. "I cannot help you do this. This battle has always been yours, but do not feel that you are alone. You, Frisk, are never alone. When the moment comes, you will have to choose. Perish in fear or Triumph through love." Though his brow was creased with worry, there was a profound tranquility in the way he was smiling.

Chara groaned internally. What a load of crap. Frisk's soul, on the other hand, positively beamed with love and hopeful determination. This would not do, Chara thought, but there would be plenty of time for crushing that spirit when Chara was free.

"There is so much more I need to tell you, but we will talk again when you are you." Abruptly, Papyrus rose from the bed and stood with this back to her.

"As for you." The coldness in his voice made it clear he was addressing Chara. "I know it is only a matter of time before you wriggle yourself free. To spare you the effort and woe, I will free you
from your bonds." His head turned just enough to glare coldly over his shoulder. "In exchange, you must not attack me and you must not harm Sans while he sleeps, or otherwise take advantage of his current state. I cannot stop you from running amok anymore than I can stop him from coming after you... But allow him a fair and waking fight."

Frisk pleaded with her to comply. She raged and cried against Chara's hold. Chara shoved her away but nodded to Papyrus in agreement. It was a risky decision, but she still wasn't having much luck with her bindings. This could work in her favor. Sans still held some use to her. At least for now, this body was still Frisk in his eyes and so he would protect it with his life.

His bulky, gloved fingers trembled slightly as he untied her wrists. Once she was free, Papyrus stepped back, nodded insistently towards the exit and turn to leave. He paused when he reached the stairs but did not look back. "Be safe little human, I love you like a sister and my brother..."

Shoving frisk's soul down hard, Chara chose this moment to speak out. "Aren't you afraid that I will tell him how you have lied to him?"

"No" Papyrus took a step, then halted. "and he wouldn't believe you if you did."

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Dust rolled unhindered through the emptying streets. They had all been scared away. Chara had seen to that. Roaring in the faces of cowering children, who ran to their homes shielded by confused mothers. Everyone was afraid, even though they didn't remember why. Soon the town was almost void of life, just the way Chara liked it.

Knife firmly in her grip, she cruised the fence tops. Making quick and quiet work of her travels through town. The Judge would be seeking her soon, but he wouldn't even know where to start. Reaching the end of the fence line she stopped, staring blankly at a familiar rustle in the grass. This would have to be handled first, her plans could wait. With soundless agility, Chara dropped and rose slowly, dramatically, to stare down the shivering flower at her feet.

"Chara... I- I knew you'd come back!" The goat faced flower shuddered. The fear in the air was palpable. Chara could smell the savory hormones, minerals and static, so strong she could almost taste it. She smiled at the flower's mumbling attempts to win her over. She loved when they begged. "I broke them down for you. I knew. I knew you'd be in there. I knew you could come back." Of course she was still around, but when the goat beast had ravaged Frisk, he had ravaged Chara as well. "I don't want to be like this anymore Chara. I-I'm ready to delete it all... I should have listen to you."

"Yes." Chara whispered, "You should have." As much as she wanted to rip what remained of the flower to pieces, she knew his attempts to free her were genuine. He still had a human body hidden somewhere. He was still of use to her alive... for now. She was done begins dragged through Frisk's idiocy and suffering her stupidity.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I swear I can still help!" The flower's mewling was nails on a chalk board. This thing was just a pathetic, soulless shell. Chara loathed it with all her withered heart. A part of her still shivered inside when she remembered that she had made him this way, but that piece of her disintegrated as soon as she recalled the horror of his attack. That thing was not her Asriel. Her brother was dead. She would use him and as long as he believed they were a team he would be no threat to her. "Fine... Prove it. Break the locks on the gates. Go to the humans and bring me war..."
A viscous grin was the last vision she had of the mangled plant monster before it ducked beneath the earth and away.

Human legend depicts the women of the Merrow as delicate, smooth skinned seductresses. A fact that burned Undyne to her core.

Mermaids... human head, human body and fish tail from the waist down? Sounded more like a siren to her.

Though the women of the sea were thought of fondly, the men were not. They say the men of the sea were hideous, and cruel, remembered only for their brutality. Stories tell of mermen capturing the souls of drowned sailors and locking them in cages under the sea. Men get all the damn glory. The fear those frightening fish like faces inspired, scarred that lie deep in the minds of human kind. Humans are fools who see what they want to see. In truth, Merrow men, or "macamore" were by far, the gentler of the sexes, preferring to stay home with the family. The warriors of the sea people had always been the women.

Undyne was certainly no exception. She was not dainty or soft. She was a fucking champion! A living weapon like her mother before her! Though, that's not to say she couldn't be beautiful. She was as beautiful as she was terrible.

Seraphic, she stood watch alone, high on her guard station near the front of town. The scales on her face were smooth and matte like the slate of an old river bed. Each hard, flat plate tucked beneath the next around her sharp features like a mosaic. Her expression soured, bending the flow of each perfectly rounded blue-gray pebble into a thuggish scowl. For the last few minutes a slender dark figure had been slinking along the fences like a specter. Wild untamable locks of Undyne's vermilion hair caught the wind and escaped her tight ponytail to flash across her skin like a red tide. In the moment spent sweeping it aside, the lurking shadow vanished. Something twisted in her guts, the tingling of intuition. She swept from her post and made chase. The clang of armored boots clattering against the cobblestone street rang into the morning air. There was no chance of surprise. No matter, she was not stealthy, but she was certainly fast. If she guessed right, which she always did, she would head the sneaky creature off.

Rounding the corner of the last house and hopping over the fence in one quick movement, she came down before her pray with the echoing force of a small meteorite.

When the impact dust had settled, the panting merrow found herself staring at the back of a familiar brown haired girl.

"Oh. Hey punk, I didn't recognize you." She chuffed affectionately.

Frisk stilled and made no reply.

Undyne's gut still twisted urgently. "Fuhuhu, did I scare you? I did, didn't I? Ha! You always were a wimp." She mocked playfully. Something wasn't right here. None of this felt friendly. "Say, what are you up to sneakin' around people's yards at the crack of sparrow's fart anyway?" She paused waiting for a response.
"Hey brat, what gives?" Agitated, she moved to reach for her friend. Frisk twitched. It was a small thing but so grossly unnatural. Undyne blanched, pulling her hand back like one would from a growling dog.

They stood, tense in the static for a heartbeat. The scales on the back of Undyne's neck rose. Her nerves buzzed like live wires. Frisk turned herself around, with a motion so rough it seemed almost mechanical. Her face was split wide. Not smiling, just... showing teeth. The expression was far more like a snarl than a smile.

Inside her head Frisk could see them... all of them. She watched each one, falling, cracking and crumbling to dust. She could feel the silky-soft ash like dust between her fingers, packed beneath her nails, smothering her skin.

'You killed them.'

'Stop.'

'You even cut Papyrus's head off, mid-smile.'

'F-Fuck...'

'And when they ran from you? You hunted them down, grinding out... every... last... ounce... of dust.'

A soft sobbing echoed through nowhere. Being shown her own memories was a nightmare. Frisk was a nightmare. She knew she deserved this hell, but that didn't stop her from trying to hide from the pain. She curled further and further into the dream. Seeking the only warmth left inside her. She wrapped herself around a tiny spark of blue she found embedded in all the red of her soul. Shining like a little shard of glass. If she just held on. Just a little longer. Frisk tried to scrape together the strength to push back, the will to hold on. Chara wasn't having that. With a gasp, she was plunged straight back into the drowning horror.

Chara's sneer twitched. 'I'm sorry, did you think you were the hero of this story?'

'You're not' She chided. 'You killed the hero. Don't you remember?'

San's tired, empty eyes, his forced smile. Yes, she remembered. He'd looked so defeated and yet... He wasn't sweating, like she had first thought. He was melting. The determination was turning him to mush like one of Alphys's amalgamates. How could she have been so cruel?

Frisk could tell her body was lifting against her will. It was a sense more than a feeling, but no less true. Out in the real world Chara was moving them, taking them somewhere. Frisk dug in her mental heels, pulling weakly at Chara's control. 'Please..' She begged 'Don't..' but in vain, the beast at the wheel paid her no mind. It began digging, deep, deep inside her. Looking for something even Frisk didn't know how to find. Frisk felt her clutch at it. The movement of her body stopped, Chara gnashed her teeth in frustration. There was an unearthly ping as time locked into place and then all
hope was lost.

((SAVED))
I'm not going to make excuses.
I suck.
I know I suck.
If anyone is still reading this, you are a magical wonder beast and I love you with my whole pumper.
I'm not going to make you promises that I will post faster... I know my me... and as previously stated... I suck...
But I'm not giving up! I'm still trying!

Also, here is some music and junk.
Woot!
Black Honey - Thrice
Porcelain-Skott
Nicotine-Undertale AMV

Dude... also... check out this amazing thingy!
Followed by this other amazing thingy!

If I did an animation of Sans I would try for that kind of Sans man... That's a good Sans.

:D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ad Infinitum Ad Nauseam Ad Victoriam

The cloud free sky stretched from Horizon to Horizon. An endless perfect sea, bleached the light blue hue of acid washed denim by the glare of unobstructed sunlight. All of this worry, all of this fear and strife was so out of place on the dawn of such a beautiful day.

Sans sauntered though town with his hands in his jacket pockets and a lazy grin cast across his face. At first glance, he would appear irrelevant, if not for the cold sweat that beaded his brow like condensation on cold glass. It didn't take long to pick up her trail. He only needed to follow the terrified faces peering through cracked blinds in the little houses. They led him like a trail of bread crumbs lining the street leading through the town center to the last stretches of Persona. Sans dragged his feet as he walked, kicking up a cloud in his wake. He prayed it was not dust.

He existed in that moment again and again. Load after load, after load set him back to the front yard of Frisk's house. What felt like eternity was, in reality, only a few minutes. Aggravating as it was, there was nothing he could do but keep walking. Each time the sun would creep a little higher into the sky and he would walk a little further, before starting over. The reason for the loads was obvious. The demon was fighting someone and it was losing terribly.
Loosing...

And dying...

Frisk was dying..

She had already died dozens of times now.

It was scary how numb he was already becoming to that fact.

Sans pushed the feeling away but he picked up the pace all the same. It should be him. If anyone had to put her down repeatedly... It should be him.

He was the only one who understood. He would be quick... Gentle... He wouldn't bring her unnecessary pain... It had to be him.

The urge to get closer overcame Sans's resolve to conserve magic. He pulled himself through a short cut almost to the end of the road. Finally, he was close enough to hear the fighting. Undyne's unmistakable bellowing split the air and rumbling magic set his teeth. They were somewhere around the last house, maybe one Street over. He was quick to teleport, but when he came through the other side he found himself standing once more in his own front yard. Another reset.

This time though... this time he knew exactly where to go.

Now, how to deal with Undyne?

He could kill her.

That would certainly be the most efficient way to remove her from the equation.

'No, no, don't start jumping to murder as a solution.' He chastised himself rocking his skull to stretch his neck and rolling his stiff shoulders. He needed more information to make a plan. That meant waiting until the next load, getting there right has it all started and watching how it played out without him. So he kicked over a flower pot on Frisk's front step and waited.

When the moment came, he was shifted suddenly to the middle of the yard. The pot returned to its previous upright position and Sans shot through the fabric of reality coming to rest inside the living room of the last house on the last residential street in Persona. He was met with bare sheet-rock and concrete floors. Sans breathed out in relief, the interior was still under construction. No one would be living here yet. He slid across the floor to press his back to the wall and peak out the window to the backyard.

She was already there.

Standing in the yard... smiling at the ground.

A second later Undyne made her calamitous entrance. Fond recognition first bloomed across her face as she spoke but it soon withered into a stained look of confusion when the figure she thought was Frisk failed to reciprocate her enthusiasm. She extended a scaled hand as if to forcefully turn the girl but recalled it just as quickly when the demon flinched. Then after a tense moment, it turned to face her.

Whatever Undyne had been expecting, it clearly wasn't what her eyes found in its contorted expression. The fish woman snapped her long, sharp teeth together in a grimace that looked like mismatched shards of shattered porcelain. There might have been talking in some previous timeline,
but in this run the demon left no time for it. Frisk's body sprang into action, swinging her knife wildly in an attempt to catch Undyne off guard. It worked, to a degree. The blow found its mark, but barely left a dent in the fish's armor. Undyne blinked a few times. Her mouth twitched like it couldn't decide if it should rage... Or laugh.

Sans had no problem making that distinction. He laughed so hard his clenching, nonexistent stomach doubled him over. This was a hilarious and highly fortunate development. Frisk had no LOVE. Her XP was zero. Hell, her HP wasn't even all that impressive.

Undyne's voice screeched suddenly from the yard. A mournful heart breaking scream that brought Sans's laughing to an abrupt halt. He turned to the window just in time to see Undyne fall to her knees besides a little broken corpse.

He was in Frisk's yard again. If guilt was wet, Sans would have been dripping.

Cutting a portal directly into the backyard of the vacant home, he snatched the demon and quickly pulled them both through another shortcut. Undeterred by his captives spitting protests, Sans took them as far away as he could without leaving Tobias's land. He pushed the creature away as they came to a rough stop where the earth ended and the Atlantic ocean began. He had taken them to the rolling green on the edge of the tallest cliff side within the farms boarders. It was the very same cliff where Sans had tossed away the human bomber, what seemed like an eternity ago.

The demon pulled Frisk's shaking body from the ground and faced him. They both stood maybe fifteen feet from the cliff's edge and about the same distance from one another. Sans tucked his hands into his pockets and waited. There was nothing human in the way the creature behaved. It didn't seem surprised or angry. There was no hint of real emotion in its drooling face. It didn't look around to see where it was or ask him any questions. It just stared. Like it had in the bedroom, like it had in the golden halls.

"It's a beautiful day outside..." Sans remarked, making a show of feeling the warm coastal breeze. "What do you think creatures like you should be doing on days like this?"

The demon stared.

"We've definitely covered this before."

The demon stared.

"Do you remember?" Met with nothing, Sans shrugged. "It has been a while... I guess you're about due for a refresher, huh pal?"

"You take one step, in any direction..." Sans let his eyes go dark. "and I'll remind you."

It didn't hesitate, it ran, but not for Sans... It ran right for the cliff. Sans wrapped it in blue and threw it to the ground, hard. The knife flew from its grip. He teleported to where it lay and rolled it over with his foot. Its eyes were shut, scrunched tight, its face was soft... and human. Tear tracks shone on its flushed cheeks and its chest heaved with fake fear.

It wasn't Frisk. It couldn't fool Sans. There were still red eyes behind those clenching lids. He pressed his heel into its chest and leaned down bracing his arm on his knee. "I wouldn't hold my breath, if I were you..."

Red eyes met his glowing blue. He nodded as understanding passed between them. His intentions were clear now. It convulsed when, without warning, a single sharp bone pierced the back of its skull. Its mouth sagged open and released a guttural groan. Just an involuntary reflex in
the throes of death, but Sans knew it would haunt him forever. He closed his eyes and held in his
grief and the load came.

He didn't expect, when he opened his eyes, to find he was still on the cliff side. He barely had a
moment to register it before the demon was on him. Filthy little shit was using Frisk's saves?! How?
Frisk couldn't even do that?! They grappled clumsily, rolling back and forth through the grass.
Eventually, he got it by the wrist and held the knife away. With his other hand he shot a bone into
the soft tissue under its chin. Blood dripped onto his skull. His face was so close he could feel the
weeze of its last breath.

'It's not her' he lied to himself. 'she can’t feel it.’ But the lie was futile

The fighting continued in this fashion until Sans lost count. The demon was put down so easily it
was almost sad. Once, it managed to push Sans off the cliff side, but he teleported back unharmed.
Beyond that, Sans had taken it out a few dozen times as soon as they loaded and they'd danced
through a couple dozen short fights. The demon was improving. With every load it could better
predict his movements. Now, it would roll in a different directions, with no notable pattern. It zigged
and zagged when it ran for him. It was getting better, but at this pace Sans would kill it a thousand
times before it even got close.

Still, Sans was getting tired.

The demon paused, flipped the knife in its hand and lunged. Aggressive attacks always leave an
opening. Sans side stepped each assault, passing up opportunities to strike, waiting for the perfect
moment. He still wanted it to be swift, as painless as possible. As weariness bore down on him, he
found it increasingly difficult to keep her deaths clean. He was getting sloppy. His fury was waning
and his heart grew heavy under the weight of his task. This ever repeating cycle drained him, just
like every other ever repeating cycle that had ruled his existence. He was so accustom to the gore and
horror. Cracking bones and bursting flesh became meaningless background noise.  His mind
wondered and he couldn't help wondering what Frisk was thinking about where ever she was.

Perhaps he had been hasty in his commitment. Maybe if he could talk to her... Maybe this could
end. Even if it didn’t, even if he couldn’t help her… What was the harm in trying? He grabbed the
demon by the soul and turned it blue to slam it down into the grass. Staring deeply into is pit hole
eyes, he placed a hand firmly against her chest and he felt for her.

The demon roared- enraged by the sudden invasion, but Sans paid it no mind. Its soul dripped
deep red with determination like hers, but she wasn't there. This soul was nothing like Frisk's. It was
like she didn't exist at all. Sadness and hopelessness gripped him.

"Frisk..." He whispered stroking her cheek as the demon struggled against his grasp. "What are
you doing in there, kid?" He chuffed something between a laugh and a sob. "Please babe, I need you
to send me some kinda sign that you're still with me."

The demon spat at him and laughed.

Then it screamed.

A real scream, the first he'd ever heard from it.
Crying out in agony as Sans crushed it slowly and intimately with his bare magic.

The next load passed and the creature came for him angrier this time, if that was even possible. Sans needed a break. He wanted to sit for a minute. They had been fighting for ages. He knocked its head with a bone until it collapsed to the floor in a heap.

Dragging his feet, Sans trudged over to sit beside it. He watched the morning sun dance on the ocean. He listened to the sound of gulls and the crash of waves against the shore. It really was a beautiful day. If he kept his eyes straight, he couldn't see the blood dripping down her forehead and it almost looked like Frisk was napping in the grass beside him. So, he pretended for a while.

"Hey Frisk?"

...

"What do you call a seagull when it flies over the bay?"

...

"A baygull" He tapped a drumbeat on his own leg.

"Heh, have you heard about the restaurant that caters exclusively to dolphins?"

...

"Yeah, it only has one customer, but at least it serves a porpoise." He snorts in spite of himself.

...

"Okay okay... One more" He shakes Frisk's knee still giggling. "A Lox, a frogette and a Jerry find a genie at the end of a cliff. The lox jumps off the cliff and yells, "Whale," genie turns 'em into a whale and he swims away. The frogette jumps off and yells, "Bird," and flys away… but the Jerry jumps off and yells, "ah crap!," falls into the water and--" 

Sans doesn't have time to laugh at his punch line. The demon is awake and it’s on top of him in a flash, straddling him. His hands are around its arms, but too high above the elbow and he has no real control. The knife is slashing, swinging wildly almost touching his throat. He has to wiggle to keep the blade from hitting his arms. He loses a shoe kicking at the dirt as he tries to get the traction he needs to throw her off.

“Why even fight it?” The demon asks, all too coolly. “Do you want to keep killing her forever?”

Its shins are squeezing his hips and its feet are tucked under his rear. He’s exhausted and no, he doesn’t really want to fight forever, but one death and it’s all over. He’s not so desperate as to believe that giving up is an option. He has to fight, but there’s no way out. The creature has him pinned and its leaking its black tar onto his face. It’s everywhere, in his mouth, dripping into his eyes and he can’t see to dodge the blade. A deep primal terror floods him as he realizes that Frisk won’t be there to reset. He calls for her, his voice hoarse with panic. His soul sings to hers with a resonance that shakes him.

For the first time that he can remember, Sans is scared to die.
Frisk was curled up like a fawn in the snow. Surrounded by a nothing so dense it was suffocating. In a place so absent of color it appeared both endlessly black and glaringly white all at once. She was safe here. Guarded from the visions and protected from the clawing of her sins...

but for the burning in her heart...

And the pulsing hateful delight chilling her soul. A cold compress wrapped firmly around her being.

Upon first finding this sanctuary, she had tried to fight back, but that was so long ago now. Uncountable minutes had turned to uncountable hours. The lapse was incomprehensible without time and Frisk grew hopeless in her solitude. Chara raged and fell, only to rise enraged again. The loads came, and the loads went. Death rattled her black-white prison and chewed at the body she could still feel.

At least Sans was here now. She could feel him somewhere outside. His magic was so strong it felt like it came from everywhere around and inside her. She knew how much this must be hurting him... but he would protect everyone from her... he was the only one who understood...

And... the pain didn't really bother her so much anymore... Pain is pain, there are only so many kinds. It can only hurt so much.

The continuing throb and slow aching pulse. A tense uncomfortable pressure or squeezing clamp like feeling, that mimics the pull of a Charlie horse.

The numb tingle of a limb falling asleep.

Clenching, spasming muscles, contorted, straining against the pain.

Pins and needles stinging in the bones.

Nerves aflame, with no relief.

Protective flinch, goosebumps and chill.

The zing, jarring electric shock of the first blow and the tightness of skin stretching over swelling tissue.

Sometimes, it almost feels cold.

Sometimes, it radiates with heat.

And sometimes it almost feels like some one is touching, even when they are not.

It was nothing new...

She had felt it all before, as a child.

And yet...

With the dawn of adult life, comes adult consciousness. Far more brittle a thing than that of a youth. No longer green enough to adapt, Frisk's already splintering soul was sick with madness. It
seemed impossible that she would ever recover. How could she? There was no returning from this. No moving on. It was too much to come back from.

Her thoughts paused for her body to die and reappear.

Something had wiggled unseen into her purgatory, an unwelcomed pleasure.

With a start, she found herself savoring that last agonized breath and when the load came, she felt a strange, empty need. An odious want had grown within her, itching from the inside. A phantom pain inflicted her soul, and it wished for those wounds that had given it reason.

She yearned for the madness to bubble up, take physical form and burn its way through her flesh. To scar the truth across her skin and manifest her suffering incarnate. Frantically... desperately... she wanted that imaginary hole to fester. She willed it to poison her blood like a toxic infection spreading out from her heart. A beating wound in the left side of her chest, surrounded by blackened veins.

She want it to spread to her whole body.

To taint and turn her flesh.

She wanted it to be too late to stop it.

So she could be swept under by the fever.

Let it burn her away.

Until she was nothing but ash and dust.

It was in this hopeless hell, that he finally found her.

Her soul rang with his panicked magic. Her being sang with it, as if it were her own. There was a tug and she lurched before slowly ascending, like she was being pulled out of quicksand by a fishing line lodged in her soul. Or pulled up from the darkest depths of the deepest ocean.

The black-white of the world blurred and became gray.

Gaining speed.

Her mind began to clear.

How long I had she been hiding?

She breached the surface, shattering the wall that Chara had held her behind.

She breathed like she had been holding her breath.

Then collided full force with Chara.

And there within her, the true battle began.
Ad Infinitum Ad Nauseam Ad Victoriam
To infinity, to Nausea, to victory.
BTW
because... yes.
Frisk found herself sitting on the wood plank floor of an oddly familiar little room. The stillness made her feel uneasy. There was a distinct and strange lack of background noise. The stagnation buzzed with contempt, as if the very air around her was angry.

Something didn't feel right. She looked around, collecting her bearings and almost yelped when she realized she wasn't alone. A young girl, maybe six years old, sobbed, mostly nude beside her. She was thin. Bone thin, everywhere but her stomach, which pushed out, distended against her drawn legs.

Beyond the crying girl, the room was nearly empty. The only real furniture was a bare, yellowing mattress on a rickety looking iron frame. Frisk knew this room. She had been here before. This was the orphanage, specifically her room in the orphanage but in another time. She wasn't sure how she arrived in this place, but she knew she wasn't supposed to be here. This was private. Quietly as possible, Frisk placed her hands on the floor and began to swift towards standing.

The crying girl's head jerked suddenly and locked its red rimmed eyes on her. Black mascara dripped down its little, sunken, stark white face and smeared across a thick layer of bright powdered
blush. It spoke without a real voice.

"How did you get here?"

Frisk froze.

"ḠēTİ ḩụTİ.."

The girl's face morphed becoming angry, twisted and finally inhuman. Its mouth opened, far wider than any mouth should. The jaw came unhinged with a pop, showing two long rows of too many teeth that extended far into its gaping red throat.

"ḠēTİ ḩụTİ.."

The walls blew out and the darkness outside them pushed in. The room began to pitch and swing like a tilta-whirl. Frisk held on for dear life. The little girl with the still widening mouth was aging. Her body filled out until she was almost a mirror image of Frisk when she first fell into the underground. Then it went on aging, shifting changing and reverting as it went, as if trying to decide what it should look like.

When at last everything stilled, the room was completely gone. Only the wooden floor remained, stretching on forever in every direction. The little girl was no more. It its place Frisk found herself looking up at what could easily be her twin, but thinner, more beautiful and adorned with a pair of impossibly ruby red eyes.

"Are you..." Frisk started.

"YeTİ.." Chara replied and the darkness flickered as she spoke.
One minute Sans is fighting desperately for his life, the next he's watching perplexed as the
demon writhes above him. Not waiting to waste the opportunity, he threw it off and scrambled to his
knees. He didn't have the mind to stand. The suddenness of the change caught him off guard. So he
stayed were he knelt, awkwardly transfixed.

The creature's arms and legs waved and strained wildly, as if fighting off an invisible foe or
burning in unseen fire. It gasped and mumbled but he couldn't make out what it was saying. It was
too quiet and just a hair too far away. He strained to hear it but he certainly wasn't interested in
getting any closer. At least... not yet.

A tiny spark of hope had the audacity to flutter within his heart. Could she be fighting back? Was
that what he was seein

The fits stopped suddenly and it/she laid in the grass perfectly still.

'On second thought, maybe this was just the after affect of the concussion she probably has.' He
thought dryly to himself. 'I hit her pretty hard, maybe she has a brain bleed or something.'

Sans settled back on his haunches, maintaining both his surveillance of and distance from the
creature.

The truth was, hoping hurt.

He wanted her to come back.

He wanted it so much.

The hot and cold of his thoughts clashed too violently for him to make any real sense of them. His
soul was a supercell inside his ribcage.

He wanted to scream at her for all she'd put them through.

He wanted to shake her for giving in.

He wanted to rage at her for leaving him alone.

... and...

He wanted to hug her as hard as he could, feel her heart beat against his ribs and tell her he
forgave her. He couldn't stand the idea of being alone again. God's grace, he was so lonely.
He felt his magic intensify, crashing lightning and roaring thunder.

It scared him.

Better not to feel too much.

Better to push it down and watch.

Better to believe that she isn't coming back.

Not this time.

They couldn't get lucky forever.

Frisk pulled herself up from the floor to stand. Chara's adult form flickered and glitched, her appearance shifting strangely against the endless black backdrop.

"That's not what you look like." Frisk pointed out matter-o-factly. "You were a child when you died."

"No." Chara acknowledged "Clever of you to notice. None of this has been real. It is all just the illusion our minds build to make sense of their own insides. I have learned to control what we see."

Frisk looked around "What do we really look like?"

Chara eyes watched Frisk hungrily "Are you sure you want to see that? You can, anytime you want. You just have to look hard enough."

Frisk turned back to Chara and stared hard. Yes, she wanted to know. She willed herself to see and with absolute horror, she did.

She saw a rotting red dripping heart, seeping pockets of black pus, suspended where Chara had stood, like a piece of sagging fouled fruit. It was wrong, so wrong and it made her feel sick.

It hurt to look at it.

Jet-black, shining stalks wrapped in pulsing, red veins extended out from the long dead soul. With stunned dread, Frisk followed them with her eyes all the way to where they plunged deep into the shining red of her own soul. Tainting it, fouling it and feeding off it like a leech.

Frisk screamed.
She screamed and flailed in vain, jibbering and delirious with fear and horror. The image vanished. She didn't want to see it anymore.

Chara laughed. "See? There is no hope. I have you. I'm part of you. There is no escape."

Frisk wasn't listening.

That soul.

That poor pathetic sick thing.

So sad and broken.

She opened her eyes too it again. This time seeing past her fear. Her own soul pulsed with pity. She reached out, pulling it closer with the connection between them.

"What do you think you're doing?" Chara snapped, trying to pull away.

Frisk brought it within her grasp "oh Chara" she whispered "look at you."

Then she touched it

and

the

black

shattered.

A girl, small and soft, played make believe on the floor. Two people, a man and a woman in rich well made clothing watched her fondly, holding hands and giving each other meaningful looks. They whispered to each other of how the girl was so lovely and smart, she was everything they'd been looking for.

A stark figure of a man cleared his throat from the doorway. The couple rose and followed him out into the hall. He closed the door behind him.

The little girl crawled to the door and pressed her ear against it. It was hard to hear what they said over the pounding of her heart.

She didn't understand. What was a "coffin birth"? What did they mean "born with a caul"? The woman called her a devil and a witch. She heard them walking hastily away, and though she didn't know why, she knew that they weren't coming back.

The world shifts.

Chara tries to push her away, Frisk's touch becomes a grip.
The girl is older, but not by much. She holds her breath, waiting in a hallway across from a closed door, listening for footsteps. She has a little bowl of unrecognizable slop. She is hungry but she is strong and there are others behind that door who are not so strong. They are her little friends and they cry because they are so hungry and sick. The small amount of food the girl gets rationed is watered down but she always shares it, when she has the chance.

It is not safe for her to be here today. She knows she could be caught, but she has not heard them cry in days. She takes a chance and reached for the door. It squeaks open.

The smell hits her first. It's so strong she has to swallow back bile. Sweet like cherries but mixed with garlic, mothballs and rot.

*Then she sees the flies.*

A huge, heavy hand falls on her shoulder.

*She is caught.*

It is all chaos and raw emotion.

The raging current pulls them through time with the force of a swollen river on a mountain side. Each burst of terrible memory rips at Frisk like jagged rocks. She held Chara's struggling soul against herself, determined.

The man stands over her, hurting her in ways that make no sense. She is sure it is only to shame her for finding out *what he did.*

Those rough old hands and all his strange demands.

*Be a good girl.*

She gives him what he wants.

Maybe if she does, he will stop.

*He doesn't stop.*

He brings other men. They hurt her too. He puts make up on her, so they will want her. He says he isn't really into children and he wants her to look like a woman.

"It's not your fault." Frisk cries. "He was a terrible man. He hurt so many children. You didn't do anything to deserve it."

Chara is getting older. Asking too many questions. She starts to understand *what he has taken from her.*

The parents and other children call her a witch and a monster.

*She likes it.*
She would rather be a witch or a monster than a human. She hated them all. So she ran to the mountain where the magic folk live.

Someone told her once that the Sidhe live there.

*Spirits of old gods.*

Banshee and Changelings and fairies.

She heard they steal children sometimes, and that no one who ventures into the mountain's caverns ever returns. It took a few days but she finally found her way there.

*Mount Ebott.*

It isn't long before he comes for her. He had never been far behind. She pleads but *he doesn't care.* He hits her over the head and drags her into a cave in the side of the mountain.

He beats and savages her. The blood runs down her head, *into her eyes.* She lays still and blind.

He thinks he's killed her.

Picking her up by an arm and a leg he tosses her into a pit at the back of the cavern.

She wakes broken and alone, *in a bed of golden flowers.*

Chara sobs, beating Frisk back, begging her to stop. *Frisk's hold tightens.*

*There is nothing to say.*

The world shifts.

*Asriel.*

The soft white prince.

He always loved to play in the flower patch where they found her. He said she was an angel that fell from the sky to be his sister. He didn't mind that she was quite, because he loved to tell her stories about monster history.

He was never angry when she woke him up with nightmares. He cried easily and said that feelings make your soul strong.

She loved him so very much.

But...
Sometimes she was jealous.

Sometimes she hated him.

Sometimes she wanted to hurt him.

Sometimes she wanted him to die.

Sometimes she would pinch him as hard as she could, or shove him when no one was looking.

Sometimes she wanted them all to die.

_Sometimes she wanted to die._

"You were just a little girl." Frisk soothes, cringing as the outer layers of her soul are shredded by Chara's rage. "You're not evil. You were never evil." It's all happening so fast.

The world shifts.

_Chara is a God._

She is one with her prince, his soft white fur is her skin, his rare beautiful technicolor magic surges through her red soul.

_They lay dying._

Surrounded by golden flowers. Everything she wanted had been so close. He betrayed her at the last minute. Those people hurt him, killed them both. Everyone killed her. This world was disgusting and sick. It shouldn't be allowed to exist.

Monsters

Humans

_They all had to pay._

_Chara would make them pay._

_And she would save them._
She knew she could. She saw it as she died. The strings that held the universe together. With all the fury and determination her dying heart possessed, she clung to them and hung, never quite dead, no longer alive... for years.

Waiting to end it all.

All the wicked world.

All its monsters and men.

They would hang

in the nothing with her.

Free from the pain of reality.

Cursed with the anguish of eternity.

Waiting.

To destroy.

To erase.

At last, Frisk had come to the moment when they met. Two lost, nearly identical souls. One shadowing the other. A tiny baby girl, so new in the world.

Chara had always been with her.

She watched her grow and grow, waiting for it to work.

She was there when she learned to walk and speak.

She pushed her not to trust the man. To fight back.

She guided her to the cavern.

And watched her fall.

They went through hell together.

Frisk gave in

And finally Chara took control.
No one had ever touched her as Frisk did now. The love and the sorrow consumed her.

"I'm sorry."

They stood in the black again. Frisk embracing Chara awkwardly from behind.

Rage and hurt building.

Betrayal

Sorrow

Loss

Chara turned in her arms to face her.

And attacked.

They stood in the black again. Frisk embracing Chara awkwardly from behind.

Rage and hurt building.

Betrayal

Sorrow

Loss

Chara turned in her arms to face her.

And attacked.
Chara was swallowing her.

And it hurt.

Frisk could feel Chara's pain, her lonely sadness and anger. It dug deep into every inch of her and compelled by it, Frisk's soul thrummed with sympathy. She didn't let go. Holding tightly as her soul was gouged and torn. Hanging in the nothing embracing Chara's putrid being.

"It doesn't have to be this way, you haven't hurt anyone in this time line but me."

There were no real words to describe what passed between them. An exchange of consciousness too deep to be understood.

"And I forgive you. Even if I can't stop you, even if I die, I will still forgive you."

Chara's advance did not slow. The bright red of Frisk was disappearing under the blood red of Chara. They would become one.

Except...

It wasn't all red.
There was a spark.
A tiny storm.
Just the smallest shard of blue.

A life line.
The demon flew to its knees as if pulled upright by an invisible thread. Sans almost fell over with surprise. It clawed at itself and screamed. Mirror images of her seemed to pull away from one another, screaming with many voices.

She was fighting. She was. There was a chance. A chance to save her. A chance to save himself. His heart nearly burst with the rush of hope he'd been repressing. He could see her. Her soul was there. Dim, nearly snuffed out but still there. Still connected to him.

Sans crawled to her and grabbed the physical body, specter and spirit, tangled in a bastardization of soul magic. He could see where the two were becoming one in the grotesquely unnatural fusion underway. It was already hard to tell where one ended and the other began. He'd never seen anything so horrible and Sans could safely say he'd see some shit.

There was something else there too. Something he couldn't really explain. Deep within them he could feel his own magic. His own essence shining back at him, sparkling blue out of all the red. A shard of glass glinting in a pool of blood. Maybe it was the bond? Maybe a it was something else. It didn't matter. This was their way out. He pored his magic into the spark, turning them blue inside and out and slowly began pulling them apart.

Chara could feel his fingers dig into her. Pulling her away. No. Frisk was letting him. She was letting him tear them apart.

Of course she wasn't. She wanted to go home. She still could. She didn’t want Chara.
She hadn't wanted any of them.
He was one of them, she'd always been one of them.
So why did they feel like a stab in the back?

Frisk’s soul warmed in their frightful entanglement, like a beaten puppy wagging at her from under under a bed. The feeling made no sense to Chara. She could feel that Frisk was afraid, of course she was afraid, but there was more...

In spite of the fear, the pain and all the damage Chara had caused.

Still... Even as Chara sought to devour her very being, even as Sans struggled to free her and Frisk struggled to survive...

There was determination.

There was forgiveness.

There was love.
They were enveloped in blue. Splitting at the seams. Chara couldn't hold on. Her grasp was slipping. It felt like dying all over again.

Frisk clutched for her. "I don't want you to die. You could stay with me like you did before. It doesn't have to be all or nothing."

Chara couldn't understand, it didn't make sense. Why did the host she had haunted and manipulated care what happened to her? No one else ever had.

"You've always been there, you saved me so many times. I'm sorry I didn't know. I'm sorry I never asked."

It hurt, but Chara couldn't help but want to hear more. Her soul twitched and ached.

Frisk's voice grew desperate. "You're part of me, you're my secret friend, you're like a sister I never knew I had. Please, I want more time. I can make this right. I love you. Don't die. I love you. Please don't die." The last threads of their connection frayed. "You can still come back from this."

Chara closed her eyes.

"No, I can't."

She let go.

A violent sound, like a ripping steal.

A burst of magic, bright as fire.

The two mirror images tore apart, straight down the center. Frisk kneeled, swaying and dazed. Sans laid out on his back, blown down by the force. A cool breeze rolled over the hillside shuffling the grass. The ocean sang as it beat the cliff side.
"Wait" Frisk whispered. "Wait."

---

Chapter End Notes

Dudes,
This chapter was so hard.
I was trying so hard not to lay it on too thick... 
But still get the point across? Ya know?
How do you say something beyond words??
Anyway.
The next chapter will be a bit of a break from the depressing stuff...
Chapter Summary

Things start too lighten up a little... for now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Red Morning Sky

"The greatest hazard of all, losing one’s self, can occur very quietly in the world, as if it were nothing at all. No other loss can occur so quietly; any other loss - an arm, a leg, five dollars, a wife, etc. - is sure to be noticed."
- Soren Kierkegaard

"Tragedy stuck early Tuesday morning when the body of 19 year old Chelsea Dobhail was found murdered and lane out in a horrific display on Cranmore Rd in Abby's Quarter. Authorities have yet to announce any leads. The girl's soul itself appears to have been damaged leaving the public to speculate whether or not monsters may have been involved."

*Click.

"-leton into the crowd where he captured the girl and released some kind of shockwave attack on several dozen people i-"

*Click.

"-very thirsty. I'm thirsty too! Here's a drink that's right for yo-"

*Click.

"-filibuster. While, parliament remains hung and there seems little chance of coalition-"

*Click.

"members of the spiral heart are preforming a sit in demonstration today. Their hope is to gather support for a bill that would legalize magnetized, iron-infused control devises for use on dangerous or 'potentially dangerous' monst-"

*Click.

"-declared missing. James Thomas was last seen-"

*Click.
"-sea Dobhail posted this picture of her self with the local monster and street vender, Jack Nice the day of the attack. Leaving many to wond-

*Click.

"-ER! I SAY BURY THE BREASTS! SEND THEM BACK TO THEIR CAV-

*Click.

" -our god given right! This is our planet, our home. These demons burst from the earth, sent from the breast of the devil himself and demand rights!? Have we lost all good sense!? It is disrupting the natural order! They cannot be allowed to walk the earth! Se-

*Click.

"-enforcing a strict ban on all trade and travel in or out of the monster zone. Local county officials maintain that the blockade is a temporary safety measure and-

*Click.

"- UN Secretary-General declared a quarantine-

*Click.

"-on grab your friends, We're going to very distant lan-

*Click

"-to come... Meanwhile, both the E.U. and United Nations have enacted their own restrictions on Ireland as a whole. The F.A.O. stated in a briefing Wednesday morning that reports from their offices show border closures, quarantines, and other restrictions are seriously hindering people's access to food, as well as threatening their livelihoods, disrupting processing chains and further exacerbating shortages and panics.-

*Click.

"-of the apparent kiss went viral this week. The girl, self named 'Frisk' who is seen interacting romantically with the skeleton, remains unavailable for comm-

*Click. Fuzz.

Sans clicked off the television with a deep sigh. The room was stuffy and quiet without it, but he'd heard enough. Watching anymore would just stress him out.

He closed his eyes and let his head fall back into the couch cushions. It was early. Not so early that it was worth trying to go back to sleep, but early enough that he was the only one awake. The sun was just starting to peak in through the living room windows. Motes of dust tinkering in the streaming sunbeams fluttered, reminiscent of snow flakes.

What day was it?

Without the resets, days felt much shorter. They washed seamlessly into one another and time seemed to pass faster than Sans could keep track of it. He couldn't put his finger on the number of days that had passed. Less than a week, he thought.
After their battle on the hillside, Chara seemed to have disappeared entirely. Flowey was MIA. Political turmoil and social unrest shook the human world, but Persona seemed almost completely unaffected beyond a few minor shortages. Disappointingly, despite the obvious circumstantial improvements in his life, Sans still felt weighed down with melancholy. Everything that happened still itched at him, still tickled the base of his neck, still colored every aspect of his day. He still jumped at loud noises and flinched at quick movements. Yet, somehow it already felt like it didn't really happen.

As far as he could tell, Frisk wasn't much better. She still woke up screaming several times a night. Sans still randomly teleported into her room, eye lit and blasters at the ready. Only to apologize and leave before she could stop him. The couple of times they had run into each other, she had felt distant and detached. There was something cold in the way she looked at him. The only spark in her eye was dim, like an unshed tear, something akin to regret. It probably would have hurt, if he could feel anything. She probably hated him. He'd figured whatever had happened between them would die when the danger had passed. He couldn't say he was surprised.

If he was really honest with himself... he didn't know what was going on in her head... they still hadn't actually spoken. Not really... Not about anything important. Neither of them seemed to be in a hurry to change that. There was just this unspoken acknowledgement that neither was quiet ready. That talking about it would make it all feel... real.

So they avoided each other.
As well as work
And in Sans case, basically everything else.

It wasn't that he didn't want to see her... He kind of did. There was a aching hole in his life where she had been everyday for years. It was hard not to miss her. She was his best friend right along side-

*Bang bang shuffle*

A sudden sound at the base of the stairs knocked Sans from his musings. Papyrus was up early, clattering through the house in a way that suggested he was trying to be noisy.

"LAZYYYYBONES! ARE YOU STILL SLEEPING?"

"Yes." Sans replied.

"THE SUN IS UP! WHY AREN'T YOU?"

"You told me never to give up on my dreams."

"YOU KNOW THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT."

He cracked one lazy eye and a sideways smirk. "Gotta be more specific, broh."

"I WILL!" Papyrus replied, with awkwardly out of place finality while he marched into the kitchen, led by his own raised pointer finger.

Sans peeled himself off the couch to follow his brother. Even if he had wanted to go back to sleep, there was no chance of that happening now. He slid into his normal chair with his elbows on the breakfast table and plopped his skull into his hands. "What has you up at the crack of sparrows fart?"

Papyrus halted his tinkering momentarily "IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE A PUN? I DON'T GET IT. DO SPARROWS EVEN FART?"
"I dunno, I thought everything on the surface farts." Sans shrugged. "But nah, it not though, I'm over puns. I'm all about malaphors now."

Papyrus put down the tupperware of pancakes he was pulling out of the fridge and looked perturbed.

"You know, when you mix up two metaphors? It's not rocket surgery."

"THAT DOES NOT SOUND VERY FUNNY TO ME."

"Eh, no shirt off my nose."

Papyrus's brow wrinkled as if he had smelled something sour. "THAT WAS RATHER LAME, SANS."

"Hu, I thought I really nailed it out of the park."

"SANS!"

It was hard to still look lazy, when he was grinning so hard his skull was creaking. "Ya, broh?"

"STOP IT IMMEDIATELY."

Sans shrugged a little higher, raising his hands up in mock surrender. "Welp, guess you can lead the pope to the woods but you can't make him shit."

"SANS! RUDE! THAT ONE DOES NOT EVEN MAKE SENSE! HUMAN RELIGIOUS LEADERS DO NOT DEFECATE IN THE WILDERNESS!"

Sans just chuckled.

"ANYWAY, IF YOU ARE DONE WITH ALL THIS MOSEY POKE" Papyrus waved one hand in the air impatiently as he tipped pancakes into the warmed skillet with the other. "I WOULD REQUEST YOUR ASSISTANCE TODAY."

"Oh?"

"YES. THE KING AND QUEEN OF ALL MONSTERDUM HAVE BESTOWED UPON ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, THE HONORABLE TASK OF WELCOMING OUR NEW GUESTS AND ASSISTING WITH THEIR SUPPLIES AND TEMPORARY QUARTERS."

"Guests?"

"YES, SANS, GUESTS." Papyrus's eyes sparkled. "NEW FRIENDS, FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, MAYBE THE WORLD! ALL COMING HERE FOR HELP AND FRIENDSHIP!"

"Oh ya..." The rising political tension outside the farm had displaced many monsters and human supporters alike. Being the kind monsters that they were Toriel and Asgore had appealed to Tobias on their behalf, and the farm had opened it's gates to graciously offer them asylum. The first groups were set to arrive today. "That's today?" Sans had completely forgotten.

"YOUR JOKES ARE GETTING REALLY BAD LATELY."

"Heh" Sans scratched his chin absent-mindedly. "Sure bro, I'll come with."
"EXCELLENT!"

"Who's gonna help Undyne at the gate?"

"ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE WITH GREATER DOG AND ICE WOLF, WHO WILL ALSO BE DELIVERING ICE AS NEEDED." Papyrus sent two small plates of pancakes and fresh strawberries on the table and took a seat. "I MUST ADMIT, I AM-"

*PFFERT*

A loud fart rang out from beneath his back end. Papyrus's gazed turned slowly to Sans, who had already smothered his pancakes in ketchup and was holding a straight face like a champion.

"-REALLY GOING TO REGRET THIS, AREN'T I?"

The world maybe turned on its head, but somethings simply do not change. For that, Sans found himself increasingly grateful.

"Probably."

"NYEH" Papyrus took his plate in his hand, turned sideways in his seat and proceeded to eat his breakfast indignantly.

After finishing his ketchup drowned cakes, Sans retreated to his room to change into some more suitable clothing. Stuffing himself into his only clean pair of black jeans, throwing on a pair of worn tennis shoes and donning the last lonely shirt still hanging in his closet. By the time he was finished, Papyrus was already waiting at the front door with too heavy looking lunch boxes under his arm.

"That for me?" Sans asked, pointing to one of the two containers.

"YES"

"Awe thanks Pap, you din't have to do that-"

"I DID" Papyrus turned his nose up and walked out the front door. "SOMEONE HAS TO MAKE SURE YOU EAT."

Sans rolled his eyes and followed. "I guess I am a getting a little thin, hu?"

His brother raised an eyebrow waiting for the punchline.

Sans just waited, his grin growing by the second. No sooner had he opened his mouth to drop the bomb, was he swiftly intercepted.

"ARE WE GOING TO DO THIS ALL DAY?" Papyrus huffed.

"Hey, I didn't ask myself to come" Sans raised a brow. "You opened this can of worms, now you can lay in it."

The walk was long. They had to go almost clear across town. Still, it was a beautiful morning, so they walked slowly enjoying the brisk morning air. Papyrus rambled about his newest hobbies, the
weather, life and all its unremarkable happenings. Sans listened, only occasionally interrupting to crack a joke. It was nice, walking together like this, Sans thought. Kinda like old times back in the underground.

Too soon they had reached their destination, a clearing on the other side of Main Street from the residential area. There had been talk about building a park or something there but it was currently just an empty lot. A large group of monsters, including the king and queen, seem to have just arrived. Papyrus found somewhere to stash their lunches in a pile of supplies and rushed to meet them, Sans strolling leisurely behind him.

When the reached the group, Asgore was the first to spot them "Ah Papyrus! Good! Oh and Sans too! Excellent thinking, bringing your brother! We're going to need all the help we can get!"

"EXCELLENT IS THE ONLY THINKING I DO YOUR MAJESTY!" Papyrus boomed proudly.

"Quite." Toriel nodded warmly, waddling towards them holding her ever growing belly. "Well, now that we're all here, would you two boys mind setting up the tents?"

"IT WOULD BE MY GREATEST HONOR YOUR MAJESTY AND MIGHT I SAY YOU ARE LOOKING MAGNIFICENT AND ROTUND!" Papyrus boomed with a flourish and bow.

Her snout wrinkled slightly "Oh... Erm... I suppose I am getting rather big... Thank you, Papyrus...?"

Nyehing enthusiastically, Papyrus leapt to the task of finding said tents among the bundles of supplies.

Sans winked cheekily "Just ROLL with it, Tori."

His pun was rewarded with a hearty snort.

"NOT AGAIN! SANS! WE ARE IN PUBLIC NOW. IT IS TOO EARLY FOR YOUR MALARKEY!"

"Yes" Toriel chuckled "I suppose it would be wise to demonstrate some self-contROLL."

Sans smile widened "gotta be a good ROLL model."

Toriel barked a rich full laugh.

"SANS, YOU SLUGGARD! STOP ROLLICKING AND GET TO WO-" Papyrus looked stricken.

For several seconds they all just stared. Toriel finally broke the silence with a graceless chuff. The laughter then spread to every monster in the lot.

"THE PUNNERY IS CONTAGIOUS!" Papyrus fell to his knees in mourning. "I HAVE BEEN INFECTED NYOO HOO HOO."

"Welp guess I better stROLL." Sans said whipping away a tear and finally pulling himself together.

"Thank you, Sans. I needed a good laugh." Toriel beamed.

"What 'm here for, majesty." Sans winked again before heading off to console his weeping
With their combined efforts the lot was soon filled by a series of tents, each with a distinct purpose. The first was the smallest, inside the library ladies set up folding tables to document the incoming refugees. In the second larger tent the Elder Puzzler had assembled a crew made up of scarf mouse, Loren, dress lion and oni to organize supplies and care packages. The third tent was filled with cots and every healer in persona sat awaiting any who might need them. In the forth and final tent Grillby, Fuku, Gerson, Jack Nice, a host of rabbits, Muffet and a small army of spiders shuffled around preparing food to feed the new arrivals.

Toriel and Asgore left for the gates soon after the last tent rose. Since they had a little down time before anyone would show up, Papyrus retrieved the lunch boxes from wherever he'd hidden them and the two brothers settled in for a break behind the food tent. For a while they just ate in companionable silence, but as soon as Sans clicked his box closed his brother rounded on him.

"SO, SANS." He started. "WHAT IS GOING ON WITH YOU?" It sounded far more like an accusation than a question.

"Not sure what you mean, broh." Sans replied, trying not to look startled.

"YOU HAVE BEEN ODD LATELY." Papyrus pushed, leaning in close

"I have?... hu..."

"YES, YOU HAVE. I NOTICE EVERYTHING. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU THIS... ODD... SINCE WE WERE STILL IN SNOWDIN."

"Nothing gets past you, Pap."

"NO, NOTHING. AS EXAMPLE, I HAVE NOTICED... MORE THINGS." He insisted squinting down at Sans.

"Lay it on me, Broh"

"i INTEND TO LAY IT ON YOU." He was so close that if either on of them had noses, they would be touching. "I HAVE ALSO NOTICED THAT YOU ARE SUDDENLY AVOIDING YOUR DEAR FRIEND FRISK."

"Oh," Sans started slightly "guess we're just busy, Pap." He made a solid attempt to wave him off. "It's nothing."

"YOU ARE NOT BUSY, SANS. YOU AND FRISK HAVE BOTH BEEN SKIPPING WORK FOR ALMOST A WEEK. I SAW THE VIDEO ON THE NEWS. I'M NOT STUPID."

Sans could feel his face growing hot. "That wasn't what it looked like."

"REALLY? ... I AM PRETTY POSITIVE IT LOOKED LIKE KISSING." Papyrus sat up straight and raised a brow in challenge, daring his brother to disagree, but not giving him an opening to do so. "ONE DAY YOU TWO ARE FOLLOWING EACH OTHER EVERYWHERE, KISSING ON THE NEWS AND HAVING SECRET SLEEPOVERS. THE NEXT YOU AREN'T EVEN TALKING." He folded his arms and looked stern. "I KNOW A LOT ABOUT NOTHING, AND THAT IS NOT NOTHING." He paused dramatically. "HAVE YOU HAD A ROW?"

Sans couldn't even argue, "I guess you're right, broh... Thanks." he sighed, shrinking a little under
"I HAVE NOT DONE ANYTHING... AND YOU DID NOT ANSWER THE QUESTION."

Papyrus groused.

Sans smiled sheepishly. "You helped me realize there is more than nothing."

"YES! OF COURSE!" Papyrus exclaimed eagerly. "THE FIRST STEP IS ACCEPTANCE!"

He clambered to his feet invigorated, dragging a horrified Sans with him. "NOW THAT IT HAS BEEN CONCLUDED THAT THERE IS NOT NOTHING, THE NEXT STEP IS TO FORMULATE A PLAN OF ATTACK!" He turned and grabbed Sans shoulders, shaking him with excitement.

"Uuuh" Sans held up his hands "Love the offer... But i-"

"NONSENSE! YOU DID NOT EVEN GET TO STEP ONE WITHOUT MY EXPERT ASSISTANCE!" He released Sans shoulders and posed. "FEAR NOT, DEAR BROTHER! FOR I AM VERY GREAT AND FRIENDSHIP IS MY SPECIALTY! TOGETHER WE WILL RESTORE YOUR WEAKENED FRIENDSHIP TO IT'S FORMER - eh... FRIENDLINESS!" In one swift motion he grabbed Sans hand and turned to march towards who-knows-what.

He barely made it a step before almost toppling backwards. Sans was planted immovably where he stood.

"SANS" Papyrus tried giving his hand a yank, but with the aid of a little gravity magic, his brother wouldn't budge. "THIS ISN'T PRODUCTIVE."

"Pap" Sans, pleaded.

"HOW WILL YOUR FRIENDSHIP GET REPAIRED IF YOU ARE JUST STANDING HERE?"

"Pap" His tone grew graver, more insistent.

"WE SHOULD SEEK HER OUT, TACKLE THE PROBLEM HEAD ON!"

"Papyrus" Sans spoke quietly, but hearing his full name was still enough to make Papyrus stop in his tracks.

A breath of wind blew through the quiet alley behind the food tent.

"You are right..." Papyrus said after a moment.

Sans let out the breath he'd been holding.

"CONFRONTING HER DIRECTLY IS FAR TOO RASH!" Papyrus announced dropping Sans hand. "YOUR INTERACTION MUST BE NATURAL!"

Sans opened his mouth to protest but his brother's finger pressed over his teeth muting him.

"LEAVE IT TOO ME, BROTHER! NYEH HE HE!"

With that, he was gone.

Sans dropped his head into his hands with a long suffering sigh. It's not like he thought he could run forever. He just wanted a little more time to get his head right.
Chapter End Notes

I'm not sick anymore!
Weeee!
This is a cheerful chapter... for my story anyway.
Also... I decided to change my title a little.
So that you guys know where I'm headed...
Pretty sure you already do.
Aaand then I came back and removed the new Title because I realized that some people don't have accounts with which to bookmark and changing my title was really really stupid.
XD
Sorry!
I plan to up the updates.
Just working a whole lot of overtime ATM.
:D
20 hours of overtime this weekend to be exact. :D
But at least Yaaay for money!
Most of which is going straight to my hospital bills.
:/
Eh whatever, life ducks.
Lol
Chapter is so close to done just gotta fill it in a little.
I pulled an all-nighter.
Just for my comment angel.
If it wasn't for ShinningWings and Named this would have been my last chapter.

I am bad at tumblr
Chapter Notes

Jeezus
What a mess.
...
Me I mean.
I'm a mess.

Yup...
Good stuff.

Here is more of... This mess I made from my mess.

Enjoy.
You are welcome.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Scylla & Charybdis

Undyne was on edge. Nervousness ticked a twitch into her eye and a tap into her foot. Having the gates open always made her nervous, but what she felt now was different, deeper. Something in her blood itched. Her mind circled their situation anxiously, coming again and again to the same confusion. Why were the humans allowing them to take these refugees? None of it made any sense. The humans were cold, calculating creatures, they only did something if it held some kind of strategic advantage. So what were they after? Nothing was allowed in or out of the farm, why would they make an exception now?

Maybe there was a traitor among the human refugees... Maybe they wanted all the monsters and supporters out of the public eye... Maybe they just wanted to have them ... all in one place... all inside the fence...

That was it... Wasn't it?

Put them all together... The simplest explanation is usually the right one.

They were being rounded up.
But for what?

She had argued the madness of excepting the displaced humans with Asgore. Well... She had tried anyway... Her king wouldn't hear her. He was all trumped up on his renewed marriage vows and with them his wife's boundlessly foolish, hopeful kindness.

The first people were already reaching the gates in a long line that stretched over the hill and out of sight. Undyne liked the Queen, but in that moment she couldn't help but feel a slight disdain for her. They were all being martred for the Queen's ignorant sense of moral superiority. This was suicide. They were playing right into the humans hands.

There was no use crying about it. Undyne would just have to be ready for what came next.

And it was coming.

She could feel them being encircled with her every breath. They were gathering them all here for something.

It was so obvious.

Why wouldn't they want us all in one place?

It's so much easier to throw stones at caged birds.

Or shoot at fish in a barrel.

Sans watched from the edge of the gravel lot as they came. Hordes of beings both monster and man, the variety of which was so vast it made his head spin. Some of the faces were familiar, monsters from the underground who had tried to explore the world outside of Persona. Mettaton had been smuggled back from his lastest PR mission to America. A group of stray tems rolling Onionsan on a dolly. All man's stories about Gods, demons and spirits, they're all real to some degree. They
were just written about monsters. The coyote and spider, fairies and mermaids, Luda and the swan. Living in fear, hiding in the lost places of the world. Until the mountain was liberated that is.

Now they were here, at least the ones from Ireland were. Some had even come from the rest of the world before the boarders closed, and all of them had come out of hiding believing that the time had finally come for monsters to rejoin the world of man. How sad that they and the small number of humans who agreed with them, would end up here like this.

Among the sea of new faces a familiar figure caught his attention. He hadn't been looking but his eyes couldn't help but find her. She was crouched low talking to a small child gesturing in the direction up the supply tent. It was immediately obvious that toriel had a hand in her attire. Her hair was back in a series of beautifully-crafted braids, tied with a multitude of colored ribbons and adorned with flowers. The little white dress she wore screamed 'welcome party' and a blue sign taped to her back read "HUMAN RESOURCES" in what could only be papyruses jagged handwriting.

She looked beautiful.

He cringed internally.

Without even turning his head he could see Papyrus smiling encouragingly at him from the crowd to his left and presenting a depressingly enthusiastic double thumbs up. Sans clacked his teeth in frustration and his eyes narrowed. So much for Papyrus dropping it. He hated disappointing his brother, but even if he was ready to talk to her, what the hell was he supposed to say?

'So, Missy murder pants, how's not dying all the time? Pretty great, hu?'

Ya, that would go SO well...

'Hey liar liar, haven't see you since since the crazy flower murder and the ghost attacks where I killed you a few dozen times. What's been up?'

No... No... He obviously wasn't ready... He made a point not to make eye contact with his brother as he turned to walk back into the food tent.

No sooner had he passed into the shade of the tent, then a fiery green hand clutched a fistful of his jacket and pulled him in the direction of the serving line.
"Oh Sans! Perfect timing boy! We need some help on the sandwich line." Gerson called out as Fuku deposited him behind a line of food covered tables, patting him on the head before she took her place beside him. Good, he thought, great, if he was busy helping then Papyrus would maybe quit pushing. Fuku had placed him at the beginning of the line. It was his job to start the sandwiches. After a quick run down of his job from Gerson, he grabbed a package of bread as well as some condiments and started taking orders.

Hungry sad faces came and went. There were so many of them. Monsters of every shape and size, humans of all ages and races, all dejected and haggard, all lugging care packages and blankets. This close up the misery was contagious. Sans wanted to feel good about what they were doing. He needed to feel good about something and it should have made him happy that he was helping, but it was impossible to look at all that misfortune and feel good about anything.

The line had been running smoothly for about an hour, when amongst the masses, Sans eye caught a bob of thick blown hair topping a tiny form in an oversized stripped sweater. Cold fear ran down his spine. His eyes locked on the small human girl while she stubbled over her bags just beyond the line.

Shaggy unkept mop hanging into her face.

Dirty old sweater draped over thin Shoulders.

His mouth went dry.

He could almost taste the gritty ash of dust between his teeth.

Smell the metallic zing of blood.

Hear the bones snapping.

Magic gathered at his finger tips.

A sudden ripping sound jolted him back to his senses. Her sack had torn open, caught underfoot and a few towels and rolls of toilet paper had spilled out onto the ground at her tiny feet. She turned around and hung her head with a shuddering resigned huff. She looked like Frisk, Sans thought momentarily struck dumb as he watched her struggle to round up her stray belongings. She even seemed to be alone, just like Frisk had been. Tears gathered in her little brown eyes as she crouched over her lost goods.
She wasn't Frisk though... She wasn't... Her face was completely different really. The longer he watched, the more obvious their differences became. Besides, Frisk never cried that easily. With a jolt, he realized he was just standing there like an asshat, watching some poor kid cry.

Grabbing an extra grocery sack, Sans slipped under the serving tables and began scooping her lost things up into the bag. The girl froze when her little brown eyes found him, growing round with fear and surprise.

Sans stopped, staring back at her with a dopey lazy expression trying to keep his face neutral and calming. The girl continued to gape at him through her overly long bangs. Nostalgia hit him like a physical blow to the soul. It must have shown, the kid looked ready to bolt... just like Frisk had... All those years ago... When they first met... When they were just kid friends... and she exterminated the entire underground.

He mentally shook himself, different time, different kid. He raised one of the rolls of toilet paper on a bony finger, smiling like he wasn't dead inside.

"Hey kid, Why was the toilet paper rolling down the mountain?"

The girl paused titling her head questioningly.

He held the roll out to her gently. "To get to the... bottom."

An open mouthed gappy toothed grin, only partially filled with adult teeth took over her little features. Childish giggling filled the tent.

Sans waved the roll to bring her attention to it, this time she reached out and took it without hesitation. "Why didn't it make it there?" He prompted.

She shrugged her tiny shoulders still smiling from ear to ear. "I dunno, why?"

He handed her the sack of supplies "it got stuck in the crack."
Her hands covered her mouth as she laughed. "You're a funny monster."

He smiled, a little spark of something like happiness warmed in his chest. "Yup, I'm Sans, Sans the skeleton."

"I'm Shelly." She held out her little hand.

He leaned over to clasp it and gave a it a soft shake. "Welcome to Persona, Shelly. You need anything you let us know, okay?"

"Okay, thank you Mr. Sans."

Sans bid the little girl on her way and returned to his station feeling far more sane. He wasn't totally crazy after all. A little mixed up inside... But not crazy.

Things were going to be okay.

Maybe...

He was going to be okay.

Eventually...

His heart lighter than it had been in days, Sans was serving food and puns, in equal measure. The atmosphere in the tent brightened with him. Even Fuku, who usually didn't find his jokes funny couldn't help but crackle at his antics when he squished a couple slices of bread on his cheeks and declared "can I interest you in a Sans-which?"

Though she got a little stern when he jabbed her with an elbow and asked if would it be morally wrong to "tell a knock-knock joke to a homeless guy?"

She raised a smoking brow "Is everything a joke to you?"

He mirrored her expression with an added smirk. "Uh, yeah, have you met me? It's always about the Pun." Sans couldn't remember the last time he watched fire try not to laugh.
"Oi Sans" Bonnie called from down the line. "We're running low on ice for drinks, Ice Wolf just dropped off some fresh cubes out back. Be a dear and go break those suckers up, will you?"

He waved to let her know he'd heard, grabbed an empty ice tub and walked out through the back of the tent into the makeshift alley between the back of the tent and the building next door, where he and Papyrus had eaten earlier. There he was met with a giant stack of ice cubes, a messy pile of spare clothes and oddly, Frisk.

Great.

She was sorting through the clothes pile, tossing items into wheeled bins. His shoes skid against the gravel and she whipped her head in his direction.

"Oh..." Her shoulders slumped slightly. "Hey..." she quickly returned to her task.

"Hey... I... uh... I'm on ice duty." He remarked, rubbing the back of his neck and keeping his eyes averted. "But I can come back-

"I can go if you want." She paused without turning, just fiddling with the shirt in her hand.

Something about the way she said it hit him right in the guts. "Nah, I... It..."

She looked over at him, blinking and tilted her head.

"There's- I can... It's cool." He finally finished setting the tub on the ground near the ice and trying to look unfazed.

"Okay" She nodded, turning back to her task.

Sans wrapped his magic around the first block of ice in the pile and shifted it over the plastic tub. An uncomfortable chill shivered his soul, an odd contrast to the warm air around him. He broke the block into a few pieces easily, a little gravity magic made quick work of it, but the pieces were still large. They would have to be broken again one by one until they were small enough to fit in a cup. Sans suppressed a sigh, filling the tub might take a while.
It wasn't long before he grew bored and tired. Frisk's quiet company did nothing to aid his discomfort. He could feel her presence like a weight around his soul. It was strange being that close to her without speaking, without touching and laughing. Gods, he missed her soft warm laugh. Why did he need to feel this way? Wouldn't it be so much easier to just let it go? To just hold her and laugh and feel okay?

While he worked he couldn't help but glance at her from the corner of his eye and little thread around his heart gave a sharp tug. She was still diligently sorting. Eyes forward and heavy, forcing a smile with misery clear in her every feature. Papyrus had said she hadn't been going to work. Sans wondered if she had been hiding from everything too.

Half of him felt awful for her and guilty for pushing her away. It's not like she had anyone else to talk to about any of what happened. They'd been through hell and here he was shunning her over something that happened lifetimes ago. He shouldn't be mad at her, but he was and the other half of him fumed indignantly that he was stuck here feeling guilty about it.

She killed everyone!
She lied to him!
She gave up!
She abandoned him and let that demon take control!
It was her fault he had to fight Chara!
It was... She...
She almost destroyed everything!
He wasn't being unreasonable!
He should be allowed to be angry!
He should be allowed to have time!

But...
Images of the last few resets flashed through his mind.
Hadn't she been through enough?
Hadn't they both been through enough?

He snuck another quick glanced at her and again his heart dropped. He knew she'd been having nightmares, but she didn't look like she'd slept in days... He wondered if she'd been eating. He
wondered what she'd been thinking about standing there with him.

"So..." He started before he could stop himself. "How're you holding up? Things are pretty crazy, hu?"

Her hands paused still holding a gray pair of slacks. Her head twisted slightly and she eyed him curiously for a second before replying.

"Ya... pretty crazy... It's been a busy week."

"Sure." Sans raised an eyebrow, 'liar' he thought grudgingly. They both knew she hadn't been working.

"Asgore has been working full time on negotiations and all the planning for the refugees has taken a lot out of everyone. Plus Toriel has been getting baby stuff ready. She's due pretty soon."

She was avoiding the question and it bit at him. Why did he have to chase an answer? "Yup" Sans turned to face her completely. "Your parents have a lot on their plate at the moment." He hinted, putting a little emphasis on 'your parents'.

If Frisk noticed she didn't show it. "Mmhm" she just stood there holding that pair of slacks blinking her big green eyes.

Green... Not red... Green.

A long aching void filled the space where conversation should have been. His eyes search her blank stare for a while. He didn't want to care... He really didn't... but since when had what he wanted ever mattered?

"You never answered my question."

Her smile twitched. "Which?"
"You, okay?"

"Oh" She heaved a dry laugh and shook her head. "Nope."

Suddenly he felt kind of rediculous. Of coarse she wasn't okay. Why did he need her to tell him that? "Heh, yeah... Me neither I suppose... Kind of a stupid question, huh?"

"Yup, kind of a stupid question." Finally the smile hit her eyes just a little.

He smiled back and shrugged.

"Thanks for checking up, I guess." She tossed a few more items of clothing into one of the bins and began steering it towards the end of the makeshift alley.

"Ya." With a heavy, confused heart he reached for another block of ice, when her voice from the edge of the alley stopped him.

"Hey Sans?"

"Mmh?"

She averted her eyes, brows knitting strain into the tense muscles of her face. "Are we gonna be okay?"

He wanted to say yes... He wanted to say no... Hell, he wanted to say he felt anything but he didn't. He'd thought things would feel different when he spoke to her, but really talking to her now... Everything felt the same way it always had. Anger aside, he still loved her. He still wanted her. He wanted to grab her, kiss her and teleport them both home. Start over fresh, drop it all and forget any of the last few loads ever happened. He just couldn't. It was too heavy, it was too much. None of what he felt made any sense.

Frisk looked nervous, he'd been quite too long. Better say something good. "Ya... Probably... It's just... ya' know... a lot." Nailed it.
She nodded solemnly. "Yeah... I get it." She looked crushed. She probably hated him. He definitely deserved it.

Despite his own inner turmoil, he felt the urge to say something comforting. "Hey, we're still living... Or at least existing, right?" *Positively inspirational, good job Sans.*

Frisk's smile dropped a fraction. "Is there a difference between living and just existing?"

Sans thought for a moment. "Well ya... I mean..." He shrugged "No one would wanna to read a magazine called 'Martha Stewart, Just Existing'"

Chapter End Notes

*I am still bad at tumblr*

Song I wrote this chapter too:*Oceans- Seafret*

Go listen to this...  
*Do You Feel It - Chaos Chaos*

And OMG BTW
WHEN DID WE REACH 10,000 HITS?!
And over 570 comments?!
What the shit you beautiful bastards.
I don't deserve your Lovins.
Crossed Knives

Chapter Notes

Stan broke my phone.
He dropped it.
He got me a new one, which was jolly nice of him.
But.
All my writing was on there...
Like a years worth of stuff I'd been randomly writing for this story...
All of it is gone...
I had to start from scratch...
So...
Here is this.
Blame Stan.

Additionally:
Devil May Cry -Mako
I am still bad at tumblr

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Crossed Knives

Most humans with magic were born with it in their blood. It has been long forgotten where those magical bloodlines began or what became of them.

Beyond natural inclination, there are only three ways, in the old stories, by which one can become a mage.

The most common tales depict decades of intense study and meditation. They suggest that by some long-lost arcane knowledge a connection can be built between the mind and the soul that allows the manipulation of ambient magic. All research on the matter, however, had proven inconclusive at best.

The second path was known as the diabolical pact, a deal with the Devil. In mythology this is remembered as an exchange with the promise of one's Soul as currency, to be given upon death. In reality, magic could be bestowed via the direct application of magic and soul matter, most commonly through sexual contact or the consumption of magical flesh. After thorough testing, the effect had been conclusive but limited and extremely temporary.

The only other method in all the records and tombs at Eric Roswell's disposal had quickly been deemed unfounded. Nothing more than myth.

It was widely accepted after years of research and many knowledge exchanges with the monsters, that monster Souls, unlike human Souls, did not persist after death and therefore could not be
absorbed. His own tests had proven as much, or so he thought.

As it happens, this understanding turned out to be far from comprehensive. A vital detail had been concealed, an exception to the rule.

Boss Monsters.

The natural laws that dictated these monsters' lives were so vastly different from the rest of their kin, that they might as well be considered a species apart. They were far more dangerous and exceedingly rare. Only a handful ever seem to exist at any given time. They did not age unless they had children, their power far exceeded that of any other member of their race and though only briefly, their souls could in fact persist after death.

No actual accounts existed of a human successfully absorbing a monster soul. Horrific myths and legends surrounded the topic to the point where it was considered a taboo in Monster culture. So, justly, the secrets of Boss Monsters had been held close to the chest.

Until now...

The implications of these new facts changed everything. The passion Eric Roswell felt for human magical potential rekindled, he set his eager research team upon the proposition. Almost overnight they responded with conclusive data.

Human possession of a monster Soul was, in theory, completely possible.

Boss Monsters were the key he'd been searching for.

A little bird told him so.

Or more accurately, a little yellow flower.

The saying that time heals all wounds is stupid.

Some wounds are too deep to heal. Some scars are for life. Time just numbs the ache.

And numb it did.

Weeks passed into mundane obscurity. The future came and went in the steady, carless way that futures do and sooner than expected, Sans found the throbbing in his head and heart fading. The fear and the anger growing duller. The loads felt more like a dream. He went on about life, going through the motions, smiling for his brother.

Each day it was getting easier.

Well, except today.

Today was crap.

Cold metal braced Sans's bare spine and spread his arms wide. Leather straps stilled him, standing in the dark behind a thin screen. It wasn't a painful set up... just uncomfortable.

Plus, he hates going to the doctor.
"O-okay" Alphys called over a speaker from the observation room. "I'm t-taking the f-first couple shots. J-just try and s-stay really s-still."

"Ready when you are." Sans huffed, closing his eyes, trying not to think about how much his nasal bone itched.

The machines beside him whirled to life, chugging like an old generator. Over the speakers Alphys called for him to manifest his soul.

A few seconds later, Sans was flopping down onto the observation table in the center of the room, staring lazily at the ceiling while Alphys pulled the film prints out of the machine and flipped the switch on a wall hanging light board.

"W-well... L-lets see what we g-got." She stuttered excitedly slapping the prints up for viewing.

"O-oh!" Arms folded she tapped her foot in thought. "T-that's... Hmm... Odd..."

"What's up doc?" Sans asked, laying his head sideways on the table to look at the board.

"I-I... I don't t-think..." She paused, perplexed. "The usual marks of a b-bond aren't present... y-your soul appears... Um... unbound?"

Sans sat up. "That's not possible. We've both felt it." Hadn't the bond scared him before? Why did he suddenly panic at the idea that it wasn't real?

"Well... It's n-not a bond. At least not one I've ever seen." The little dragon bounced on her toes, leaning in to inspect the images. "B-but your c-color isn't quite r-right... And... T-there-" she pointed a claw at one of the shots. "T-there's a piece m-missing... A h-hole? S-sort of..."

"A hole?"

"Y-yes? I-I t-think..."

"In my soul?" Fitting.

She turned to face him, clicking her claws together in worry. "Y-yes... i-it's very small... I magnified t-the image to s-see it... A-and there is some purple d-discoloration... Just a l-little... but i-it's very odd."

Sans snatched up his shirt and hopped off the table, pulling it on as he went to look for himself. She wasn't wrong. There was a hole in his soul, plan as day.

"Y-yeah... I r-really should s-see F-frisk too. T-that w-will probably t-tell us m-more." Alphys though aloud.

Sans was transfixed. This wasn't what he'd expected to find when he came. A shiver prickled over his bones. For a while he just stared at the pictures while Aphys rambled. It was disturbing to look at. The perfect white of his soul marred by a hole oozing blue and purple magic. The first thing that it reminded him of was Frisk and day they emerged from the underground, when she was shot through the chest. The dark absence of mass in her flesh standing out against her blood starved pale sick. It looked like a wound... a gun shot wound.

It was weird that looking at it made him miss her.

"S-sans?"
He jerked himself back to the present. "Mmh"

Alphys looked worried. "M-maybe you s-should sit down?"

Sit down? Ya... Maybe he should sit.

Alphys followed him back to the exam table watching him quietly. She hovered anxiously shuffling her feet, her claws gripping at her lab coat. "I-i... I k-know this is a l-lot" She pressed carefully, nervousness shaking her already shambling voice. "a-and I k-know she's n-not w-well at t-the m-moment... And you two aren't really talking..." Her clawed hand on his knee drew his eyes to her's "b-but I s-should really s-see F-frisk t-too.."

Alphys was right. Whether or not she felt up to it... They needed Frisk if they were going to understand ... this... whatever this was. He needed to calm down. Stay focused.

"W-will you talk to her?" Alphys cast her eyes down.

"What? Oh... Uh"

Talk to her?
His soul throbbed in his chest.

He couldn't deny that he wanted the excuse. He missed her. Hell, he'd considered showing up at her house everyday since the refugees arrived. He just didn't know where to start...

And
He'd been thinking too much.
Like he always did.

Last time they'd seen each other... She asked if 'they we're going to be okay'. He hadn't thought about it much at the time...
But now...
Now he wondered what she'd meant...
Really...

Hadn't she been avoiding him just as much? What if she was only asking about their friendship? If it would survive what everything else hadn't?
He wouldn't blame her. In the few days that it existed, their relationship had accumulated a lot of heavy shit.

Could he take that blow?
If she didn't want... them... anymore?

His soul sank at the thought.

"Why don't you just call her?" He heard himself asking.

"S-she p-probably s-till mad at m-me a-about m-my b-blog post..."

"Blog post?" He questioned, knowing full well what she was talking about... but the distraction was too good to pass up. He just wanted her to squirm a bit.

Squirm she did. "Eeh um y-yes the uh..." Her form went ridgid at the potential confrontation and she turned her back to him, flustered with shame.
"TheblogpostabouthumanmonsterbondsthatitoldyouaboutandwasonthenewsandI'vetoldyouhowsorryiamalre
Sans smirked "oh, you mean the one where you thoughtlessly outed us to the whole country on social media?"

"... Y-yes?"

He shrugged "Yeah, she's still mad." He didn't actually know that, but he knew that he hadn't stopped being mad about it since he found out. "How long are you gonna run from your problems this time?" Maybe he was being a little harsh, but it felt good do dull out a little justice.

Her shoulders sagged "I'm no- I-i'm... I'm g-gonna talk t-to her..." She sighed deeply. "B-but... I... T-this is..."

"Don't worry Al" Sans hopped off the exam table and stretched. The prefect mask of apathetic calm re-affixed to his skull. "I'll talk to her."

"O-oh! Thank you Sa-" She flipped around to finish conveying her gratitude but found only an empty table.

There was no way he knew were to find Frisk. Luckily, Aphys did. She pulled out her phone to text Undyne. Those two were going to need some time alone.

............

The streets were full. Fuller than usual. There was hardly room to stand, with so many people shuffling around. Refugee efforts were still in full swing. Rag tag bunches of humans from all over the globe, strange foreign monsters no one knew existed until a few weeks ago. So many voices speaking at once that they blended together into an endless babble. It was horrible.

Not that the refugees we're horrible. Far from it. They'd all been nothing but grateful and kind. A little depressing maybe but, they were just good people in a hard situation.

But the close quarters.
The noise.
The heat.
The eyes

It was just too much for Frisk to handle right now. Sans hadn't spoken to her since the day the refugees arrived. He'd gone right back to avoiding her at every turn. Over the weeks that followed she had begun to rediscover some sense of normality. Something that resembled peace and acceptance. As she awoke from the near dream state of her recent living nightmares, his absence had started to weigh on her. The tare between them felt sudden somehow. As if she'd woken from a dream to find him gone.

Obviously he wasn't really gone. He was just across the street. She could have gone to find him any time she wanted...

But...

She felt so.... Guilty... Dirty... Unworthy.

Every time she thought of him, his deep baritone voice, the slight weezie in his laugh, the way his eyes shone when he was happy...

his breath against her neck...
his bones on her skin...
her stomach twisted and...

something deep in the base of her clenched

An unwelcome shiver prickled it's way down her spine. How could he ever see her that way now? After what he witnessed... After what he knew.

By all rights the idea of sex should repulse and terrify her.

So why didn't it?

Was she sick?

He would certainly think so.
If he knew...
All the times she'd laid in bed late at night...
thinking of him...
touching herself.

A freak like her shouldn't be allowed in public.

She was only here because she had to be. She'd been hiding from life for long enough to attract worried attention. Toriel had recruited Undyne to drag her out of the house and demanded she get Frisk to 'socialize'.

Frisk didn't want to socialize.
Frisk just wanted to lock herself in her room where everyone would be safe from her.
All the company in the world couldn't stop her feeling lonely. She didn't need friends. She needed a padded room.

But opting out wasn't an option.

Worse yet...

Undyne was on rant.

Over the top of all the noise she boomed, sending her own voice from deep in her chest. "... So I proposed an action to fluffy-buns but he's still being all stupid about it." Her chest puffed out, arms akimbo. "I got a back up plan though, I'm always ready!" A sharkish grin zigzagged her jagged mouth. "I was born for this shit." Whatever it is she was trying to say... She seemed to think it was going well. "I mean it makes perfect sense, right?"

Oops, was she waiting for an answer? "Uh... Yeah? Totally... Definitely..."

"You haven't been listening at all have you?"

Frisk smiled apologetically, wriggling in her own skin under the woman's gaze. "It's kinda loud out here in town."

Undyne examined her surroundings and sighed in defeat. "You're right, it is a little crowded. Common squirt, I gotta get the horses back anyway. Come with, we can talk on the way."

After extracting themselves from the jungle in the town center and collecting the horses from the holding pasture, they rode for a while in blessed silence before Undyne made her second attempt.
"So, what I was trying to say in Town" She erupted, without warning, startling her horse and Frisk. "I think some shit is coming and I don't think we are gonna be ready for it."

Frisk looked up at her curiously. "Some shit?"

"Yeah."

Undyne pulled her horse off the road with a kick heading towards an old oak tree. Frisk followed.

"There's been some weird crap already. Some of the monsters in the refugee lists never showed." She looked momentarily worried. "We've had some disappearances in town too... Asgore says they could have just gone somewhere else... But they didn't tell anyone... and there's no where else that's safe right now."

"Could Dad know something you don't?"

"Maybe" she thought for a few seconds. "but he sure is being weird about it." Her expression turned steal cold. "He just hushed the whole thing. He won't even talk to me about it." Reaching the shade of the tree she dismounted her horse and left it ground tied to graze.

"Our relationship with the humans is pretty delicate right now. He's probably worried about starting a panic." Frisk thought aloud sliding down from her horse to join Undyne in the shade.

"Yeah, that's what I think too..." Undyne narrowed her one good eye. "I know he's trying to keep the peace, but I've been watching these human politicians like a hawk. It's obvious that they don't give a damn about us. They only do something if it benefits them. So I was thinking, what could they possibly be getting out of letting us take in all these refugees?"

"I have no idea" Frisk shrugged. "but I'm sure you're going to tell me, right?"

"Yeah I am." Undyne leaned back against the tree's trunk with an air of confidence. "I think they're rounding us up."

"Oh" Frisk tried to sound perplexed. "Why would they want to do that?"

"Who knows!" Undyne threw her scaled arms outward. "But I have a hunch that they're going to attack us. Our backs against the mountain and the sea, it's the perfect strategy!" She almost sounded excited.

"A attack? To do what? Kill us all? I don't know if they'd get away with that."

"I don't know why. It's really just a hunch." She shrugged, eye glinting under the tree's shadow. "But mark my words, something's coming. Something big."

Frisk already knew that though. She didn't need the politics. She could feel it in the off beat rhythm of her own frantic heart and in the strange out of place sense of inertia hanging over her head. A wriggling tension right below her skin. A distinct wrongness in the world.

Undyne's phone buzzed in her pocket. She pulled it out and began tapping away at the screen, apparently content to leave Frisk to her thoughts.

Frisk looked out over the farm pensively. That feeling had been with her since Chara left. It told her something was coming. Something she needed to be ready for. Voices whispering to her in her sleep, baying her to stay determined. Not dissimilar to when she the first fell into the underground.
This time though...
This time her determination ran dry... this time she was tired.

When she felt for the fire in her soul, the little star where her saves usually shown, they were absent. In their place was only emptiness, only fatigue.

Undyne had ceased fussing with her phone, now she was grinning almost mischievously at Frisk. "Well punk, this has been fun" She pulled herself to standing and dropped an exceedingly heavy hand unto Frisk solder, giving her a few jostling pats. "but I better get these horses back."

"Yeah, true," Frisk went to grab her horse's reins, but Undyne was faster.

"You stay here." She barked, scaling her mount with Frisk's reins in hand.

"Stay here?" Frisk questioned. "Why?"

Undyne scrunched her face, obviously considering how truthful she should be even as her horse started off in the direction of the stables.

"Undyne?"

"Just trust me," Undyne called back. "You need this. Everyone needs this. Just hang tight." she gave her horse a kick, speeding up to a swift canter.

"What? Undyne?!" Frisk questioned, throwing her hands out in confusion. "Should I just walk home?"

Either Undyne was out of earshot, or she was ignoring the question. Frisk let her arms fall to her sides with a sigh.

Fuckin fickle fish woman.

A rustling wind swept the grass around her, laced with the distinctly sour sent of ketchup. Suddenly, Undyne's motives became clear.

The quiet tension in the air told her he was there to talk. There would be no running from this now. Fear kept her from facing him, even though she could feel his magic tingling anxiously so very close behind her.

"Heya"

The deep rumble of his voice strummed her heartstrings and the shameful, twisted knot of yearning clenched lewdly within her.

Girls like her...

should be burning in hell.
The next chapter is coming...
It's not going to be the same as what I had originally planned... But maybe it will be better....
Maybe.
Falling Trees

Chapter Notes

I am still bad at tumblr

A fine song selection from Named: Hostage - Billie Eilish

And a couple from me:
Lucia - Silence
Daughter - Youth

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Falling Trees

Out of the night that covers me,
   Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
   For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
   I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
   My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
   Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
   Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
   How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
   I am the captain of my soul.

- William Ernest Hemingway
The tree above them swayed, groaning under the weight of its own aging mass. Sans crammed his fists into his pockets to hold his jacket closed against the wind. He wasn't sure if he was more afraid or excited. She was there. Right in front of him and all the denial in the world could never hope to still the fluttering in his anxious soul. A twig snapped beneath his feet as he shifted, squaring his stance.

_No more running._

"Hu_m a n" Sans boomed dramatically. "Don't you know how to greet an old pal?"

Nothing. Not so much a a snicker.

This was going to be harder than he thought.

Sans grinned from the shadows, watching Frisk bristle. Dispite him having thoroughly announced himself for the second time, her back was still to him. She didn't respond, holding herself stiffly and not quite peeking at him from the corner of her eye.

Her defensive posture pricked him with agitation. He was beginning to regret coming at all. They hadn't even begun talking and already, Sans somehow felt like the bad guy.

Well, if she was going treat him like the bad guy, he felt he might as well do the crime.

"Turn around." He commanded.

Frisk went Ridgid but complied, taking a step away from him before turning around, and greeting him with a resigned "Hey." She looked positively miserable. A forced smile pulled at the corners of her lips, never touching her eyes which she kept aimed firmly at the ground.

She had seemed so ready to talk at the refugee camp. Sans found himself wondering what she could have gleamed from that conversation to change her behavior so drastically. Thinking about it made him feel guilty, feeling guilty irritated him. He wasn't here to talk about his failings. That was a whole nother conversation. Today he needed something from her. Acknowledgment... Something. Maybe it was stupid, maybe it wouldn't change anything, but he knew he needed to hear her say it.

Regardless, they might as well start off light.

"What was Undyne yelling about?" He asked, with almost genuine interest.

Frisk eyed him suspiciously, but shrugged. "I dunno, she thinks the World is ending or something."

He couldn't help the chuckle that burst like a bark from his mandible. "Why does she think the world is ending?"

"Same reason she always thinks the world is ending..." Frisk almost chuckled back. "the humans are coming."

"Heh," A stray brow crept up his forehead. "What about you?"

"What about me?"

"Do you think the world is ending?"

Her eyes flicked to and away from him. "Yeah, probably."
"Welp, might as well get to the point then..." Head set back in mock calm, he let her stew in silence until he was too agitated by her avoidance to stay quiet.

"Hey kid... What does the Greek son God call his work out routine?"

"...

"Apologize"

He set his eyes on her and the heaviness fell between them. There was no question what he was asking for. The slow descent of his growing scowl left no room for misunderstanding, but just for good measure he clarified before she could ask.

"For all of it. Everything you did."

"Yeah, I get it. I'm a selfish asshole and a liar. I know, okay?" Frisk sighed and kicked her toe into the bare Earth around the tree. "I get it, I don't blame you. You'd all be better off if next time I died... I didn't come back."

"Don't say that." Sans groaned. "I didn't bring my boots. I'm woefully unprepared for a guilt trip right now." That was not the answer he needed.

She chuckled dryly. "Yeah, you're right, forget I said anything." Her body turned to the side, ever so slightly, posture tight. She was shutting down. This wasn't the way this conversation was supposed to go.

"No, ugh..." He groaned, dragging his hand across his skull. "That was a dick thing to say." He searched the side of the tree for a proper response. Why did everything always have to become such a fiasco? Why did she have to be so selfish? He didn't come here to get dragged through some crazy existential crisis, he came for a damned apology.

Sans sighed and glanced at her, now practically cringing away from him. He knew from bitter personal experience that this kind of self-deprecating nihilism would get them no where. Why he came didn't matter, he was here and this issue needed addressing. "It's just not like you." He thought aloud, in an effort to sway her mindset. "What happened to all that Frisky determination I'm so used to?"

Frisk snapped like a whip. "Determination?"

That got her attention.

Brow knitted, she reengaged at full force. "What determination?! Where would it even come from? What do I have to be determined about?!"

The fierceness rattled through her like thunder, but it left just as swiftly as it came. "I've been beaten down so much I'm not me anymore." Her face fell. "I'm a stupid puppet version of me, with limp strings that lead nowhere." Her whole being sagged. "It's all so hopeless... I can't find a reason to care, nothing is keeping me here anymore."

Sans stepped forward in spite of himself, taken aback. "What about me?" Maybe if he hadn't been avoiding her like an asshat, she wouldn't feel this way. "What about all the other people that love you?" He quickly redirected.

"I don't... I don't want you... any of you... too... love me."
Ouch.

Again, not the answer he was expecting.

He considered her reply for only as long as he had to. She doesn't mean that, he promised himself. This wasn't her cutting him off... Yet.

Right, plan B.

"Okay let me ask you this," He stuffed his clenched fists into his pockets to hide the hurt. "if a tree falls in the woods and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?"

"I don't know." She nipped. "Why would anyone care?"

"They care... I care... because you matter."

"What? Sa-"

"What are you, what is life, but a sound to be heard?"

"So I'm the sound of a falling tree?" She asked, skeptical.

"No, ugh... It's a metaphor... but kinda?" He scratched his head. "You're the sound of laughing and crying, of a heartbeat and thoughts. You're the sound of you, your presence in the world."

"..."

"Okay look... If a tree falls in a forest and no one's around to hear it, it does make a sound but then that sound is gone." He stepped forward, slipping a hand free to slice the air, punctuating the finality of his point. "A sound is meaningless without ears to perceive it. I'm not saying that people are the meaning of life, but people can give meaning to life, if you let them." He shrugged. "If no one knows you're alive, are you? Isolation isn't the answer Frisk, obscurity might as well be death."

"What if death is what I want?"

The words hit him hard enough to make him step back. 'Fuck off with that shit.' He had to grit his teeth to keep himself from shouting at her.

Deep breath.

"I know ya' don't mean that." He raised an eyebrow. "Besides, do you know how much that would hurt everyone?"

Her eyes met his defiantly. "So I should just keep living because other people want me too?" Her
voice fell flat. "Besides, I'd be doing them a favor."

Sans couldn't stop himself from rolling his eyes. "That's totally bullshit and no, my point is that you're loved." He took another steadying breath before meeting her gaze again. "Isn't that worth something?" He pushed gently "Aren't the feelings of your family worth something? Don't they get a say? I mean, it's not as if you would just disappear."

"Maybe I would, if I found a way not to load... Maybe I could just disappear from the timeline completely." She broke eye contact to pick at her skirt. "Maybe they would all just go on and forget."

*Shit, she'd really been thinking about this...*

Sans wasn't sure if he was terrified or furious. "Okay fine, maybe they would..." He scraped at the bottom his brain, searching for a reason to live. Something to pull the conversation back into his control.

"...but..."

Just when he was about to cave, it hit him.

"...if you're going to do that... at least do something for me first?"

She scoffed. "Like what?"

"Rob a bank."

"Rob a what?"

"You heard me." Confidence pooled in his words. "Rob a bank."

"Why?"

"Because if you're just going to disappear, then nothing you do matters... Right?"

She blinked at him, mouth open.

'Got'er.'

With a little swagger, he stepped towards her again, hands back in his pockets. Issuing a challenge.

"So at least have a few adventures before you go. Rob a bank, take out a few crooked politicians, run away to some foreign country, get involved with pirates and go down in a hail of gunfire." He grinned wickedly. "Hell, do anything. If you really don't care about your life anymore and you're just going to give it up, don't fizzle out with a whimper... go out in a blaze of glory."

"That's crazy..." She protested weakly. "You're being crazy."

"HA! Am I?" If he was crazy, she was a hypocrite. He gave her a bow as if introducing himself "Pot, meet kettle."

"I."

He raised a hand from his pocket to silence her. "Let go of the romance of the idea for a minute and think, really, really think about what you're saying." His head tilted as he took another step
towards her, approaching her like he would a wounded animal. "Can you honestly, deep down, say that you aren't even a little bit scared by the idea of not existing?"

"Just poof, gone." He blew a puff of magic from his hand as demonstration. "No more Frisk, no more anything." Her head drooped in thoughtful defense.

How many times had he asked himself these same questions? He thanked the stars that he'd already found his own kind of peace. Otherwise, the two of them might have been well on their way to a suicide pact. Luckily, he'd had this same argument with himself more times than he dared count. "When you break it down, is what I'm asking you to do really the crazier of the two ideas?"

One more step and he was close enough to place his hands on her upper arms. "Cuz if any part of you is unwilling to just... do whatever... and say fuck the consequences..." He crouched just enough to find her face now hidden behind a curtain of hair. "...then some part of you still cares about this life and the people in it."

Frisk's brow creased, she seemed to think about his words for a long time. Sans waited patiently as slow realisation drew faltlines of tension across her facade. Patterns of a pain he knew all too well.

Little tears pooled in the corners of her eyes and the cracks in her calm burst into fissures that reached all the way into her soul. Painting her face with the dread and nihilistic hopelessness of someone truly with out options.

"I hate myself so much." She sounded so small. "I can't stop feeling this way. I don't know what to do." She tilted her face up, smiling in a way that whispered only of agony. "Please tell me what to do. I want to be okay."

He sighed deeply. "I dunno kid." This is where answers got difficult... even for him... even now. Her head began to fall but he grabbed her chin between his thumb and forefinger. "Look I... I understand how it feels, you know?... I get better than anyone, how easy it is to play through your mistakes over and over... to think about everything you've done wrong, everything you could have done better... Lay in bed and think and think and keep thinking until life doesn't make sense anymore. Like when you say a word over and over until it stops sounding like a word? I've thought myself into corners made of worries and nightmares and what has it gotten me, but more terrible thoughts? It's like a currency that only buys more currency."

"What is that even supposed to mean?" "I dunno..." He released his hold on her to flap his arms in dismissal. "Remember what you said to me in the rain? About getting to feel cold? I guess you just have to love how it hurts because at least you get to feel hurt, ya' know? And love how you hate yourself... because... goddamn... After everything we've been through... at least there's still something left to hate." "Do you... hate me?" Her voice cracked.

"What?! No... No, not ever. I was hurt kid, I was mad at you, but I could never hate you." His hands were on her shoulders again, he gave her a little shake "Where would you get a stupid idea like that?" From his attitude obviously, he scowled internally, but saying that would be counter productive.

"I guess I just thought... I don't know..." She trailed off with the tiniest shrug in human history.
"...Do you hate me?" He asked, some part of him still scared of the answer.

Her eyes opened the widest they had in weeks. "No! I... No..." She paused, face scrunching as if she was about to touch a hot pan. "I... s-till... I love you."

An awkward squawk-like bark of a laughing-sob burst out of his mouth. He felt his cheeks warm, a grin stretched the length of his face while tears gathered in his eyes. She still loved him. After everything, she still loved him enough to say the words. He was so happy it hurt like fear. His soul soared and clenched as one motion.

The silence lingered between them far longer than it should have, before the shock wore off and he realized that she might not have interpreted his reaction as positive. "Hey, you know I love you too, right?"

"You do?" She looked doubtful.

There was no lie in his soft smile. "Duh, Fruitloop."

For a while they just stared at each other, elated. Neither one seemed to know where to go from here. There was more to say, but the words felt too good to move on from.

"See?" Sans finally stated. "This isn't so bad."

"What isn't?" Frisk asked.

"Life." He nudged, renewed wonder gracing his voice with awe. "Why can't this, just existing and getting to experience these moments, be enough?"

"Because it hurts." She whispered, and his short lived happiness smashed abruptly against her words, like a life boat against a stone jetty.

Tears gathered again at the shores of her eyes, spilling over to coursed her cheeks in messy torrents. "Existence hurts and I just... I don't want to feel it anymore. I don't want a- I... I can't... I'm a c-coward and I'm sorry." Her hands came up to grip his arms desperately. "I lied, I did... I did... Terrible things..." She nodded along to her own confession. "All of this..." Her hands left his arms to grip her hair at the roots. "It's my fault... All of it is because if me... I... Sans... I'm so sorry... I... Everything... God" her breathing became hiccuping gasps "I'm so... I'm so sorry. Fuck, I'm so, s-so sorry."

These were the words he came here to hear, but he felt no gratification. His righteous fury turned to ash in his mouth, poison in his veins. The wounded soul within him gave a painful throb, as the weight of all that was between them fell onto his shoulders. A storm was gathering in his heart, for her, for himself, for all that had happened and all that would surely come. "I know..." He couldn't stop himself anymore, he pulled her against his chest. "Stars, I know."

"I'm sorry." She gasped and gasped. "I'm so sorry." Her grip around him tightened, working in under his jacket, wrapping around him, pressing herself to him, scrabbling with need.

The flood gates opened and it was all he could do not to wail in simultaneous pain and relief. He hadn't realized how alone, how starved of contact he'd been until her heart was beating against his ribs and her arms were circling his waist. He gripped tighter holding his breath. Tears pored down his face, vanishing into her hair. Every seam, ever tidy knot of careful composure holding him together, unraveled. A soothing, yearning, aching burn tightened a vice in his chest.
It was all so familiar and he felt so empty. Even with his hands and face in her hair, it didn't feel like enough. They needed to be closer. A beast of longing roared in his chest. Without thinking, his mouth found hers. Tainting his lips with salty tears and halting her pleading apologies with a deep groan.

Bodies tensing in tandem, they crashed into one another. Grasping and clinging, hands venturing where they shouldn't, almost angry in their search.

*He should stop.*

*He doesn't*

*Nor does she.*

Fingers under his shirt.

Tangled in his ribs.

Her body flush with his.

Pushing into him, pulling him inside out.

His soul is pounding.

*It's too much.*

*He's spinning.*

*Hands.*

*Heartbeat.*

*Skin.*

*Gasping.*

*Touching.*

*Breath.*

*Tears.*

*Fingers.*

*Vines.*
He jerks back, shoving her chest first into the tree.

She gasps, a quiver and sob.

Eyes set like she's taking licks.

Realisation dawns and he caves, slumped against her back, draped about her like a Police issue security blanket.

Her fingers inch around until they've found his and he griped them like a life line. Slowly she turned under him.

*Gentle. Familiar.*

Soft, understanding hands on his skull.

He wasn't sure how he ended up sitting on the ground, but he didn't complain when her legs found their way around his hips and her arms braced his shoulder blades. He just held her. They just cried.

By the time, the sun began to set, they had calmed to quiet sniffles. Still gently rocking together, watching the day end.

A far away harmony of crickets called secrets into the approaching night. Sans inhaled deep and slow, taking in the smell of her. He must be allowed this moment. Earned or not, he had taken it. Here he could imagine they were not broken and pretend they had said it all. The wet chill in the dusk breeze promised of rain, but here he was warm.

Too soon, reality beckoned. Frisk grew stiff in his embrace. Her silence told of questions on her lips. He gave her time, waiting patiently. There was no rush.

When she at last spoke, her voice was as small and fragile sounding as the crickets singing in the distance. "This isn't going to last... is it?"

"Maybe it will." He smoothed her hair and laid his cheek on the crown of her head. "Why not?"

"We're... okay then?"

"Kid, you and I," He gave her a squeeze so she wouldn't misunderstand. "we've never been okay."

"Heh, suppose you're right..." She settled into him, only to jerk to attention again. "But... why now?"

"Why not now? I couldn't run forever, I missed you too much... Besides," He smiled. "I hear the world is ending soon."
If you're still reading...
I'm sorry I'm always so busy. I wish I had more time.

I want you to know that I think about you now, every time I write.

Don't forget that you matter...
Because you do.

It may not get better than this...
and
that's okay.

Nothing is so bad that it isn't worth experiencing.

Live for the sake of living.

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